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MY COMEDY.

I.

DRAMATIC writing had no special charms for me. In the plight I had been in, a struggle of some painful years, if, reversing a great English dramatist's career, I had thought that a trowel would have led to speedier results than a pen, I should have at once adopted the mechanical calling.

I had battled for actual existence, winning my bread crust by crust. At last I was fortunate in securing the publication of some stories. It happened that an English playwright had clapper-clawed an anonymous story of mine, and had put it in action on the London stage. I owed this person no grudge, but was rather grateful for the accident. I wrote, telling him that he was perfectly welcome to my crude material. In a courteous reply, in which some remuneration was offered me, the author suggested "that perhaps in dramatic composition there might be an opening for me." In the letter were inclosed a few words of introduction to the manager of a New York theatre. I at once accepted the situation. Very deliberately I set to work to write my first play, and, although my poor mother almost starved during the time necessary for its production, at last my drama was completed. Strangely enough, by sheer luck, my first work found a theatre. Whether from want of merit, dramatic construction, or because it was at the end of the season, my play was withdrawn after a few weeks' performance. If not the success I had wished, at least it was no failure.

Knitting my brows with a feeling rather akin to anger, I made another venture, and wrote a second piece. This new effort was fortunate even beyond its deserts, yet I can not say I felt the elation I was longing for. Such applause as I received I only considered as the interest on a capital spent during some years of toil and pri-

vation. At least, my pride was no longer wounded. I had finally emerged from that most painful of all situations—that of the writing jackal, who waits hungrily for such lumps of literary garbage as may be thrown him. Thanks to rather an old head on young shoulders, such unmeaning or unsubstantial compliments as I received I took exactly for what they were worth. All I believed was that, having found a vocation, my work was now really to begin. Without being sordid, I was grateful for the money I had earned. Thank God, it gave me the opportunity to surround a mother with some few of the comforts which my former extreme poverty had deprived her of.

A third piece of mine had been accepted by a leading manager. Having completed my task under less stress, perhaps with a certain degree of spontaneity, for the first time I felt surer of success. Still, the school of misfortune had left its impress on me. With most men an improved physical condition rapidly effaces former mental sufferings. If I was not exactly morbid, and did not recur to those troubles which had been, nevertheless a certain elasticity of spirits was foreign to my nature. Without being morose, I was not genial.

That pleasing *bonhomie*, that graceful ease, that hail-fellow-well-met manner some of my contemporaries possessed, which undoubtedly surmounted many a difficulty, I did not have. People on the stage did not know me as Dick, for Dick would not riot nor hobnob with the best of them. Even had Mr. Launcelot, the manager, slapped me on the back, I should have been quick to resent the liberty.

Mr. Richard Carter was not a favorite in the green-room. As that channel into which was to be filtered all the vapid nonsense, the private bickerings, the senseless jealousies of stage people, I was the most undesirable of confidants.

Intent solely on the business I was engaged in, when my rehearsals came, and it was necessary to impart instruction, I gave it, possibly, in a pedagogic way. Why should I not have done so? If I had not taught a night school some few years before, I should have starved, and possibly the insistent manners of the schoolmaster still remained.

My relationship, then, with professional people was of a restricted kind. A certain glitter of very thin metal, a resonance that was jarring, a tension too prone to snapping, an over-gushing from a very scanty emotional source, a facial contortion simply indicative of muscular suppleness, which I deemed all these people had, made them distasteful to me. I suppose I should have waited until the comedians had emerged from the house in order to appreciate some natural differences. But in their homes I knew none of them. Having little time to waste, such invitations I might have been honored with, as to dinners at certain artistic clubs with the men, or to gay reunions with the women, I had politely declined. "Carter is a bear," I had heard it intimated, and Richard Carter had very carelessly accepted the ursine characteristics.

Mr. Launcelot, the manager, had said to me more than once words to this effect: "My dear boy" (Mr. Launcelot would have been familiar with a grandee of Spain after an introduction of five minutes), "you don't advertise yourself. Now, I wouldn't have you eccentric. It really doesn't pay talent nowadays to wear hair hanging around one's shoulders, nor to sport a dress-coat lined with cherry-colored satin; but really you don't show enough."

"My brilliancy does not shine, then, through my bushel basket? Is that what you are driving at?" I asked.

"A certain amount of intimacy with the people behind the curtain is a necessity. You don't—indeed you don't—seem to be enough with us, or of us. Now, please don't allow your pride to run away with you. Please don't get it into your noddle that any of our ladies want to make love to you. I am rather inclined to think they enjoy sometimes a quiet laugh at your expense. Don't you pose just a trifle? I would not for the world be officious in proffering my advice, but, on my word, you are the most unsociable human being I ever met with. I can't say you are modest, for, by George! you hector me at times, and have a most obstinate way of asserting your rights. You aren't tricky, or anything that way, and are a serious man, and I believe good to tie to—only, can't you unbend at times? A theatre is not the Supreme Court of the United States, nor are actors undertakers. Where you are wanting in is sympathy. You are a lump of ice—a log of wood."

"Permit me, Mr. Launcelot," I replied. "I appreciate a great deal the kindness on your part—"

"Well, that's more than you ever said before, dear boy."

"But, Mr. Launcelot, this house of yours is nothing more to me than an hotel. Among your numerous people I am only your butcher. I try and bring you a good piece of beef, freshly slaughtered, with alternate streaks of fat and lean. Your actors and actresses are the cooks, who baste the meats and apply the sauces."

"I keep an ordinary, then, do I?" inquired Mr. Launcelot, rather testily.

"Exactly, and you dispense your feasts to a hungry public. You pay your purveyor liberally enough. But why should the cooks want to be on familiar terms with the butcher?"

"It is an exceedingly coarse way you have of putting things, Mr. Carter."

"I am sorry you think it so, Mr. Launcelot. The simile is a Greek one, some thousands of years old; but I did not mean to be discourteous."

"I hate all classic nonsense; but, as you will, Mr. Carter."

I was sitting, then, rather moodily in the corner *fauteuil* of the orchestra during a third rehearsal. It happened to be a convenient position, because there was an entrance from the *coulis* of the house to the stage, and Mr. Launcelot could come easily to me. The manager's comments in regard to my play under rehearsal were peculiar:

"That's a send-off! When she works off that first act in a dove-colored shot-silk with black lace flourishes—cost two hundred and fifty (catch Claudia Aubrey going for any of those duds one finds in Sixth Avenue, though Mrs. Launcelot is glad enough to buy there)—and has a train five feet long, with the nicest little nigger you ever saw to hold it up, and Claudia shows that handsome arm of hers—no enamel there—and that hand of hers waves an ostrich-tipped fan, the jewels just dripping from her fingers, she will electrify the house!" Then the manager lowered his head and bolted through the hole in the passage.

"Don't you think," inquired Mr. Launcelot, anxiously, when he returned with a piece of brocade in his hand, "it would be better if our ladies showed their feet a trifle more? Clocks on stockings, dear boy, were made to be seen. What a delicious pair of high-heeled shoes Miss Aubrey has for the part! Now, couldn't she loop up her dress a trifle more? All the rest of the women want to do it, but she won't, and if you veto short costumes there is certain to be a row. You just bother with a woman's make-up, and you're

gone! Propitiation is the thing, dear boy—propiti-a-tion. Pray, now, don't give Claudia any chance to get miffed with you. In fact, she knows her business so well that she won't allow it. My wife and Claudia are great friends. You may, of course, in your position as author, backed up by me, bully the men up to a certain extent, but be at least politic with our leading lady. Oh, I say, this is the color of the furniture, and it lights up with a perfect blaze. The whole rig brand-new—stuff costs seven dollars and sixty-five cents a yard."

Now a man in shirt-sleeves appeared through the gloom of the dark passage.

"Yes, I sent for you, Mr. Balders. Buy twenty yards of crash and cover me up all that new furniture, or the damask will be ruined. Women smear things so with their cosmetics. I don't care who it is, I won't have anybody flop down on my chairs until they are in use on the stage. If necessary, have bits of wood studded with nails—jagged ones—and put them on top of all of them, like those on carriages, to prevent the boys getting up behind. Miss Aubrey is late, and you are in a fidget? The call was for two o'clock, Mr. Carter, and it's 'most a quarter after. Ah, here we are at last! Oh, I say, Perkins, that branch of that tree in the forest-set got swinging last night in the most ridiculous way. Hop up and fasten it with a bit of light stuff and some nails. We don't want our brains knocked out—we none of us have too much to spare. Ah, now we are going to have it! There, that opening seems to go along pretty smoothly, don't it?"

"Only tolerably for a third rehearsal," I replied, rather indifferently.

"There you go, freezing again! Now comes one of the happiest points in the play."

"Which, allow me to remark, I deem to be the weakest. It is just that portion which I do not like."

"What, the snuff-box scene? There is a deal of point in it. Believe me, experience, my dear boy, has shown me that a snuff-box or a warming-pan always delights a house. I have seen a pinch of snuff save a poor piece and carry it through triumphantly. Once out in California, when I started in the business, I ran a small concern in Sacramento; I had a regular miner's supper in the piece. The play was awful stuff, but the scent of the frying onions brought out the biggest yelling you ever heard, and the onions were encored every night."

"So much the worse for the public taste. Now to return to the piece. In compliance with your wishes, what was but a simple incident in the original conception you have allowed your people to amplify quite unnecessarily. If this

scene fails, the fault is yours. Mind, beyond a certain point I will allow of no such liberties with my text."

"I never made a mistake in my life, Mr. Carter, and the scene will do. Now watch Jenkins—best man for the part in the universe."

"Come, Mr. Launcelot, you really do not mean to say that you have collected under one canvas all the wonders of the world? Keep your puffs for the programme. I might like Jenkins better if he did not put in so many gags."

"But it is a trivial rôle, only a few lengths here and there, and he wants to prop it up. Dear boy, we have Jenkins entirely for his gags. He is the cleverest gagger at this present moment on the stage. Four snuff-boxes, and all out at the same time! Good! An idea for you. How would it do to make an incident, for some future piece, out of snuff-boxes? Have poison in one of 'em, and then the heroine comes in, and just in time saves her lover by dashing the poisoned box to the ground—eh?"

"It would be simply disgusting, Mr. Launcelot."

"I don't know. But what is the matter? That's an ugly look you have put on."

"Would you expect," I replied, "that a duke, a marquis, would take his snuff out of such trumpery wooden boxes—no better than one sees on the bar of a lager-beer cellar?"

"Seize your idea at once. Want 'em rich? They ain't wood, but horn.—I say, Mr. Balders, clap me some gold-leaf on those boxes, and get—get me a paste shoe-buckle (there are lots of them knocking about in the old property-box), and putty me an odd shoe-buckle on the duke's box.—Are you satisfied? Nothing like keeping up the unities."

The "unities" was a word Mr. Launcelot had picked up somewhere, but with the faintest conception of its appropriateness. Whenever Mr. Launcelot collared The Unities, he invariably wiped his forehead with a musky handkerchief. The Unities annoyed me less than another pet word of the manager's—"an anachronism." When Mr. Launcelot lugged in that he always invoked a pantomimic benediction, casting his eyes in a supplicating way toward the chandelier.

I had little fault to find with Miss Claudia Aubrey. The lady's dramatic instincts were of undoubted excellence. Still, I thought, as far as this rehearsal went, that Miss Aubrey had remaining on her mind the reminiscence of a rôle she had lately created and which she had played during a whole season. Her diction had less of a former mannerism than her action. Possibly with the lady, as with myself as an audience, the physical impression was the more lasting.

My acquaintance with Miss Aubrey had only dated from a first rehearsal, which event had taken place a week before. Then our conversation, after a formal introduction from Mr. Launcelot, had been limited exclusively to the business of the piece. I was pleased by what seemed to be a natural and straightforward manner. I had fancied, though, after closely watching the lady's expression, furtively scanning the pure outlines of her handsome face, that a certain fixity of the lips indicated no small force of will. I dreaded a latent obstinacy, and feared that Miss Aubrey might be disinclined to accept any suggestions on my part.

"My impressions of the part, Mr. Carter," the lady had said in rather a nonchalant way, "are quite vague and confused. I have scarcely studied it—in fact, merely glanced at it. I have no doubt but what you say is quite right and proper; only, of course, when I settle down to the work I shall want elbow-room—latitude, in fact. I am led to believe that Mr. Carter is quite difficult to satisfy—you may rest assured, sir, that I am equally hard to please, not only in regard to my own task, but as to the work of others." Then a pretty gloved hand was waved toward me. I had bowed gravely and was dismissed.

During the first and second rehearsals, which simply indicated the situations, matters, as they always do, went haltingly. There happened to be a line which Miss Aubrey objected to, offering something else in which the alliteration was manifest. Interrogated directly by the lady as to the propriety of the change, I politely declined altering the line, and without much insistence gained my point.

At this third rehearsal, which I am describing, Miss Aubrey was letter-perfect, and the improvement on all sides was manifest, though the lights and shades in the picture were still indistinct. Presently the call-boy handed me a note. It contained the following words, written in a clear, bold hand: "Miss Aubrey's respects to Mr. Carter. Miss A. does not like the opening of the second act. As the Duchess, Miss A. comes in too soon. Would Mr. Carter kindly reconsider it? There should be further preparation before the Duchess's introduction. Mr. Carter has forgotten, possibly, that an elaborate toilet has to be prepared. That alone should appeal to his gallantry."

I read the note over twice—the first time, I must acknowledge, without much regard to the sense, but simply critical as to the spelling. There was not a slip, nor a word underlined. My reply, written on the same piece of paper, was as follows: "Mr. Carter feels obliged to Miss Aubrey for her polite suggestion, but sees no necessity for a change. The second act can be rung

up five or ten minutes later in order to allow for any exigencies of costume."

In a second back came that bit of paper, now somewhat crumpled, with only two words, "You must!" Worse than the curtness of the two syllables, they were underscored. My reply might have been, "I won't!" but, restraining myself, I wrote: "When Victor Hugo wrote '*Hernani*' for Mademoiselle Mars, this great actress declared her unwillingness to recite a certain line, and insisted that the author should change it. Like a good, kind-hearted woman she accepted the inevitable, and, in her rendering of what was an objectionable phrase to her, made it the most famous passage of the drama. Very respectfully, Richard Carter."

In another second back came the piece of paper with this on it: "I am neither good nor kind-hearted. You are not Victor Hugo!"

I was out of patience—utterly so—and my impulse was to reply in the childish tit-for-tat style; but, commanding myself, I wrote, "But Miss Aubrey may become a Mademoiselle Mars."

The unpleasant correspondence ended here for the nonce. It was Miss Aubrey's *entrée* again on the stage. I noticed, as she swept on the stage, her black silk dress rustling as it went, that she held a wretched bit of paper in her gloved hand. Quite carefully, ostentatiously I fancied, the lady tore the scrap into minute bits and scattered the fragments of our correspondence like a snowstorm on the stage.

Seated in my *fauteuil* reconsidering all these indications on the part of the lady, I felt some real annoyance in regard to the fate of my play. A whim on the part of Miss Aubrey might damn my hopes. As the rehearsal went on, however, I was pleased to notice that the lady warmed up with the part. At the conclusion of one of the acts, a short soliloquy falling to her share, she was so happy that a salvo of applause greeted her from her comrades on the stage.

"Can't you, my dear boy, just bring those palms of yours together in the feeblest way?" asked Mr. Launcelot, who was now again by my side. "A kind word accomplishes miracles. Get down from your high horse!—Capital, Miss Aubrey! Capital! a brilliant effect. Mr. Carter is delighted! It will be a big thing—a monstrous big thing! We must fetch it this time! Pro-pi-ti-ate, dear boy!"

Miss Aubrey smiled for a moment—playing with the rich trimming of her dress—then, as she came forward, said, not unpleasantly:

"A *claque* of two, or rather of one, can't be called very effective. However, I trust to carry it through. Now, what next?" and she glanced at the manuscript copy in her hand, and said to the prompter: "Now, Mr. Jonas, I fancy I am fairly

up to the close of the act—quite letter-perfect. Only there is one bit of business here that isn't quite clear. Well, here goes. Ah! one moment.—Miss Mortimer, when you come on, don't now, please don't burst in on me. I can't stand that kind of thing. If not a liberty—begging the author's pardon, for Mr. Carter has a singular aversion to even the most moderate suggestions—I should suppose Mr. Carter intended that Clare—that's Mortimer—should be a kind of stealthy innocence—goodness creeping in like a cat. Now I personate a whirlwind. Where I go, doors bang and hinges creak. The Duchess is a tigress, Clare is a kid.—Do I catch your meaning, Mr. Carter, or am I making a mess of it—putting my foot in it, as usual?"

I fancied that Miss Aubrey's mock humility concealed the least bit of irony.

"As the Duchess of Beaulieu is the type of a passionate, revengeful woman, your conception, up to a certain point, is quite just. Still, innocence need never be cringing. I should conceive that innocence in time acquired a force of its own, and gathered strength as it grew."

"Gad! Miss Claudia," said the gagger, Jenkins; "oh! come, now, spare us a lecture on metaphysics, do, and let us get through."

"Sir," replied the lady, turning on him sharply, "if it suits me to understand the part perfectly, I trust you will allow me to acquire such information as may more fully interpret the author's meaning. I have not your faculty of inspiration, Mr. Jenkins!"

"Good," I remarked to Mr. Launcelot; "your clown had it pat that time."

"I don't know, my dear boy," replied the manager. "Claudia has a quick tongue. I know her best—rather a decided kind of person at times. Rather afraid she has made Jenkins's turn next. Watch out. Pro-pi-ti-ate, dear boy. Now for it—she has full swing. Listen to her! There is pathos for you, and as good an effect as I ever saw. When she will jot me in a sob or so, like plums in her pudding (no woman ever did sob as Claudia Aubrey can—no hiccup as about it), there won't be a dry eye in the house."

I was fain to confess that Miss Aubrey had pleased me. Only now and then, ever so slightly, was there a faint resemblance to that former heroine which the lady had created.

Miss Aubrey was through for the time being, and had retired to a chair in the wings, nearly opposite to me. It was Mr. Launcelot in person who brought me another note. It read as follows: "Miss Aubrey's respects to a very taciturn author, and pray what is the matter now?"

Had my impassive face shown any trace of annoyance? Since this epistolary method was

the one to be adopted, I was forced to resume it. I wrote: "Mr. Carter's respects to Miss Aubrey. Mr. Carter fears that there is the very slightest reminiscence of Miss Aubrey's former powerful creation of Julia in the present Duchess. An author should be, must be, jealous of an inspiration not his own. Miss Aubrey's former Julia was an American woman of common birth; the character she is now playing is that of a Duchess of the realm, who is the rival of a Queen of France. The taciturn author, since it pleases the lady to call him so, would beg for a trifle less *abandon*, and a shade more dignity."

I could not see the lady as she read this. All I noticed was that a sable muff fell on the floor of the stage, and rolled along as if started with no small propelling force. There came no reply. Now it was the leading lady's *entrée* on the stage. I watched Miss Aubrey's face, but it was a blank. Then the climax in an act was reached, and with so true an effect that I expressed my satisfaction. I had hoped at least for a smile from the lady, but it did not come. Now there was an insignificant passage or two, where Miss Aubrey referred to the Duke, her husband, as "the Duke of Beaulieu."

Now, the French *i-e-u* is not so easily pronounced. Miss Aubrey made a good name sound absurdly. I could not stand *Bowloo*. As I had with infinite pains and annoyance drilled a subordinate into sounding the shibboleth, this mispronunciation on the lady's part was a blemish I would not allow. I think I was excessively polite about it—at least I tried to be—when, during a short pause, I rose and said:

"Pray permit me, Miss Aubrey, to pronounce that unfortunate name phonetically. It is not *Bow-loo*, though the first syllable is near enough to pass criticism. Please drop the *w* in *Bow*, and make it *Bo* short. As to the final syllable, it is a compound of our English *le* and *u*—a dæresis in fact. Would you kindly say, then, *le-eu*, with a slight emphasis on the *le*?"

Miss Aubrey's eyes shone on me like meteors. They were dark-blue eyes shaded with the blackest of lashes. I noticed that the lady's face crimsoned. Not that gradual suffusion which quietly flows upward, but the tumultuous impact of blood which fairly surges, draining the lips, and tingeing the ears red hot. Undoubtedly I had offended the lady mortally. I almost fancied I heard two sets of very white teeth close with a snap, then a pearl-colored glove was stripped to shreds.

Rising from her chair in a dead silence, the lady said:

"Mr. Carter, my French may be New York French for you, yet I can say *Boo* to a—"

Then she paused.

"Propitiate," whispered Mr. Launcelot to me. "Come, now, Mr. Carter, Miss Aubrey can not pronounce it. Would it not be easier for us to change it? Don't, my dear boy, beard Miss Aubrey—it won't do, you know."

Actors tittered, Jenkins sniggered. A couple of women on the stage openly made observations, by no means complimentary, in regard to what they were good enough to term "my blocking the ordinary business, and teaching them like children."

I had full command of my temper, though I smarted internally over the rudeness. Somehow a sense of the ludicrous very fortunately got the better of me, and I could not help but smile.

"You must know, Miss Aubrey, that simulated passion rarely approaches true natural inspiration. Now, if you will be kind enough to remember the last act—when your lover discards you—perhaps that movement of a moment ago would be of the greatest avail to you. I am sure that I, for one, would be quite willing to find you in gloves nightly. A capital point—very happy indeed!"

"Sir!" said Miss Aubrey.

"Permit me" (I had resumed a graver manner). "Such advice as I may have had to impart has been in regard to the most trivial points. Your talent, Miss Aubrey, wanted no prompting for the broader, stronger parts of my work."

"Propitiate, dear boy. Tell her you will drop that Duchess of Bully, and make it a name any American Christian can pronounce," urged Mr. Launcelot.

"But, Miss Aubrey"—I was losing my temper now—"I must insist on the perfectly simple pronunciation of this name." I rose here, and, moving toward the stage, said low enough, I hoped, to be heard only by her: "To reason with you in regard to the impropriety of what was certainly a rudeness on your part I hardly deem worth my while. It would, I am afraid, be both loss of time and perhaps patience. You certainly are not amenable to those same rules of conduct which might govern others of your sex. Proper resentment arising from offended dignity I might respect. I honestly think you incapable of such finer feelings. Your impulses are as feverish as your words are heedless." My blood was up; I could have withered the woman with my scorn.

"You are insulting," was the reply, given in a whisper.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I resumed, "as to the pronunciation of this word, I have before had the honor of giving it to you. Trivial as it may seem, my insistence in regard to it will only be the greater. So perfectly indifferent am I, however, after all, as to the whole business, that I am

determined, unless attention is given to it—at least by those of you who have sufficient judgment to comprehend how ludicrous and slovenly are such mistakes—that I shall have not the least hesitation in withdrawing the piece."

Mr. Launcelot looked aghast for a moment, and prevented my leaving the house.

"Come, my friends," he said, "the unities"—here the gagman grinned as the manager wiped his forehead—"must be preserved. Anachronisms must no longer exist, certainly not in a house I have the honor of conducting. Ladies and gentlemen will please pay attention to Mr. Carter's advice. Just consider the success of this piece—your success, my success! It is a sure thing, and you would be a parcel of donkeys to muddle it. I don't know but that a course of French might benefit all our manners. But no more nonsense. Don't behave like a lot of spoiled children, and let us get through. There is hardly time now for the carpenters to fix up the stage for to-night's performance."

There was the faintest semblance of dissent. I had taken a newspaper and was reading it when the work of rehearsing commenced anew. Miss Aubrey, with the utmost nonchalance, went through her part. When the lady came to the name which gave her trouble she either evaded it or called it the "Duke of Um-um." There was an occasional laugh here and there when she did it, in which I joined in the most natural way. When this occurred it did not seem to please her. At the conclusion, Miss Aubrey repeated her last scene half off the stage, and then disappeared without bidding any one good-by.

Mr. Launcelot looked gloomy as he left the house.

"It is a mess—confound it!" he said. "I don't think Claudia Aubrey would play us false. What was that you said to her—eh? You lose your temper too quickly. Why didn't you go and see her? She has been in town for three weeks. Not calling on her was a rudeness. You may be sure she can't abide you. It's a disagreeable thing for an author to be at daggers drawn with people who may make or mar him; and Claudia Aubrey, just as likely, will snub you on every occasion."

"Upon my word, Mr. Launcelot, Miss Aubrey's disposition toward me is a matter of the utmost indifference. I even can't compliment you on the half support I received from your hands. Good day."

II.

I WENT homeward feeling uncomfortably. It had not been the first of these ridiculous squabbles which theatrical business had inflicted on me. I had hoped that I had become indifferent

to them. I had mostly had my way at last, and in this present instance I had decided that I would not budge an inch. Still I had some fault to find with myself. Since Miss Aubrey had sent me occasional written objections, why had I not carried out the epistolary method? "Perhaps," I thought, "it was this woman's way of doing it, and I had hurt her pride." Maybe I was inclined to be dictatorial and exacting? Was there anything of a termagant about the lady? No, she was not a termagant, only imperious, and that was a distinction. How superb she looked in her anger! "People," I argued, "express their anger so differently. I am afraid I have a way of sneering which is passably insulting. Pro-pi-ti-ate! That's moral cowardice; but still somehow I wish I had not quarreled with those deep-blue eyes. I could stand sharp, black, piercing eyes, which like ferrets worm into you, but—" I ceased here arguing with myself.

From the close, stifling atmosphere of the theatre to the pure, bracing air of the streets was indeed a relief. Would I go home and look over that second act, and arrange a new entrance for the Duchess? It might only take two or three hours' work. There was a struggle for a moment, and I was undecided. I remembered, then, that a new book on costumes had been published, which I wanted to purchase. I was just passing the publisher's in Broadway. I went in, secured my book, and was leaving the shop, when I noticed a quiet coupé on the street and a lady in the act of entering the vehicle. I could not have mistaken the ample folds of that lustrous black silk. I found myself even familiar with the peculiar ivy-leaf embroidery. Two hands, one ungloved, were on the door of the coupé in the act of closing it. It was Miss Aubrey. She might have driven away right then, but fortunately (why I was glad I hardly knew) an over-voluminous underskirt had been caught somewhere in a hinge. It was this accident I seized upon. I thought it might be proper—no, not exactly to apologize, I had nothing to apologize for; only simply to express some slight and quite formal regret at my having unwittingly been the cause of a disagreeable scene.

"Miss Aubrey," I said, with some diffidence, "might I release your dress? and, pardon me, could I—"

"Mr. Carter!" replied a somewhat surprised voice.

It was a superb face. The brisk cold had colored the cheeks with a healthy glow. It was—I felt glad of that, too—an unpainted face. As to expression, it was rather proud and haughty. That was when the deep-blue eyes were opened wide. Just now those eyes were in repose, and their lights only glinted with an inquisitive look,

half childlike, half mutinous. Those pretty hands, however, still clutched the door of the coupé.

"Can I not make my peace with you, proud Duchess?" I asked, with a smile.

"Pray, Mr. Carter, drop the shop. Does that shock you? The expression is not elegant, but I mean it. I wanted, though, to forget all about it. I am in a fume, and not over it yet. Of all the people I hate with varying degrees of intensity, in a kind of mathematical progression, first comes Mr. Richard Carter, next Launcelot, and lastly myself. We never shall get along, Mr. Carter—never, never—I know we won't."

"And pray why not?"

"Why not? Because I hate to be schooled, in the way you like to school, and, what is more, I don't intend to be. You are not the first playwright I have had to deal with. Almost all of you assume too much. You crave for your works over-refinements and vaporish ideals which no human being could render. You impose a whole lot of conventionalities which restrain art."

"I am not prepared on this occasion to discuss with Miss Claudia Aubrey—at least on the sidewalk—the sacred rights of authors," I replied, rather coolly.

"Well, then, what are you here for?" inquired Miss Aubrey, hotly; and now the great eyes were expanded for a moment. The two little hands still held fast to the door. The ungloved hand had a single jeweled ring on a taper finger. It was a dimpled hand, and the cold had reddened it.

"What am I here for? I am sure I hardly know. It is decidedly a false situation. Your dress was caught; I might have presumed to assist any lady in the same situation."

"Perhaps so," was the sententious reply.

"Could I not, in order to efface somewhat of an abrupt manner which I have—could I not make the poorest of offerings?" I inquired.

"Pro-pi-ti-ate, like Mr. Launcelot? I hate the word. Pray how?"

"Those charming hands of yours are not fully gloved, and the air is keen."

"Oh, my hands! I tore up one glove. What of it? I often do it. It is cheaper than smashing china vases, and crockery is not always handy. I have other gloves. See here!" One of her hands was unloosed then. "This pocket in my coupé is full of old gloves of all shades and colors."

"Might I offer you a pair of gloves?"

"I don't know. They don't sell decent gloves about this part of Broadway."

"Would you kindly inform me where they do sell what you call decent gloves?"

"Such ignorance on Mr. Carter's part in regard to gloves does not tell well for his *savoir-*

faire. Was that pronounced rightly, Mr. Carter?—ahem!"

"Admirably—the purest Parisian. But it seems to me that Miss Aubrey reverts to what she designates as the shop."

"I did not intend to."

"Will Miss Aubrey kindly indicate the exact locality of her glove-shop?"

"Oh, I don't know. Please don't stand there with your head uncovered. The wind is chilly. Pray don't redden in the face that way either. Keep your temper, and don't get a cold in your head."

"The gloves, Miss Aubrey."

"Why, you are as insistent as Othello with the handkerchief. I'll wager you do not know what size I wear, Mr. Carter?"

"I should say sixes—outside." It was a guess on my part.

"A shade small. My hands spread when I used to stitch books and made fifty cents a day at it. A lucky guess. Yes, sixes. Have you a sister, Mr. Carter?"

"No, Miss Aubrey."

"No women about you?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"What expansiveness! Who?"

"A mother."

"A mother! Who may be waiting for you now?"

"It might be. I accept the dismissal," I said, curtly, feeling hurt.

"No, I didn't mean that. But aren't you dawdling away your precious time? Is it not near your dinner-hour?"

"My good old mother has all kinds of excuses for my tardiness. She always spoiled me."

"That is the reason why you insist on having everything your own way, I suppose. Exemplary young man who dines with his mother, and does not luxuriate at his club."

"Please don't laugh at me, Miss Aubrey. There is a dear old mahogany table—a kind of relic—that once was surrounded by happy faces. There are only two people now left to sit at it; but, thank God! those two do not glare at one another. There are certain dishes I have a childish liking for, and these a good mother prepares for me with her own dear hands. After a day of annoyance, there is a sweet calm about that hour spent with my mother which effaces many a sting. Silly domestic traits these, Miss Aubrey, which can not interest you."

"But they do—they do, Mr. Carter; I like to hear about them."

I checked an unguarded movement of expansiveness which was novel with me, when Miss Aubrey asked, "Does your mother know anything about me?"

"Certainly. I have sounded your praises. I told my mother that your engagement would assure my success. I always detail to my mother the incidents of the day."

"All—all of them—even the disagreeable ones?"

"Without any familiarity with the theatre, my mother admires it—from afar. She reads about it. Think of that dear old soul giving me the other day a wonderful scrap-book, red and gold, and in it she had collected all the kind notices she could find about her son."

"And the unfavorable ones—those that bite and hurt so?"

"The good woman had never seen any. I had always kept them from her."

"An act of filial devotion on your part. Would—would"—here the lady paused—"would she like to know me?"

"Why, certainly," I replied.

"If the piece succeeds, won't you bring her to me some day? Of course she will come to the theatre while your play is running."

"My mother rarely ventures out in winter."

"I understand, Mr. Carter. I have had a lesson in manners which I accept."

"How—how, Miss Aubrey?"

"Oh, I don't blame you—serves me right."

"It is her health which is delicate; and, if I must tell you, it is you who should come and see my mother."

"Oh, is that it? I understood you so differently."

Then there was a dead silence. Still I lingered.

"Look here," at last she said, as she opened the door and spoke to the coachman, giving him an address, "you may buy me my gloves after all, Mr. Carter. Will you ride with me, sir?"

I hesitated for an instant, somewhat wonder-stricken at the suddenness of the invitation. My moment of irresolution I hoped had escaped her. The hand was withdrawn from the door. In an instant I was by the lady's side. It was a soft, luxurious coupé, a very boudoir on wheels.

"My caravan, Mr. Carter," said Miss Aubrey, evidently desirous of putting me at my ease. "Here is my ambulant library. See my tools." Here the lady opened a kind of case in the side-lining of the vehicle, and exposed to view a collection of small play-books. "Thumb-marks, and grease, and dog-ears. See that one! Scraped up for weeks, a penny at a time, before I could call that old thing mine. It's an awful rubbishy farce, but I made my *début* in it years—years ago. You may fish down to the bottom. That is a manuscript play; they follow me all around, and drive me crazy. Yes, that is an old Bible. I read it sometimes, have read it ever since I knew

how to spell. There, unloosen that button. That is my hand-mirror. I study all my most killing grins in that. What is in that box? Candy, sir; have some? Yes, look there, if you want to. I do not hesitate to show you the whole menagerie. That is ruddle, and the best ruddle that money can buy. Comes to me from France, and is worth more than its weight in gold. Every one of the women pester me to learn where I get my rouge for use on and off the boards, but I never will tell them. It is my secret; but it is nasty stuff at the best. There, now, is your curiosity satisfied? Some day when I am old and fagged out, the time will come soon enough, I may go round and round, not in a coupé, but in a circus-van with a screaming calliope. That's the end of many of us. Please don't fidget so. Oh, I see there is a parcel on the seat and you are not comfortable. Just place it on the floor."

I removed the package which was incommoding me, when the wrapper came off, showing me a couple of books.

"Yes, it is an Ollendorff, and something on French pronunciation. I bought them at the book-store, but had I seen you there I should not have entered the shop." Then she added, simply: "I am capable of sitting up half the night to catch an idea. What is a diæresis? How should a lot of idiots know what a diæresis is?"

I explained briefly what a diæresis is. Miss Aubrey was all attention, and in an instant understood it.

"Well, a diphthong, which isn't a diphthong. We will try Beaulieu, if you please, schoolmaster." Beaulieu was at once pronounced correctly. "But we shall quarrel over the very next thing which comes up—see if we don't, Mr. Carter."

"If other dissensions should arise, with such pleasant terminations, I might court them, Miss Aubrey."

"Better not try. Well, I shall study these books all the same, if only for the chance I may have of picking up other people in their French. You did not bother much in showing me?"

"I have had a good many pupils in my time, and never had an apter scholar," I said, smilingly.

"And pray how?"

"When I taught night-school in the slums of New York I had very refractory pupils at times. I earned seventy-five cents a night, and I wanted it."

"Of course all the children adored you."

"No, they did not. I have had more than one inkstand hurled at my head."

"Is that why you have a little bald spot on the top of your head? It isn't a very big one, Mr. Carter."

"I don't know precisely. We all caught typhoid fever together, master and pupils, and I suppose the disease made me lose my hair. When I got well I made an awful trouble with the school commissioners about the bad ventilation and unwholesome quarters for the children. I carried my point. A more healthy locality was chosen, but I was discharged."

"Then you are not anybody of consequence! Funny change from a schoolmaster to a dramatic author! Did you know that Mrs. Launcelot was a schoolmarm? and when she married Launcelot there wasn't a madder, wilder actor than Launcelot in the world? She has kept him straight. We are getting quite confidential, Mr. Carter. Mrs. Launcelot was a teacher in a primary class in a school I once went to. What stuff one hears about all our people! My mother was a German rope-dancer—my father an Irish chorus-singer. They both went, father and mother, to Cuba, when I was two years old, and died there of yellow fever. An aunt, a good woman, was janitress in a public school in the East, and she took care of me. I was to have been taught bookbinding, but it was no use. After six months' stitching books I wanted to dance tight-rope. I believe I should have been successful with a balancing-pole. My feet used to itch to have chalk rubbed on them. What is the use of people fibbing about these things? Nothing is ever going to turn up for me! My aunt used to take care of a library in the school-building, and let me have the run of the books. I dusted them when she swept the rooms. I picked up a smattering here and there. Teachers used to say I got my knowledge by intuition. Mrs. Launcelot—she was Miss Polly McGee then—taught me my first little speech. When my poor old aunt died, Mrs. Launcelot cared for me, and when I am in trouble, even now, and I often get into it, it's Mrs. Launcelot that gets me out of it. I love, though, to recur to my schoolgirl days. See—see! That group of little ones there, crossing Eighteenth Street? Aren't they darlings! Quick, Mr. Carter; bid John draw up to the sidewalk. Watch that chubby-faced little girl, with that smother of curls—and that pretty boy! Can't you understand that I want those sugar-plums?—There, my darlings; one handful for you, and one for you, and what's left in the box—for the children at home." I did as I was bid, the coupé was stopped, the children were hailed, and I distributed the sugar-plums equally among the astonished children.

The carriage sped on a block or so, Miss Aubrey remaining quiet. Suddenly she broke out: "I am a goose—ain't I? Whimsical—capricious—and make a display of myself."

"Oh—a goose! a goose—it is a harsh epi-

thet"—I recalled mentally an unspoken syllable on her part—"between swans and geese there is, though, but a trifling difference as to species."

I was glad that she did not seem to remember, and I was sorry that I had adverted to a disagreeable incident.

"Once," she said, gleefully, "I read Hans Andersen's story about the ugly duck to a lot of people, and I never had a more appreciative audience. You did not know Mrs. Tibbets? No? Well, she was a good, honest soul, a general-utility woman; not much talent, played anything she could get, and never had a chance. Old Tibbets did something dreadful—ran off with the cash-box of a side-show, and had to leave the country. For years that poor Mrs. Tibbets slaved for her husband's honor, and supported her family as well as she could, and little by little, by almost starving herself, paid back the money Tibbets had made away with. It wasn't much, not five hundred dollars. It took her five years to grub it up, cent by cent. It was Mrs. Launcelot—maybe Launcelot—that arranged the matter, and the side-show man was paid in full. Then they wrote to Tibbets, somewhere in Peru, to come back, but Tibbets they found out was dead and buried. Then that poor old woman couldn't stand it any longer, but lay down and died, and left a parcel of children to starve—as many as four of them. We tried to interest some church people about these children, but, somehow, not much came from it. That stupid Jenkins, all out of his own head, suggested a kind of reading for the benefit of those children, in a private house. Jenkins hee-hawed in his best manner, and I read some of Andersen's stories, and we cleared almost four hundred dollars. But what was better, having put the Tibbetses in the front row, I washed and brushed and sand-papered them all, and attended to their make-up; some good people in the audience kind of took a fancy to them, so we distributed the Tibbets brood, and I do think that it looks as if they would be provided for for some years to come. That's how I learned Hans Andersen's story. I know I was good. The very best thing in my whole repertory is 'Free little toad-stools.' That is naturalness for you! You shall have it, though I will allow of no criticisms." Miss Aubrey repeated, with charming sweetness, mingled with drollery, those baby verses.

"You don't laugh nor applaud? Will not even a lisp, the result of hours of study, fetch you? Want 'Little Bopeep'? It is full of pathos."

"Laugh, Miss Aubrey! I was thinking of Rachel when she read the 'Moineu de Lesbie,' or of Gott repeating Alfred de Musset's verses. I can pay you no higher compliment."

"Indeed! I tell you, Mr. Carter, I crave ap pause."

"It is more than that. It is your goodness of heart that would make the sorriest of verses sound pleasantly to my ears. Your art is a secondary thing."

"Rachel! Gott! Awful great people, both of them. Why, you must be an old man, Mr. Carter, to have remembered the first."

"I am thirty-five at least. I was twenty when I heard Rachel."

"Allow me—how can a man who has taught school at seventy-five cents a night have heard those people?"

"Permit me—how can a girl who stitched books at fifty cents a day be now the greatest of our actresses—rolling in her coupé, and patronizing a very poor author? You have risen, I have fallen."

"Stuff—nonsense!—I don't comprehend you. I wish you would not be so confidential. Only, somehow, I have got quite at my ease with you—so much more than I thought I ever could be, for you have a horrid reputation of saying disagreeable things; so that, honestly, I, who do not quake much, was half afraid of you. Pray what do you mean by falling? Falling! There are ten thousand men who would give half their lives to have your position. You rule the puppet-show, and make us dance. Fallen! You don't mean to say you dislike your vocation?"

So far the conversation on Miss Aubrey's part had been carried on with a half-averted face; now those grand eyes were turned directly on me with fullest blaze.

"Mean—mean! That I have a sensitive and impulsive nature—"

"With a thin glaze over it?"

"That"—I did not heed her—"that the petty irritations, the miserable blocks thrown in my way—by—by—"

"Professional people—go on."

"Annoy me half to death. That mental effort, the creative power, is hampered by the ten thousand physical hitches and knots which I must ever be wasting precious time over."

"You have not dyspepsia, have you, Mr. Carter?"

"Of the brain?—certainly."

"Then you don't like us—we don't agree with you?"

"Yes—and no."

"Indeed! Well, that is but half of an honest reply.—Gracious! Mr. Carter, this stupid coachman must have understood Sixty-fourth or One Hundred and Fourth Street. Please bid him turn around and go down town again. Let us talk of something else. You are not a *crème glacée* after all, Mr. Carter—pronounced rightly?"

—but are as fluid and as readily shaken up as skimmed milk. Now I have something to ask you—it is business. You will be good enough to give me some details as to my costume in the last act."

"Miss Aubrey, I have given some thought to that second act and the trouble in regard to the rapid dressing. Perhaps your objections have some foundation, and to-night it will give me great pleasure to arrange your *entrée* some minutes later—an hour or so of work will do it."

"Oh! I don't want it, indeed I don't—I wouldn't have it; nevertheless, I am grateful: but I think I can manage. Please don't refer to it any more. What I want to know is about the dress in the last act. Tight sleeves and a strangling corsage become me, so they say; but then it is difficult to rave and throw one's self about when you are surcungled and buckled up like—like—"

"Like a circus-horse?"

"Just so; I feel obliged to you for the most complimentary comparison. Thanks. Greek and Roman heroines are so effective because the costume allows the most perfect freedom of gesture. A toga is a splendid thing for a heroine."

"A toga?"

"Yes, a toga."

"No, a tunic, or a chlamys."

"What is a chlamys?"

"Women of the classic periods did not wear togas, but the men did. You might as well say that Sappho buttoned herself up in an ulster."

"I sha'n't say another word, Mr. Carter—but night-school. Maybe, if you had a rattan, you would like to rap me over the knuckles; I do nothing but blunder." Half in anger, Miss Aubrey held out her hand. I would have put it to my lips, but I saw it was trembling. In an instant the hand was withdrawn. Now the carriage stopped. I was afraid we were at the end of our journey, and I was miserable. It was only a momentary blockade in the street. I watched that hand intently. It beat a tattoo for a moment, then it was plunged to the wrist in the muff.

"Coarse manners have I, Miss Aubrey," I said at last, "and your silence is my punishment. I have deserved it. I am not a companionable person. I am childish enough to confess that a certain irritation I felt at the theatre has not passed away. I thought I had forgotten all about it, but I have not, I see. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself and my petty ways. Can we not be good comrades once more?"

"You don't consider how abasing it is to have inferiority of education always flaunted in one's face! If I am to be coached—they call it coaching, don't they, sir?"

"Yes—coaching."

"The coacher—you smile; is that right?—well, then, the coach ought to be considerate, and not snap up people in an ungallant and self-satisfied way. A coach ought never to be arrogant."

"Oh, isn't he!" I said. "Little you know about it. The biggest thrashing I ever received was at college from a burly coach about boating. He blackguarded me, and because I got angry he beat me, and it served me right."

"And did he whip you badly?"

"Didn't he, though! I wasn't over it for a week."

The lady clapped her hands with glee.

"It ought to have done you no end of good. I suppose I am something like you, only I can't fight," and a little hand made a ridiculously soft and plump fist. Here was an opening once more, and I resumed: "As to your costume in the last act—"

"Yes, I have a tumble in the middle of it—an ugly sprawl at my Lord Duke Um-Um's feet, forgiveness, and all that kind of thing. That means double-stitched, reinforced seams all over the body of the dress, and a hitch in the skirt, a bit of elastic, so that when my knee touches the ground the train sha'n't drag. Nothing so unpleasant as to rip things in the midst of a telling point. I have studied all that. Now, please be oracular and man-millinerish, if you please."

"Well, you know the piece is in the time of the Regency."

"What was the Regency? Honestly, my knowledge of French history is limited. There were such a lot of Louises!—Do not be afraid. Night-school away! I will throw no slate at you!"

"Have you ever read Scribe's 'Adrienne Lecouvreur'?"

"Yes; a poisoned rose was the trick. Was that in the time of the Regency?"

"Well, that's about it. Now here is a work which I have just bought, which will refresh both of us." I opened the volume of costumes and turned over the leaves for her until I came to a picture of Madame de Parabère. "What a lovely face! Was she as good as she was beautiful?" was asked.

"Good? No, far from it! This Madame de Parabère was one of the glaring stars in a singular smoky coruscation. Those lips took in many a draught of Tokay, Sillery, and Cyprus, and grimaced in drunken orgies. This woman existed in the most dissolute period of modern history. So vicious, so abject was this creature, and her depraved associates, that those who study such periods declare that the taint of those miser-

able days has not yet been entirely effaced from French morals."

"Oh!"

"Love was a play. To simulate an affection, to mimic it, was a fashion. People no longer loved sincerely, but shammed to love. Heartless intrigue, scandalous manners, were most in vogue; an honest man or woman was deemed a simpleton."

"The horrid times!"

"A most abject and wretched set were they. These perfumed dandies, these gorgeously clad women who made life a graceless revel, were, for all the world, nothing more than actors and actresses."

"Ay! ay! Those poor actors and actresses!" cried Miss Aubrey, interrupting me, "who had no appreciation of what was fitting and proper in life, who feigned passions they could not as much as feel!" Here the woman's voice had a wailing sound. Then she broke off suddenly, and turned sharply on me, and said in a quick, hard tone: "Since Mr. Carter has taken my profession somewhat in horror, one who belongs to that unfortunate cast must feel quite poignantly her social abasement. We are at the end of our journey.—Coachman, stop.—I am sorry, sir"—and Miss Aubrey assumed an air of chilling dignity—"to have taken you out of your way. We will see one another to-morrow, or the day after, at rehearsal. I do not bear you any particular grudge, but my presentiment that we could not get along has been only verified. In some respects you are a better man than I thought you were, only sadly wanting—may I call it so?—in Christian charity. That is an accomplishment which you certainly do not possess.—John, drive me to the Park.—Good day, Mr. Carter." Now she laughed. "I have saved you exactly thirty dollars—a dozen pairs of gloves. They come cheaper wholesale. One can tear them up then without much compunction. Good day. Here is your volume of costumes. One thing rest assured of, and that is that Mary Brady—"

"Mary Brady!"

"Miss Claudia Aubrey is stuff. I don't know, though, why I told you my real name. Claudia Aubrey, if you please, seven letters in the first and only six in the last name, so that on the posters the exclamation-mark shall make the whole line of capitals balance. Well, Miss Aubrey—you see what a sham I am!—swears that she will do her very best for the success of your play. Now, that is all you wanted— isn't it? You are satisfied. You have my word for it." I saw her bosom heave with an agitated movement, but her lips were tight set. She drew out a little jeweled watch, looked at it, and added: "And your dinner with your mother, and all those nice

dishes, which will be tasteless from being *réchauffé*? Pronounced rightly? Please do not look so dumfounded. I knew we would quarrel for good—for good.—John, I have changed my mind; drive me home.—Good day, Mr. Carter, and a good appetite."

The next instant the coupé had gone. I had not even shaken hands with her. For a moment the delicate perfume that had lingered about her seemed still to affect my senses. I stood dumfounded on the sidewalk. I could have struck myself with impotent rage. "She has made a fool of me!" I said to myself. "Curse the piece and all the annoyances attending it! Still I passed a happy half hour with the woman. It was a pleasing dream, even if the awakening was rude." Then there came to me a feeling somewhat akin to remorse; I recalled my words—heedless ones. I tried to palliate them. "What had I said?" I almost exclaimed aloud. Then a numbing, senseless apathy came over me, of a physical stupor, as almost mechanically I strode homeward.

"My son," said my mother, as I took her proffered hand, "we are all ready for you. You look tired and troubled, and your hand shakes. Come, eat your dinner. Nothing to worry you, I hope? Though you conceal all your annoyances from me—of course, I could not understand them—still I might console you at times. Come." Then her dear cool lips kissed me. "Your forehead is in a fever. Perhaps you work too hard? Oh, the wretched pile of papers and letters on your table! Promise me that to-night you will take a holiday. What is the matter?"

"Mother, mother, it is serious."

"What is serious?"

"My condition."

"You alarm me! I was afraid overwork would tell. Ten years without a holiday!"

"No, it isn't that, mother—it is worse than that."

"My son, see, I am trembling with anxiety."

"Mother!"

"Yes."

"I never before kept a secret from you in my life. I think—I am not sure of it, but I think—I am in love."

"Ah! is that all? I feel so much relieved. Is it very—very sudden?"

Here a pleasant, timid smile smoothed many a line on her face.

"Yes, with scarcely a premonitory warning, as a man falls into a torrent headlong."

"You will tell me all about it by and by, after you have broken bread."

"It is with an actress."

"Oh!" She busied herself with the table, then she said, "I should not be surprised."

"Your surprise, mother, has just the intonation of a regret."

"My son has been chary of asserting either the social or domestic merits of a class he has been a good deal thrown in with of late."

"But, mother, the woman I think I love hates me."

"Hates you!"

"Please do not look amused. I am afraid I was more rude in words—careless ones—than in thought; and, now that I see it, I wounded and kept wounding certain susceptibilities which I coarsely enough never dreamed even existed. Mother, you must remember some of those old stories you once told me—how pearls were found. I think the repeating of that one just in your old way might do me good."

"Well, then, the fishermen cast their shells in heaps on the shore, to spoil in the sun-heat, and out of this mass of corruption there comes the pearl of price, free from all taint."

"With its luster increased, mother. You always added that. That was the moral—say 'with its luster increased.'"

"So it was—with its luster increased; and I pray it may be so," and her dear arms were twined around my neck as she kissed me again and again.

III.

It was not a fortune—far from it—simply a windfall. We never had any expectations, and yet a distant relative we hardly knew the existence of in dying left a small farm, some thirty acres, to my mother. My dramatic ventures had brought me in a few thousands of dollars. My mother's health was so frail that when the physician had ordered for her, some time before, a change of air, I had been in despair about it. Now was the opportunity. My decision was promptly made. It took hardly more than a day to arrange our plans. With what small means I had, I would work the farm. Any idea of profit was out of the question; still, with a judicious outlay of money, the land, at least for a while, might produce enough for our wants. I, too, wanted both change and repose.

My piece had been flatteringly received, and promised to be fairly remunerative. It was at the theatre, the night before I left New York, to Mr. Launcelot in person that I gave the information of my departure.

"Absurd! never heard of such a thing! What! going to harrow and rake, and grow chickens, and churn? Hay-seed yourself, and I—what is to become of me? I never knew you to joke before."

"You do not want to understand me. This summer you may come and see me, and expatiate over the unities of a pig-sty."

"Stuff! It is just throwing up the game. Don't I count on you for the next year?"

"Yes, and a failure is sure to come, and then you would throw me over. I may never be lucky again."

"I don't know; there is promise in you. Come into the office and see the letters from several country showmen, pestering me for permissions to play this piece. You are to be congratulated, dear boy—you are being pirated out West. There may be some fat checks to come to you before we are through with it. Want any money in advance?"

"Not a cent but what is due me. What I require is rest, and I have made up my mind to take it according to my pleasure."

"Still, you don't mean retiring for good?"

"I can not answer that."

"I can't afford to drop you. Let me tell you what I will do. From time to time I will put in a short paragraph somewhere about you: 'Mr. Richard Carter is seeking repose from his arduous labors at his superb country-seat, near the purlieus'—purlieus is a good word—'of Lake George.'"

"Nonsense! It's a poor little place, with a tumble-down stone house, twenty-five miles from New York, in a Jersey pine-barren."

"Or I must have something of this kind. It is regularly done: 'Almost an accident! Our talented dramatist, Mr. Carter, whose comedy was brought out by our enterprising manager, Launcelot, was upset in his yacht and drowned,' or was 'thrown from his horse and had his neck broken,' or 'fell down a precipice and was crushed'—something or other in order to let people know that you are alive, that's it."

"This is absurd. You will do it at your peril," I said, laughing.

"Are you indeed in earnest?"

"So much so, that in a few minutes, when I have shaken hands with you, you will not see me for some months. Of course we can correspond, should business require it."

"Hang it, man, I don't think you capable of making an attachment! There is a good woman—a good wife—a good mother, whose name is Polly Launcelot, that has been waiting for a month to make your acquaintance."

"Convey my respects to Mrs. Launcelot."

"Respects! See here, Carter, do you want to know the facts?"

"What facts?" I asked, astonished.

"Well, before your piece was put on, Reginald Launcelot was almost cleaned out. It was touch and go. I might not have broken, busted,

but, if we hadn't succeeded, Mrs. Polly Launcelot, the boy, and all of us, would have gone up the spout. That woman went to church, sir, for the piece, for me, for our chick, and for you; she did, sir. If you only knew how long I had been fighting for it, just one big success, so as to put us straight, and at last it has come! Polly Launcelot is impulsive, and would just as lief kiss you as look at you. Won't you come and see her to-morrow, before you go, and receive her thanks? As for myself," and here Mr. Launcelot looked at me queerly, "you know I shall pay you regularly, and stick close to the contract, and that's all you need look for, I suppose, and that's the end of it."

"My dear Mr. Launcelot," I said, warmly, "I had no idea that either Mrs. Launcelot or yourself entertained such kindly sentiments toward me."

"I'm not going to spoil my shirt-front, a-crying over you, Mr. Carter; but if you are to leave us I shall feel sorry for it, partly because of a career which you might have graced, adorned, beautified—"

"Stop that, please, Mr. Launcelot."

"Maybe as much," continued Mr. Launcelot, looking at his very tidy boots, "because we had taken a liking to you—as an instrument, let us say—the bridge which Polly, the baby, and I have trudged over when we all were snarled."

"On my honor, Mr. Launcelot, I am glad to have been the accident which may have, in a certain measure, retrieved your fortunes, as they have my own. If I were not leaving to-morrow, with my mother, by the early morning train, I should certainly crave an introduction to Mrs. Launcelot."

"Well, I believe you; that's said kind of hearty. Isn't there anybody on the stage you want to bid good-by to?" We had been talking in the office, and were now on one of the landings of the theatre. "That's a blessed house; how comfortable it is! Barely standing-room! and it looks good for a hundred nights. It runs on wheels now. Ah! just at the close of the second act! She improves with the part. Best thing she ever tried yet.—Applaud, you beggars! That's a noisy fellow there—who is that, usher?"

"A dead-head, Mr. Launcelot," replied an usher. "A theatrical critic from the rural press."

"That will do. Attend to those people who are late comers. You could hear a pin drop now, dear boy. Come, you haven't been behind the curtain for a week. Aren't you going to bid the people good-by? Jenkins whipped a brother actor on your account yesterday. Fancy he will want you to write a character-piece for him. Might be a good idea. When you are planting gooseberries—no, they grow wild, I believe; well,

say oyster-plants—think of it for poor Jenkins! Come. Honestly, your sudden eclipse has put me out of sorts, and I want to go behind so as to find fault with something or somebody as a relief for my feelings."

"I have not an instant to spare. I have to write far into the night. You would oblige me, then, very much, Mr. Launcelot, by announcing my departure, and expressing on my part all those pleasant phrases—as, for instance, how the success of the piece was entirely due to their talents; how their art has embellished—"

"Gammon! No specific messages to anybody in particular?" asked the manager, I thought rather inquisitively.

"To no one; discrimination would be invidious," I said, indifferently.

"The hotel-keeper, then, to the cooks, from the butcher greeting—"

"No, not that way—courteously, kindly."

"They never will understand you," said the manager, dubiously.

"Suppose they do not?" I hotly replied.

"You ain't—?" and the manager paused.

"What?"

"A trifle rough and raspish at times? You have not made your peace with Claudia Aubrey?"

"What is it your business?" I said, angrily.

"I have a great deal of respect for Miss Aubrey. The lady has honestly and conscientiously performed her duty—that is all, Mr. Launcelot."

"Just so, Mr. Carter; I understand you exactly. She is a good girl, and kinder-hearted than you think. Such romps as she has with our boy! My Polly is a kind of mother to her, and Polly is hard to please. I had hoped that to-morrow you might have seen Claudia at the house, and that you would have made—"

"Have made what, Mr. Launcelot?"

"Your peace."

"Has Miss Aubrey been making you her confidant?" I bitterly asked.

"Tush, man! Miss Aubrey is as proud as the Queen of Sheba; and, really, now it is I who do not comprehend you."

"Good-by, Mr. Launcelot." I cast a last glance on the stage. Launcelot had left me to gossip with a patron. The actress was just commencing that portion of the scene where she expresses the bitterest regrets for a life she has lost. For the only time yet, my heart thrilled with the part, and I was unconscious of the mechanism, the manufacture of the words. The work even had the charm of novelty to me. With the next few lines reviling herself, maddened in her career, determined anew to brave all risks, to plunge into a life of crime, Claudia Aubrey's eyes met mine. It was the merest look—that hazy glimmering which her eyes only could give. It was but for

a second. True to her part, again flashed out those great, rebellious eyes, which would not be quelled, and the ordinary business of the piece went on. I had enough of it. Then Launcelot came. I wrote for him my country address, gave him implicit instructions about our business, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, left the house.

Had Launcelot, the last man I would have had in the world, discovered my secret? Was it because I madly loved the woman, more than anything else, that I had left a career which had promised success? Once—it was a day or so after my ride with her—I had tried to speak to her. A certain icy indifference, an apparent determination to hold me off at arm's-length, had chilled me through and through. My self-esteem, my pride, had been hurt. Perhaps the time, the place, were not fitting for my justification. Save some sparse words now and then grudgingly addressed me in regard to the strict business of the play, that pleasing intimacy, that childlike happiness, I knew the woman had welling within her, which had awakened a new life within me, she never again vouchsafed me. Time and work might, I thought, cure me.

To a certain degree, the seclusion of the little farm brought repose. With a care and thrift, if the few acres did not bring profit—I was indifferent to that—at least I could make both ends meet. Literary work I did not, however, neglect. Plans long conceived I deliberately matured. The necessity of writing—writing incessantly in order to live—no longer existed. People seemed glad enough now to take my poor work. An essay would pay for a cow, or a paper would purchase a colt. My sleek-sided Durham represented some bony stuff on the Sanskrit drama, or my frisky Abdallah colt a monstrously dry rigmarole on ethics. If the brutes did not exactly come up to the standard, the milk of the one being less by several gallons than the theoretical measure given by the agricultural journal, or the colt was singularly wanting in the salient points of his vaunted lineage, still horse and cow were tangible, and gave me pleasure. I never before had believed that my work really represented something. But what I congratulated myself most about was, that my mother's health improved, for to her came an after-glow of happiness. A country girl helped my mother, and a decent manservant attended to the rougher details of the minute manor.

Launcelot's letters were frequent, and I found that all my interests were treated by him in the most honorable way. His communications were of the most cheerful character. His business was very good. "If I would not work up for him some new stuff," he wrote, "wouldn't I hash up a French piece for him next year? Or I might

take some six or seven French plays, squeeze the seeds out of them, and mash 'em all up into a new thing, and, if I were ashamed of it, he would father it. As a manager, he wanted to have a piece of his own—Launcelot's. Or would I advise him about Jones and Brown, who kept shoving pieces at him? What would I read for him at—as a job? He got twenty letters slung at him a day from fellows who had pieces, and, though managers never did answer fellows who wrote them about pieces, he thought it ought to be done—sometimes. He would send me these fellows' letters and their plays. He didn't want me for his secretary, but his friend. Carter's head was level. Managers were pigs—he knew they were—but he didn't want to be a pig any more."

As an hour would bring me to the city, I went occasionally to New York. Launcelot I saw from time to time, but declined any literary business of a theatrical character. Summer came, and with it a letter from Launcelot. The manager, with his wife and child, was on the eve of a departure for California. He was going to open a house in San Francisco, and he wished me a good-by. With the letter came a final settlement, in which Launcelot had insisted on adding a more than liberal bonus. A fortnight or so afterward came another letter. The child had had diphtheria, and had been barely saved. The boy was convalescent, but he and Mrs. Launcelot would have to remain in New York until the child was well enough to move. Launcelot expressed his annoyance at the loss of money his absence from San Francisco would cause him. He never did travel without Mrs. Launcelot—he "wasn't afraid to say that his wife kept him straight."

I wrote him at once: "Send your little boy to me. If I am no nurse, my mother is. Tomorrow at twelve I will send my man to your house for the boy. I would come in person, but some stupid business—a meeting about a county fair, of which I am chairman—I can't postpone. Mrs. Launcelot may rest assured (I regret I can not tell her so in person) how happy my mother will be to care for your little fellow."

At a venture I sent my man to the city, and back he came in the afternoon with the invalid—a darling little fellow. Straightway my mother covered him with her arms. An introduction to Polemic, the colt, and a draught of fresh milk from Sakontola, the cow, seemed to work immediate miracles on the boy. The child's return to health was rapid. I had been unhappy before, now the child seemed to cheer me. I took out those holidays I had been longing for with Rupert. We fished, we went shooting, we got upset in the creek together (it was knee-deep), and altogether had a delightful time. My mother

baked cake such as she used to make for me when I was Rupert's age, and we ate it together. My cream was stinted, so that Rupert might have his fill. Even my good clothes were missing one day, to reappear the next in a suit for Rupert. (The boy had fallen in a bed of chemical manure—of bones, lime, and acid—my man had been composting.) Letters full of thanks would come from Mrs. Launcelot, with an occasional word to me from the manager. It was my mother who acted as correspondent, and such long letters as she wrote about that precious child singularly diminished my stock of fair paper. The boy called my mother grandmother, and I was naturally Uncle Dick. God bless my dear mother for the long, sweet homilies she indited, and the honest advice she gave! I think more than once she hinted at the desirability of the Launcelots confiding Rupert entirely to our care. I was to teach him, my mother to tend him.

"We are the last of the Carters, Richard," she said to me, "and what love we have will die out, or become selfish, if not spent on this boy. Perhaps Mr. Launcelot might in time, you know, be made to think over it?"

"And the boy's mother?" I asked.

"Ah, the mother! A good, kind-hearted woman! Such admirable letters as she writes, so full of sound sense and affection! An educated woman, Richard, and no nonsense about her, and so deeply grateful! There runs throughout all her writing a golden gleam of true, sincere piety."

"If, mother, much as I should wish that this boy might stay with us for ever—if you were Mrs. Launcelot, what would you do?"

"I, Richard? You have such a personal way of putting it! If I were that child's mother, I never would give him up save when starvation came—I would die first."

"A judgment of Solomon, dear mother, for I suspect you starved for me once. If, then, we can't have the boy entirely, Mr. Launcelot may let us appropriate the child of summers. We hold him now as a kind of hostage, and may insist on keeping him until our conditions are complied with." Rupert was frolicking around the room with the two dogs, Mat and Flip. "Wouldn't you like to stay with us next summer? The colt will be full-grown then."

"Indeed! I don't want to leave you, only for a little while—to see mamma, papa, and Miss Claudia. Claudia she promised me lots of things." Then the child ran after the dogs, and the trio raced down the grass-plot.

Claudia! The boy had never mentioned her name before. Had he done so, I should have, however, never asked him a question. All day

long, though, I recurred to the incident, and brooded over Miss Aubrey's name, and was unhappy.

It was October when the letter we dreaded came. The Launcelots were homeward bound. They would be in New York within ten days. If perfectly convenient, would I send Rupert to them on a certain day? "No, I would not," was my reply to Mr. Launcelot. "I would not give Rupert up unless his father came and took him." My mother added a few kind lines: "Was not October the most pleasant month in the year for children in the country? The apples were so red, and Rupert had not picked a single one from a certain tree, having made up his mind that a barrelful of pippins of his own gathering was to be his present to his papa and mamma; and then the chestnuts were just ripe, and Rupert's hands, she regretted to say, were all black. Couldn't Mr. Launcelot spare the boy just a few days longer? Rupert had gladdened her heart, and his sweet play and lovable manners had done Mr. Richard Carter so much good. But of course she knew what a mother's yearnings were, and Rupert was ready. She wanted to talk with Mrs. Launcelot about the precious trust that had been confided to her. Perhaps she had, being now almost seventy, such old-fashioned ideas about children. But the fact was, that there were some shirts and such trifles that she had been making for Rupert, and she did not like sewing-machine work, and had stitched them all herself, but her eyes had failed her, or the summer had gone before she knew it. She begged that, when Rupert must leave (and she would have the boy ready at any moment), she might have the pleasure of making Mrs. and Mr. Launcelot's acquaintance. She was too old, and not strong enough, to take Rupert to town, and, as to Mr. Richard Carter, he had an antipathy for the city, and would not do it, and honestly she thought that Mr. Richard Carter had made up his mind not to part with Rupert until he was forced to. So much did both she and her son love Rupert."

A week elapsed, when a note came, which was as follows, in Mr. Launcelot's handwriting:

"God bless both of you! We never have had a moment's uneasiness about that chick of ours. We knew he was in two good hands. If I wasn't his own father, kidnapping as fine a boy as is my Rupert would be perfectly justifiable. The boy's picture you sent us, Polly cried over. I did my blubbering when I blew my nose. But, dear boy, you can't have him any longer. Polly doesn't pine exactly, but hungers after the child. I send you an Arapahoe scalp, likewise a case of the best California wine, by express. Drink my health and the boy's to-morrow at six exactly. Mrs. Launcelot and I will drink yours in the

same genuine tippie. Polly begs Mrs. Carter's acceptance of a shawl, one of those South American llama concerns. I wanted to send that good mother of yours a stunning cashmere, but Polly said that a gift of that kind to a lady of your mother's age would have been vulgar, and Polly knows. Finally, the day after to-morrow my wife will go for that boy. (Got the old house, and refitting, up to my ears in dust and dirt, with painters, decorators, and upholsterers.) Miss Claudia opens for us. Old fellow, it is just with a heart brimful of friendship to you and your mother—only sick to see my child—that I am Reginald Launcelot."

A hearty greeting I gave Mrs. Launcelot. I had Rupert in hand when she arrived at the house. A handsome, motherly woman was she. Off went her bonnet in an instant, and with a cry of joy Rupert sprang into his mother's embrace.

"O my darling!—It is the first time we ever were separated. He has grown six inches almost.—Where is that dear grandmother of yours?—Let me thank her, Mr. Carter. It is with you that I should have first spoken. It doesn't make the least difference that Rupert is standing on my hat"—she had thrown it off.—"Kiss me again and again, my pet. Who dressed you so prettily?"

"Grandmother," said the child; "but Uncle Dick helped. Sometimes he curls my hair—when I will let him."

It was touching to see how this honest, sprightly woman met my mother, who was waiting to welcome her. It was a timid approach. Both women seemed subdued. It is true that my dear old mother is still superb, and bears her years with that dignified graciousness which only belongs to the older *régime*.

"May I, dear lady, thank you—not for now but for always—for the goodness you have shown to my boy? Let me—please let me kiss you. I have not done any crying yet, but can't you understand that I must want to? I had pictured you as you almost are, only you are the grandest-looking woman I ever met—with whiter, more silvery hair. If possible, you look kinder than I ever conceived a woman's, a mother's face could look." Then Mrs. Launcelot diffidently kissed my mother on the cheek; and then, watching a tear course down my mother's face, Mrs. Launcelot's flood-gates were opened, and she sobbed too, but they were tears of happiness.

"I did not know Mr. Richard Carter before, though my husband and your son have had some business relationship together. But it is so good to have friends apart from business. I am a God-fearing woman, Mrs. Carter, and from this

time henceforward I shall never forget you nor your dear face; they must hallow my prayers. I know it is hard for you to give up my boy, but how can I help it? I am not a bit jealous because Rupert's love seems now divided.—Stay on the lady's knee, my boy, and kiss her. It is not the last time you shall see one another."

"You promise me—promise me that, dear Mrs. Launcelot?" said my mother, with tears in her voice.

"Promise it! I should be the most ungrateful wretch did I not fulfill my promise. Could I not see long ago, in your letters, that the idea of parting with the child was hurting you?"

"God forgive me for my selfishness!" said my mother, in words of solemn self-accusation.

"Now it is all arranged. Is it a boldness on my part? Won't you let me, sometimes—be as a daughter to you? Then the child will always believe that he belongs in part to you."

I had stood motionless outside, and was glad that a tender sympathy had united these two mothers.

The afternoon passed away too rapidly. The child's little trunk, neatly packed—filled with undiscovered treasures—was on the porch. With one last kiss and embrace my mother and the boy parted. Mrs. Launcelot was beside me in my country wagon. Rupert was between us. I had dismissed some half hour before, without her knowledge, the carriage which Mrs. Launcelot had hired at the village. It was a silent ride. I would have had Rupert's mother say a word about the woman I loved, but I dared not intimate such a desire. I thought Mrs. Launcelot seemed for a moment constrained—as if she divined my wishes. Rupert's chatter was, however, incessant. He had gone over the road so frequently that he knew every stock and stone by the wayside. "O mother! I didn't show you my colt's medal. Uncle Dick laughed at it. It was a thirteenth medal, he says. But the colt won it at the fair, with me on top of him. Uncle Dick gave me the medal; it's silver.—I say, Uncle Dick, do you remember that rabbit that jumped into a hole in Robbins's wood-pile? There is the hole. Didn't I know that Mat and Flip would miss me? Here they come full tilt. Bet you they stop and scratch at that hole.—Howdy do, Bill?—Mother, that's a boy that run me twice, and Uncle Dick bid me stand, and I did—and I licked him; and we like one another first rate now.—I am coming back, Bill, next summer when the cherries is ripe.—Uncle Dick, don't you think the fish will have grown big, then? I ought to have brought my fish-pole to town.—Mother, see, this is where the hook got into my thumb, and Uncle Dick cut it out with his pen-knife, and I didn't yell more than I should for

the 'casion. Uncle Dick said I didn't, though grandmother 'most fainted when I come home with my hand tied up.—Good-by, Bobby Small.—He's a first-rate, generous boy, and he gave me all the plums that dropped from his tree.—Uncle Dick, mayn't I give him all the things what I have forgot at the house?" This pretty clatter was continued until the village station was reached. We were just in time. Certain palavers of Rupert's on the roadside had delayed us.

"We have but a few moments to spare," I said to Mrs. Launcelot. "I see the passengers are already in the cars. Good-by, Mrs. Launcelot!—G'od-by, my boy! Kiss me, and don't forget next summer.—I will have the boy's trunk checked, and he is man enough to see you in the car, he knows all about it."

I secured the check, and waited a moment until I was certain where the two were seated, before getting into the car to bid them a final good-by. I had just the opportunity—the train was about moving—by standing on the platform, to hand in the check by the window. I was high enough to see that a lady, not Mrs. Launcelot, held Rupert in her arms, and was kissing him. One glance sufficed. It was Miss Aubrey. Seated on the opposite side of the car, she did not observe me.

I had only time to say, almost resentfully I am afraid:

"Mrs. Launcelot! O Mrs. Launcelot! why did you not tell me that this lady was with you? Why did she come so far and not accompany you to my mother's poor house?"

"Mr. Carter, it was Mr. Launcelot who insisted that Claudia should come with me on my little journey. But no persuasion of mine could induce her to go to your house. We almost quarreled about it. I had promised not to mention that she was even with me. You sent away my carriage. I did not know you would drive me to the station. Since you have discovered Claudia's presence, what can I do? You ought not to have met, perhaps—but why? But, Mr. Carter, you have not given me the check.—Come this way, Rupert, and kiss Mr. Carter for good-by.—We are moving, Mr. Carter. Do take care! You look so miserably unhappy!"

All of Rupert I saw was a fleeting glimpse of his face, then the cars sped on their way. Through the dark lanes I drove, the reins hanging listlessly in my hands. At home I found that the emotions of the day had brought a headache to my mother. I did not see her. My evening meal I sent away untasted.

I trimmed my lamp, and worked, or tried to work, long into the night. Painfully I struggled, but it was a hopeless task. That most depressing feeling of dissatisfaction at one's own work,

a thousand times intensified, seized hold of me. The appreciation of what was artistically good or bad became even vague. I made pitiful mechanical efforts to cause flowers to bloom on dry and sapless stalks. I drifted into the most wretched of all mental phrases, that one of over-refinement, where the simplest sentence is to be turned and returned in a hopeless way. I was afraid to dash aside pen and paper; I could not bear to be alone with myself. "The boy—the boy was gone," that I knew; but at last I said it: "The woman I loved—madly—was gone, too!" and with many a bitter pang I cursed my pride, my willfulness.

IV.

It was morning, and misty. The sun loomed up through an October fog. Whether I had slept or not during the night I hardly knew as I strode the little porch before breakfast. The morning broke in a melancholy way. Even the dogs had no greeting for me. Disappointed-like, they were whining, seeking for their little friend who was absent. My mother was not up. Presently I noticed the well-known village messenger walking rapidly toward the house. Far, far off I saw the glaring yellow telegraph envelope in his hands. Quickly as he approached the wicket, I had met him. I felt the forebodings of some disaster. In a fever of impatience I tore open the envelope, and read these few lines:

"Don't be worried—accident on the train last evening. Boy and wife all right, save a few scratches. But C. A. hurt. Come and see us at once. Launcelot."

"Quick!" I cried to my man; "put in the horse."

I went to my mother's room and told her all.

"The boy is safe, thank God for that! and so is Mrs. Launcelot. But, mother, my heart is broken. The woman I love is hurt, and I am in agony."

"I must go with you, Richard."

"Yes, but follow me later. I have but fifteen minutes to catch the early train. Will you be this poor girl's nurse? It is she who wants your care. This dispatch is vague—horribly so. I am in perfect torture. If this woman dies, good-by to hope! Leave everything, mother, and save this precious life!"

I rushed from the room, sprang into the wagon, and, urging the horse at a full run, was in time for the train. I telegraphed Launcelot to meet me at the station.

At the ferry Launcelot came to me.

"Rupert is well, had only his clothes torn. Mrs. Launcelot has not even a bruise," he said.

"And, for God's sake, Launcelot, tell me—" I could not call her name.

"Miss Aubrey is hurt badly. It is a broken leg—perhaps internal contusion. When the car ran off the siding, the instant the crash came—the boy was seated by her—she had taken Rupert in her arms. The iron frame of the seat before her, as the car rolled over, must have struck her, and, shielding the boy, she received the blow, which would have killed the child outright. She is low, very low, dear boy. To-night," and the tears were in his eyes, "this very night that poor girl was to have opened the theatre."

"Where is she?" I gasped.

"Where, but at my house?"

"Can my mother come?"

"Poor Polly is so dazed that just now she is of but little use. Yes, by all means, have your mother come. Don't take on so, Carter; be a man. I have the best physician in New York by her bedside. Here is my cab. We will drive to the house. Rupert's first words were for his grandmother and his uncle. Claudia was unconscious until this morning at daybreak. You are sure your mother will come? My God, the distasteful work I have to do! I must open the house to-night, and how—how to do it! When an audience has to be pleased—what's my trouble, my worry of mind to a lot of people who have come for an evening's enjoyment? Carter, stay with my folks; you are my very best friend. Telegraph to your mother if you are not certain about her coming."

"But she will come. She loves Rupert, and will not be satisfied until she sees him. I ought to have waited for her; but, Launcelot, I could not."

"I tell you what we will do. As soon as we get to the house, the boy with his nurse will take this cab and they can go to the train to meet your mother."

"That is it, Launcelot. I am so stricken down with grief that I can think of nothing."

"Carter," said Launcelot, "did you love Mary Brady?—that's her real name."

"Yes, as I never thought I could love a woman; but you torture me, Launcelot."

"Then you had—at least once you had—a queer way of showing it—that is all. Ah, here we are! See, Rupert is at the window. Pray God she is better!"

It was my mother who was Mary's nurse.

"Ah! dear lady, is it you who have come to see me first, instead of my calling on you?" was what Mrs. Launcelot told me Mary said when my mother sat beside her. Many a weary day did I pass before I could gain admittance to her. My mother scarcely left the sick-room. The broken limb had turned out to be a fracture of some smaller bone. The internal shock was of slower cure, but at last convalescence came. Then—

then I hungered to see her. I almost hoped that my mother would plead my suit. It was the beginning of February now. How months had passed I knew not! They were as years of agony to me. I would spend a day or so at the farm in utter wretchedness, and then would return to Mr. Launcelot's house. Mrs. Launcelot let me take Rupert with me, once or twice, for company's sake. Then I staid away from the city longer, but the country in the winter, even with the boy, brought no cheerfulness to me. For my mother I had built a tiny conservatory, and the flowers decked the invalid's room. At last the doctor suddenly said, "Crutches!"

"Hideous as they may seem to over-sympathetic friends," remarked the doctor to me with a smile, "to the patient crutches mean wings. They bring the joy of locomotion. The breakage of the *external malleolus*, with dislocation of the foot properly attended to, does not really amount to much. The *tibia* is intact."

"For Heaven's sake, doctor, stop your horrible anatomy!" I cried, impatiently.

"A lady's shin-bone, I know, is inelegant; therefore I said *tibia*," continued the doctor, imperturbably. "The starch apparatus we removed some time ago; and I flatter myself that, had the illustrious Dr. Pott been alive to-day, why, he would have been delighted with the case I have had the pleasure of managing."

"Confound Pott!" I cried. "Doctor, be on your guard. Makers of comedies, from Molière down, have ridiculed surgeons."

"But Pope did not. Why don't you get them for the lady?" said the doctor, with a malicious twinkle of his eye as he furbished his glasses.

"Get what?" I asked.

"Why, crutches, man. Have them just forty-eight inches long. I took the measure yesterday; and I say, Mr. Carter, had you not better—ahem! by advice of the surgeon—see to the lady's using those crutches yourself, for the first time? Tut! tut! man, Miss Aubrey, or Miss Brady—I get dreadfully mixed sometimes about it—will with care be able to dance some of these days."

It was Rupert to whom I told, as a profound secret, that he might inform the lady of my intended visit next day, with the crutches.

That morning there came to me a little note.

"Will Mr. Carter bring those blessed crutches as soon as he receives this? I don't want to break my neck."

That was all. Dear handwriting, I knew it, and could have cried over it, for it was so shaky.

The room was very still when I entered it. The woman I loved so dearly lay on a lounge. Rupert was at her feet, with a toy-book in his hand.

"Mr. Carter," she said, gently, "it is not kid gloves which you bring me this time, but something, if not as ornamental, yet much more useful. Please don't look so miserable and woe-begone, and don't hide those crutches behind your back, as a dentist does his forceps. I feel pretty sure that I shall be able to walk some day—some day. It's in the annals of the family—at least on my mother's side—that she broke her leg once, and never was much the worse for it. Rope-dancing, you know—"

"My dear Miss—" I said, hesitatingly—for I knew not what to call her; I felt the keenest distress when I saw the traces of suffering on her face—"dear Mary!"

"Mary! Did I tell you my name? I think I did once—but am I not Claudia Aubrey?"

"No, no; you are Mary to me! Do not, for Heaven's sake, break the charm of that name!"

"But, Mr. Carter, it seems it is not only crutches you bring me, but something more." Here she covered her face with her thin white hands.

"Yes, yes, more than these horrid sticks. It is a deep, ardent affection of a passably rude man to a revered woman."

"Mr. Carter, stop! Once you hurt me deeply—sent a shaft which rankled ever so long in my heart."

"Your heart?"

"Yes, why not? You can't understand that? It might have been impossible for you, who dealt yourself in mimic affections, to understand that a woman's heart, no matter if it did belong to one who simulated feeling, could have respect for honest affections, might have had aspirations as pure, as undefiled as those—"

"Mary, Mary, will you never pardon me?"

"Do you still feel that intense dislike for people of my calling? Pray don't kneel that way. Men don't, I understand, in actual life do it any more. It is stage manners. Then I see, too, that that bald spot on your head has grown bigger."

"Mary!" I saw she was smiling. Now I hoped for the first time. "I shall be without a hair on my head if you repulse my suit. Poor child! do you not know that I love you? When you turned me out in the street that cold November day you almost broke my heart. It was as quick as that, and I have been loving you in a despairing, brooding way ever since. It was love at almost first sight."

"Would you have my confession of faith? Well, it was a sad woman who drove home from that ride on that wintry day. I tried to think of you as an arrogant upstart. Perhaps you did not know that I had read all you had ever written?

I know you are not acquainted with the fact that I prevailed on Launcelot to read your piece, and made him accept of it. Now don't look offended. You literary people have so many rough points, and make yourselves so generally uncomfortable. I don't know why I refer to this. It is rather about myself I wanted to talk. I have been quite near to death, Mr. Carter, and it was your mother who saved me. I must always love your mother."

"And that mother's son—" I pleaded.

"Perhaps if I had not broken my leg, I should not now be listening to him. Do, Mr. Carter, set me up, please, and let us stop this nonsense."

"Mary, Mary, you will break my heart!"

"What is a simple fracture against a compound one? Please don't dawdle. Ill people are so impatient and nervous" (here she almost sobbed). "Oh, I have tried so hard, while I lay so still, to be gentle and patient, and to banish resentment, and a certain impetuosity; but it is not, I suppose, in my nature. Come—those crutches! Please put those things under my arms, and prop up a crumbling ruin. Why don't they imagine some kind of a derrick to hoist lame people into crutches with? What pretty things! With velvet, too, and such soft, elastic ends to them! I am ready. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. That is quite as good as Mrs. Florence's French, isn't it, sir?"

"Admirable, my darling."

"Whose darling? Don't you see, you cruel man, that I am at your mercy—completely so? Can't I hop on one of these things at a time, and keep up my equilibrium with the other one—this way—like a balancing-pole? Now let me fall, and smash me to pieces, like a pipe-stem."

"Rupert is in the way, Mary," I whispered.

"Is he? Well, he mustn't budge. Sure and I sha'n't thrip over um. That's my brogue—the Bradys'."

With my assistance, half laughing, half whimpering, Mary left her reclining position, and faint must I assist each movement. Rupert clapped his hands with joy at her first feeble steps. As for me, my heart was in my mouth.

"Now I am going for you, Rupert. Oh, that footstool is in the way!"

"Rupert, my boy," I said, "go tell your mother to come in in say twenty minutes, and then she will see a lame lady racing along like our colt."

Away sped Rupert.

"Mr. Carter—Mr. Carter, this is a stage trick, and you have played me false."

As if she were a child, I guided her tottering steps. Now she laughed with confidence, and then trembled with dismay. In a few min-

utes, with but slight aid on my part, she stood alone in the middle of the room.

"If I could only hobble to those flowers in that *jardinière* there, I should think I had mastered the rudiments. Now stand clear. Don't these pretty sticks get tangled somehow? You are an arrant deceiver, Mr. Carter, for you have moved that *jardinière* toward me fully six feet, as if I were a baby. Why don't you say, 'Loney, loney'?"

"But, Mary, you do not hold your right-hand crutch properly. It looks as if it might slip. What have you crumpled up in your fingers? Pray drop whatever it is."

"You just talk to me now and confuse me, and I shall be sure to trip. Ouch! my foot! There, now catch me, the leaning tower of Pisa is coming down, down with a run. Quick! It is more exhausting than I thought. Pray lean me up against the wall, like an umbrella. That's it. Now wheel the lounge close, close to me—so. I can't help it!"

She sank into my arms, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Was it over-fatigue that disturbed her? Presently she opened her eyes, and now the color was mantling her cheeks.

"It was no sham faint, only a half-delirious swimming of the head—it is better, much better, now—no, don't ring the bell—not exactly painful, though."

"Mary," I said, taking her hand and opening the closed fingers, which still held concealed a bit of paper—"Mary, I do believe you care for me."

"Believe it! you have taken advantage of the situation. I can't be coy, Mr. Carter; if I were stronger I might be. Oh! what have I in my hand? This scrap of paper? Do you remember those impertinent notes I wrote you at the first rehearsal? I didn't tear them up, I made believe to, it was another piece of paper—what is called a stage substitution. To think you were not up to that! What did I keep them for? For my autograph album. But I have never written any impertinent notes since."

"Mary, you have not answered me."

"I have, I have. I do. Are you willing to

take a woman without a leg to stand on?" Then I kissed her forehead, her lips. "But I will allow you this kind of compromise. If I limp in six months to come, you are as free as the air. Is that a bargain?" she asked.

"No, no! I take you, Mary, as you are. I will have no compromise," I passionately replied.

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Rupert, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot and my mother, entered.

"The performance is closed," said Mary, with a smile. "You are too late. Mr. Launcelot, please return the money at the door."

"It's all right, then?" inquired Mrs. Launcelot, in a subdued voice.

"I made a voyage around my room almost twice," replied Mary, naively. Then I took her hand in mine, and said, "Mother, will you kiss my future wife?"

"It is a pearl of price you have there, my son." Here my mother kissed Mary. "I knew he loved you, dear, though I could not tell you so. My son opened his heart to me long, long ago."

"Did he, Mrs. Carter—did he?" asked Mary. "Yet I never told any one."

"As if it were not apparent to me! Why, this kind of thing, good people, is as old as Shakespeare," said Mrs. Launcelot, reflectively.

"Right, Polly. I was racking my brain to find out where I had seen something of the sort. I fancied it was familiar," added Mr. Launcelot, with fine discernment.

"Let us be thankful for the conclusion, devoutly so. Come, good people, all of you, clear the room. The piece our leading lady has been performing must have overtaxed her strength.—My dear Mrs. Carter, pray insist that Mary shall have peace and quiet."

"My wife is right. Ring down the curtain," said the manager. "Small boy" (this to Rupert), "walk.—Carter, march! clear the stage."

"Must I go too, my darling?" I said, bending down to the invalid.

"No, no, stay yet a little while, if you will. If you don't, my heart will break for sure." So they went, and, alone with her, the first hour of my great happiness dawned on me.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A CHAPTER FROM A NEW HISTORY.

(Conclusion.)

THE preceding remarks will probably be sufficient to prove that many of the poets of the period participated in the reaction which revolutionary excess and European war provoked among all classes of Englishmen. Scott represents the calm conservatism which would have disapproved revolution under any shape or at any period; Campbell, like Mackintosh, the small section of Liberals, whose affection for their country exceeded even their love for their opinions; Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, the reaction against revolutionary extravagance. There were, however, three other poets, endowed with probably even greater talents than those who have been mentioned, who were affected in other ways by the stirring events of the times in which they lived. Chronologically Moore ranks as the first of these. Moore's thoughts naturally rested on other subjects than those with which his contemporaries were occupied. He was an Irishman. His father was a Roman Catholic tradesman in Dublin. He grew up to manhood during the most critical period of Irish history. While a mere child his country achieved a legislative independence. Before he had reached man's estate the rebellion of 1798 had deluged it with blood. Moore became the biographer of the unfortunate young nobleman who was one of the most conspicuous leaders in this revolt. Revolution, in his eyes, was a totally different thing to revolution in the eyes of Campbell and Southey. They associated it with the scenes in Paris, which had shocked a continent. He associated it with the yearnings of his fellow countrymen for freedom from Saxon rule. In Moore's verse a rebel is always a hero. The Peri tries to open the gates of paradise with the last drop of blood shed by the last defender of his country's liberties:

Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.

Hafed, the hero of the Fire-worshippers, is a rebel against Mussulman rule. Hinda, the daughter of the Moslem chieftain, is taught to regard him as a monster in human shape. She falls in with the so-called monster, and passionately loves the man. No one, however, can avoid perceiv-

ing that, while Moore was writing of Persia and Hafed, he was in reality thinking of Ireland and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The poem is an eloquent appeal for the heroes of 1798.

If Moore had remained in Ireland the passionate love which he felt for his country and her wrongs would probably have driven him into violent invective against her oppressors. Instead of remaining in Ireland, however, he came to London. In London his admirable social qualities introduced him to the best society, and made him a universal favorite. He could not avoid perceiving that the relentless persecutors of his unfortunate fellow countrymen had, after all, various good qualities, and that many of them were just as anxious to relieve the Irish from religious disabilities as the poet was himself. In consequence, instead of becoming violent, he occupied his time in laughing at the peculiarities of Castlereagh's confused sentences and in composing the beautiful melodies which gave every one an enduring interest in Ireland. In this way he not only produced the most exquisite songs in the language, but he concurrently composed some of the best satires that were ever written. Birth had made Moore an advocate for rebellion. Society had stripped his advocacy of it of every shadow of bitterness.

Very different was the course of two of his contemporaries. Byron is probably the greatest poet that Britain has produced since the days of Dryden. He is, perhaps, the most thorough master of words that ever lived. His most beautiful passages bear comparison with the noblest poetry in the language; and his longest poems, full of faults as they are, are magnificent monuments to his genius. Byron was a younger man than any of the writers who have been mentioned in this chapter. His first poetry, the "Hours of Idleness," was published in 1807; his first important poem, the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in 1810. It is important to bear these dates in mind. The remarkable reaction against republican excess, which affected almost every great writer at the close of the eighteenth century, had lost its force before Byron began to write. Men were no longer afraid of revolutionary violence, because a powerful autocrat had a firm hold on the French people. Men were no longer afraid of French conquest, be-

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cause the British navy had obtained an indisputable supremacy at sea. Great writers were, in consequence, enabled to resume the thread of thought which the Revolution had snapped, and to revert to the extreme opinions which the Encyclopædists had made fashionable in France, and which Godwin and Paine had endeavored twenty years before to propagate in this country. Byron would probably, under any circumstances, have embraced the liberal opinions which were again becoming fashionable; but his disposition to do so was increased by two circumstances, which influenced his whole career. The first of these was the reception which was given to his little volume of early poetry. The "Edinburgh Review" was at that time in its infancy, and could not resist the pleasure of crushing a peer who had ventured to become an author in his teens. An article, which is attributed to Brougham, criticised with more venom than justice the youthful author's poetry, and would probably have discouraged ninety-nine men out of every hundred from any fresh attempt at authorship. Byron, instead of being discouraged, turned fiercely on the reviewer. The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was his reply to the offensive article. The public were delighted with a poem every line of which sparkled with sarcasm. But they hardly appreciated at the time the violence of the change which had produced the satire. A single article had made Byron declare war against society. He had shaken the dust off his feet and departed from his "happless" country:

The time hath been when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall.
But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learned to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss.

The attack of the "Edinburgh Review" had made Byron declare war against society. But his bitterness was also increased by the state of his purse. He had not sufficient money to support the position to which he thought himself entitled by his birth; and he was too proud to submit to the humiliations to which poverty exposed him. He determined to travel; and his voluntary separation from his own countrymen only increased his bitterness. He returned home, and married Miss Milbanke. His marriage, if it had proved a happy one, might have reconciled him to society. Its unfortunate termination only increased his bitterness with the world. He again wandered forth with the feelings of an outcast, and avenged himself by offending a decorous

public by the indecency and profanity of his poetry.

A reckless disregard of the ordinary amenities of life is one of the most striking characteristics of Byron's poetry. The author of "Pari-sina" and "Don Juan" had no care for what the public thought of him; but the same indifference to public opinion is visible in his political writings. England's greatest general, Wellington, is "Villainton"; her most prominent statesman, Castlereagh, is "a wretch never named but with curses and jeers"; her King is the "fourth of the fools and oppressors called George." Her Church is weeping over her tithes; her country gentlemen living "for rent." But, amid his passionate hatred of the upper classes, and his sincere desire to promote the cause of liberty, he had no particular anxiety for the liberty of his own fellow countrymen. He once declared in the House of Lords that the situation of an English laborer was much more miserable than that of a Greek, yet he made no effort for the English rustic: he sacrificed his life to the cause of Greece. His country had no claims on his affections. His most generous efforts were devoted to the beautiful land which he first saw with the marks of recent death imprinted on its loveliness, and into which he succeeded in infusing some portion of its former spirit.

There is a marked resemblance between the career of Shelley and that of Byron. Both were descended from ancient families. Both of them were educated in the conservative atmosphere of public schools and universities—Byron at Harrow and Cambridge, Shelley at Eton and Oxford. Both of them were trained under conditions which were wholly opposed to the adoption of radical principles. Both of them were married at a comparatively early age, and both of them soon separated from their wives. Both of them were remarkable for their reckless disregard of public opinion, and for the license with which they attacked every political, social, and religious institution.

Shelley, who was born in 1792, was four years younger than Byron. Like Byron, therefore, he grew up to manhood when the violence of the reaction against revolutionary excess was already spent. There was nothing in the political situation to counteract the tendency to adopt republican principles which he at once displayed. But the fervor with which he advocated unpopular views, both in religion and politics, was increased by the events of his life. Many an Oxford undergraduate besides Shelley may possibly have been satisfied that atheism was a necessity. But the burst of wrath which Shelley's published opinions excited was probably responsible for confirming a view which must, at his time of

life, have been only hastily formed. Many other young men have had the folly to elope with girls for whom they had no durable affection. But Shelley's poverty, his father's anger, his own unhappiness at home, his subsequent connection with Mary Godwin, and his wife's unfortunate death, all combined to ostracize him from society. His extreme principles were made much more violent by the concurrent influences of these circumstances; and the slight restraint which intercourse with society might have imposed upon him was removed. Mary Godwin's influence, too, must necessarily have increased the young poet's disposition to declare war against all the traditions of his own class. The daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, she had grown up to womanhood amid the new faith, which both her parents had adopted. Her connection, and subsequent marriage, with Shelley form the brightest page in the poet's domestic life; but her influence must undoubtedly have been in many respects injurious to him.

Such were the circumstances under which Shelley lived and wrote. His language, in dealing with politics, is even more violent than that of Byron.

Men of England, wherefore plow
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

is the question which he addressed to the men of England in the year of the Manchester Massacre.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms—in your defense to bear,

is the advice he gave on the same occasion to men already maddened with distress.

I met Murder on the way;
He had a mask like Castlereagh;
Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Lord Eldon, an ermine gown;
Like Sidmouth next, Hypocrisy,
On a crocodile, came by.

Such is his description of three of the most prominent British ministers in his "Masque of Anarchy."

A man who could write in this way of the principal personages in the ministry was not likely to be fastidious in selecting subjects for his ordinary poetry. It is not, perhaps, fair to judge a writer by a poem which, like "Queen Mab," was published when the author was only twenty-one. But nearly all Shelley's longer poems are marked by the same reckless disregard of public opinion. The "Epipsychidion," for instance, is

a passionate declaration of love from a married man to a beautiful girl:

Are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar?

"The Revolt of Islam" in its original shape was so unnaturally offensive that the publisher protested against it, and procured its modification. Even in its amended form it probably presents a better key to the poet's wild opinions than any other of his works. It is a protest against the ordinary usages of society, which Shelley calls "custom." Cythna and Laon declare war against this custom. The reader finds some difficulty in following the fertile imagination of the poet through the phases of alternate suffering and victory which the hero and the heroine experience. He fails to comprehend the means which enabled Cythna to enthroned herself as the Goddess of Liberty, or to appreciate the causes which produced the sudden downfall of her authority. Her flight with Laon on a black Tartarian steed is absurdly unnatural; and her subsequent conduct, or the narrative of it, is grossly indecent. Custom, in short, or, to speak more correctly, the custom which had made matrimony a necessity, was the tyranny against which Shelley's eloquence is directed, and the poem is thus fitly dedicated, in some of the most beautiful verses Shelley ever wrote, to the lady who, for his sake, had broken the bands of custom:

So now my summer's task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine heart's true home.

And again:

How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain!

It has already been shown that the same hatred of custom inspired the "Epipsychidion." A similar opinion lurks in the exquisite verses on the sensitive plant, and in the even more beautiful recollection:

We wandered to the pine-forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play;
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay.

The slight review which has been thus attempted of the poets* who were alive at the

* The only other poets who gained a very great reputation at the same period were Rogers and Keats. Whatever judgment may be formed on their poetry, they ex-

conclusion of the great war, illustrates the remarkable nature of the movement which was perceptible at the same period in every branch of British literature. Briefly stated, the main features of that movement were as follows: The eighteenth century had been memorable for the spirit of inquiry, speculation, and research, whose foundations had been laid by Newton, and whose superstructure had been reared by Hume, Adam Smith, and Bentham. The outbreak of the Revolution in France, and the war which had ensued from it, had been unfavorable to calm and dispassionate inquiry. None but the calmest minds had preserved their equilibrium, and the majority of writers had been hurried by their political feelings into a violent attack on the principles on which society was founded, or into as violent and uncompromising a defense of the old system of government. During the remainder of the eighteenth century all the leading writers were, as a rule, frightened into conservative principles. As the nineteenth century rolled on, the younger writers, growing up into manhood, reverted to the doctrines which revolutionary excess had made temporarily unfashionable. About the same time the calmer minds of the generation resumed the inquiries which had been interrupted by the Revolution, and renewed the examination of the great problems in commerce and jurisprudence upon which their predecessors had been engaged. These circumstances had, of course, a corresponding effect on the generation which was growing up to manhood. Their opinions were formed while Ricardo was explaining the doctrine of rent, while Hallam was critically examining the British Constitution, while Byron and Shelley were declaiming against custom. They grew up to manhood full of ideas which would have shocked their fathers: unprepared, indeed, to accept the training which Shelley had inherited from his father-in-law, but equally reluctant to defend the old positions which Tory statesmen had previously maintained. In consequence, every year that passed gradually modified the opinions of the Tories as a party. Every old Tory who dropped out of the ranks reduced the strength of the dwindling phalanx which rallied round Lord Eldon and Lord Sidmouth. Every young politician who entered Parliament for the first time increased the power of the growing body of Conservatives, who wished to maintain the citadel of Toryism but to abandon the indefensible out-

works which their forefathers had defended. The old Tory policy was silently abandoned; a new Tory policy was as silently formed; and old-fashioned country gentlemen discovered, to their sorrow, that a Tory Government was gradually surrendering all the old positions which the Tory party had, in previous years, resolutely maintained.

The change of thought which thus occurred in political circles during the third decade of the nineteenth century can not be accurately understood by any one who omits to notice the remarkable nature of British literature during the preceding fifty years. The literary men of England participated in the reaction against revolution which distinguished the closing years of the eighteenth century. They were among the first to recover from the effects of reaction at the commencement of the nineteenth century. The younger men among whom they wrote were thus accustomed to more liberal views than those which they had heard in the narrow circles of their own homes; and a generation consequently grew up which silently abandoned the old indefensible positions of the Tory party. But there are two other circumstances, connected with the literature of the period, which deserve the attention of the student of the nineteenth century. One of them, indeed, made only a slow and gradual impression on British politics. The effect of the other was as great as it was immediate. The first of these circumstances is the commencement of literary work by women; the second of them is the rapid development of periodical literature.

It is a remarkable fact, which perhaps has hitherto hardly attracted sufficient attention, that few women had ever made any great mark in the world by their abilities before the eighteenth century. The women who had gained most distinction had been famous from their birth, or from their beauty, or from their misfortunes, or from their vices, or from the distinction of their children, or from qualities which are rather admirable in men than in women. We hardly read of any famous for mere womanly qualities or for literary ability. Sappho was the only great poetess whose name has been handed down to us from the ancient world, and the lines of Sappho which still exist may almost be counted on the fingers. Jael is perhaps more highly commended than any other woman in the Old Testament; and Jael is commended for committing a treacherous and cold-blooded murder.

The introduction of Christianity undoubtedly improved the position which woman had previously occupied in the world. The most graceful figures in the Gospel story were the women, who never lost their love for or their faith in

cised little influence on the succeeding generation, and do not, therefore, require further notice in this chapter. It would be otherwise easy to show that the tendency of Rogers was conservative; and that Keats, whose mind was free from political passion, simply desired to revert to the old classic poetry of the ancient world.

their Saviour. The maxims of the Redeemer raised women to a higher station. Marriage, in the light of Christianity, became a contract entered into between two equal parties, sanctioned by religious rites, indissoluble except by the highest authority and for the most solemn reasons. But man in the middle ages of the world hardly suited his actions to the ideal of his church. The wife was not absolutely carried off or sold; but her consent to the union was not so necessary as her father's. The husband kept a stick in readiness for the personal correction of his spouse; and society did not see anything either unseemly or unmanly in a man administering a good beating to his wife.

A life of this description was not calculated to produce women of high womanly qualities. Women became famous who, like Boadicea, in Britain, or Joan of Arc, in France, beat the men at their own weapons. Margaret of Anjou rallying the squadrons which her weak-spirited lord had not the courage to lead; Elizabeth standing at bay against the power of the Spanish monarchy; Isabella of Spain conquering kingdoms, and subduing every feminine feeling in the most brutal persecution of Jew, Turk, infidel, and heretic; Catharine de' Medici counseling and witnessing one of the most infamous of modern massacres—these are the women whose names fill the largest spaces in the history of the ages in which they lived. A period, indeed, arrived when women were known for other qualities. The severity of the Reformation was succeeded by unrestricted license; the courts of the two most civilized of European nations abandoned themselves to vice; and women obtained influence, not because they could ride, fight, or work like men, but from their beauty, their wit, or their profligacy. France and England were cursed with the rule of Bourbon and Stuart; and society in both countries was tainted with the corruption and license which disgraced their courts. License prevailed in France till it was swept away by a revolutionary deluge of blood. England, more fortunate than her neighbor, was purified by the accession of George III. to the throne. Great ladies who had lost their character were received coldly at court; young ladies with a character to lose reflected on the social ostracism which was the new result of losing it; and the upper classes observed that the first lady in the land, who gave the tone to society, was a little woman without much beauty and with less wit, whose only claim to eminence beyond her exalted rank was her affection for and her fidelity to her husband.

It is difficult to exaggerate the social consequences which resulted from the purity of the court of George III. Neither the profligacy of

his sons, nor the growing wealth of the world, and the luxuries which wealth insured, have destroyed or obscured them. Confirmed by the character of his granddaughter, they have, perhaps, in some instances, led to faults in an opposite extreme. A single error on the part of a woman is now punished with a severity which neither time nor repentance is allowed to soften; and a woman who has once made a false step is, ever afterward, excluded from society. Punishment, however, ceases to reform when it is known to be perpetual; and those who have nothing to hope from their good conduct imagine that they have nothing to lose by their bad behavior. But the social consequences of a purified court are obvious to any one; its consequences on woman's work are perhaps less apparent. Just as it is true that there were brave men before the days of Agamemnon, so it is true that there were wise women before Mary Somerville. The deeds of the brave were lost to us from the want of an historian; the wisdom of the wise was rendered useless from want of an opportunity. In an age when woman's chief claim to distinction lay either in her courage or her beauty it never occurred to woman to try her chances in other fields. Brought up from childhood to believe in the inferiority of her sex, she had neither the education which would have enabled her, nor the ambition which would have stimulated her, to establish her equality with man.

The purer atmosphere which prevailed in the moral world during the close of the eighteenth century raised woman to a higher level. When woman once found that she was man's equal there was nothing to prevent her from competing with him in the subjects to which his abilities were devoted. There are, indeed, some portions of man's work in which it may be hoped that the mass of women may never engage. We do not wish our wives and daughters to fight our battles for us. A large portion of the female sex revolt from the notion of publicly disputing with men in the senate, in the courts, or on the platform. But there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of work, which till lately has been solely performed by men, which might be discharged with equal success by women. There is, for instance, no reason why women should not excel in the highest walks of literature and art.

There is, perhaps, no branch of literature for which women are unsuited. The example of Mrs. Somerville decisively proves that some women are capable of sustained intellectual exertion which could be endured by few men; and an author who is capable of sustained intellectual effort need shrink from no work. But, so far as experience goes, fiction is apparently the region

in which female authoresses are especially at home. Nor is this surprising. Excellence in fiction usually turns on the capacity to appreciate and delineate character; and women have at least as much opportunity for studying character as men. Vast numbers of novels at the present day are written by women, and the greatest living writer of fiction is a woman. The influence which novel-writing is giving to the female sex is enormous. "Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun once said 'he knew a wise friend who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads of a nation he need not care who should make the laws.'"^{*} It might be said of the present age that the power of controlling thought is passing from the ballad-maker to the novel-writer. Political speeches are studied by some; sermons are avoided by many; history has only a few students; but every one reads novels. The novel influences for good or for evil the thoughts of its readers: the thoughts of its readers may ultimately determine the government of the world.

There can be very little doubt that the first consequence of women writing novels was an improvement in morals. Few women could venture to imitate the language which Fielding put into the mouth of Squire Western; to depict the monstrous treachery with which Lovelace accomplished the ruin of Clarissa; or to relate Corporal Trim's experiences when he lay wounded in the knee. They were compelled to rely on purer scenes for their story; and society, purified by their example, refused in future openly to patronize grossly immoral publications. Women, like Scott's friend Mrs. Keith, were ashamed to read in their own chamber to themselves novels which they had not blushed in their younger days to hear read aloud in society.[†] Men excused themselves for reading "Don Juan," because it was in rhyme, and they kept the pages of "The Monk" from the eyes of their daughters. A purer literature was, in this way, substituted for the improper stories which had been previously fashionable; and people learned almost for the first time that a story could be interesting which was neither improper nor immoral.

Three ladies are more particularly associated with this great literary reform: Frances Burney, Jane Austen, and Maria Edgeworth. Miss Burney's life has been admirably told by Macaulay. She was the daughter of Dr. Burney, the musician, the friend of Johnson and a host of other great men. Her father's parties were attended

by characters in every class of society; and little Frances Burney, shrinking from the motley throng of wealth and talent, unobserved herself, observed all that passed at them. Miss Austen, on the contrary, who was born about the time at which Miss Burney commenced to write, passed her short life in a country parsonage and in the quietest society. The greater part of Maria Edgeworth's time was spent on the property of her father, an Irish landlord, at Edgeworthstown, in Ireland.

Miss Edgeworth was the most fertile and, on the whole, the greatest of these three writers. She has done for the Irish race what Scott has done for Scottish scenery. She has sketched, with inimitable skill, the pathetic and the humorous aspects of Irish character. Her stories gave Scott the idea which he ultimately developed in the "Waverley Novels." "He would never, in all likelihood," said his biographer, "have thought of a Scotch novel if he had not read Miss Edgeworth's sketches of Irish character." But there is this distinction between Miss Edgeworth and Scott. It has been already remarked that Scott sketched the Scotland of his fathers, or, at the latest, of his own boyhood. Miss Edgeworth described the Irish as she herself saw them. Scott's novels are essentially histories of a former age; Miss Edgeworth's are annals of her own time. No one would dream of turning to Scott for an account of Scotland or of Scotch society during the author's own life. But no one would venture on describing Irish life, at the commencement of the present century, without consulting Miss Edgeworth. The accuracy of Miss Edgeworth's descriptions give her writings an especial value. Any one who will take the trouble of comparing her account of the Colambre estate, in "The Absentee," with Scott's own account of her father's estate at Edgeworthstown will see that the writer who was describing what he had seen, and the author who was professedly drawing on her imagination, were both engaged on the same model.

Miss Edgeworth's Irish tales gave a world of readers an interest in the impulsive people among whom the greatest portion of her life was spent. When she turned from Irish scenes to delineate fashionable people in London, she did not attain the same degree of excellence. She sketched the Irish faithfully, because she had lived with them all her life, and thoroughly understood all their virtues and all their weaknesses. She failed to draw her peers and peeresses with equal accuracy, because she had only a superficial acquaintance with London society. In Ireland she painted portraits, in London caricatures.

Macaulay has detected the same difference between the creations of Miss Burney and those

^{*} "Quarterly Review," No. ccxlv., p. 382, where the reasons for ascribing the remark to Fletcher are given in a note.

[†] Lockhart's "Scott," p. 466.

of Miss Austen as that which may be traced between Miss Edgeworth's Irish characters and her peers and peeresses. Miss Burney saw a great many clever people in her father's house in London. She watched them closely, she studied their eccentricities, and she caricatured them in "Evelina." Miss Austen saw no one but the quietest people in her father's parsonage. The great majority of them had probably nothing eccentric about them: they would have been impossible subjects for caricature. Most of the figures in the narrow circle of her acquaintance bore a very close resemblance to one another; and Miss Austen, if she described them at all, had to dwell on the nicer differences of their characters. In Miss Burney's first novel, "Evelina," the canvas is crowded with a variety of persons, and the heroine is placed in a series of sensational situations. At one moment she is pestered by a fop, at another she is exposed to the importunate insolence of a scoundrel, at a third she is embarrassed by the presence of some vulgar relatives of her own. At one time she mixes in the highest society, at another she is mistaken for an actress at the Marylebone Gardens. She emerges successfully from the most startling adventures; and, after a series of dramatic incidents, marries, on the last page of the novel, the nobleman with whom she fell in love almost on the first. In Miss Austen's first novel, on the contrary, there is no sensation. A mother, living with three daughters in a quiet Devonshire village, becomes gradually acquainted with a few of her neighbors and their connections. One of her daughters, blessed with the most placid disposition, forms an attachment for a man who, without her knowledge, has contracted a foolish engagement which he feels himself bound in honor to keep. Another of her daughters, passionate and enthusiastic in her tastes, falls in love with a gentleman who basely abandons her for the sake of another lady's fortune. The passion and enthusiasm of the one sister soften in the course of the tale into something like the placidity of the other. The placidity of the other ripens gradually into something like warmth. Yet the two characters are as distinct at the end of the story as they are at the beginning of it. Though Sense acquires some degree of Sensibility, and Sensibility gains a great deal of Sense, the title of the novel is as appropriate at the close as at the commencement of the work. Miss Burney, like most novel-writers, during the progress of her work exaggerates the distinctive features of her characters; Miss Austen occupies her whole time in obliterating them, and yet succeeds in leaving them at the end of her story distinct and clear.

The extraordinary skill which Miss Austen

displayed in describing what Scott called "the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life,"* places her as a novelist above her predecessor, Miss Burney. But it is more doubtful whether she is entitled to rank above her contemporary, Miss Edgeworth. In Macaulay's opinion, Madame de Staël was certainly the first woman of her age, Miss Edgeworth the second, and Miss Austen the third.† Yet Miss Austen has one advantage over Miss Edgeworth which is very important. In reading Miss Austen, no one ever thinks of the moral of the story, yet every one becomes insensibly the better person for perusing it. In reading Miss Edgeworth, one is apt to forget the story and to think only of the moral; and the moral loses half its force from the persistent manner in which it is obtruded on the reader. The main object of the one writer seems to be to create interest in her tale; the chief desire of the other to inculcate a moral precept. There can be no doubt, too, that Miss Edgeworth weakens the force of her moral by the pains which she takes to make her whole story point to it. The reader feels that he is introduced, not to a novel, but to a sermon, and so is insensibly led to criticise the author's reasoning, instead of blindly accepting her teaching.

The three women who have thus been mentioned are the most prominent examples of the change which was gradually taking place in the position of their sex. They succeeded in establishing a considerable literary reputation, and in demonstrating that women could compete successfully with men in some branches of literature. It is worth observing, however, that all of them were free from the influences which affected their male contemporaries. Miss Burney's best works were, indeed, written before the French Revolution. But Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen were writing at the time at which Southey and Wordsworth were undergoing the remarkable changes of opinion which have been already recorded. Yet neither of them were perceptibly influenced by the politics of the stirring times in which they lived. Women were, in fact, so completely removed from the strife of party warfare that the stormiest revolution made little or no impression upon them. Such a result could not have occurred fifty years afterward. As soon as women had proved their capacity to compete with men in one field, they displayed an increasing readiness to contend with them in others. The authoresses who at the commencement of the century were proving the capacity of their sex were, however, unable to see the full consequences of their own work, or to realize

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 614.

† Trevelyan's "Macaulay," vol. I., p. 240.

the circumstance that their labors would lead to an agitation for women's rights on the platform and in the polling-booth, which would be uncompleted half a century after they had ceased to exist.

The influence, then, of the women who obtained a literary reputation in the earlier years of the century was essentially prospective; but there was another characteristic about the literature of the period, which could be detected by the most superficial observer, productive of immediate results. Periodical literature had existed for more than a century in England. But it had first obtained the commanding position which it has since occupied about the period at which this history opens. The periodicals, which had previously been regarded with suspicion and dislike, were becoming beyond all dispute a power in the state. Newspapers, in the modern sense of the term, are of very recent origin. A written newspaper would be deemed impossible by the present generation; but the art of printing was known for centuries before it was applied to the purpose of dispensing news. The newsletter of the earlier years of the seventeenth century was literally a manuscript letter; and the "Weekly News"—the first paper which appeared in this country in print—was published by Nathaniel Butter in 1622.* One hundred and thirty years after the publication of the "Weekly News," or in 1753, the number of stamps issued to the newspapers only amounted to 7,411,757. In 1801 the issue of stamps had risen to 16,000,000, and in 1821 to 25,000,000.

The stamp duty, which thus forms an accurate test of the circulation of newspapers, was first imposed in 1712. It was at that time a tax of 1*d.* on each newspaper printed on a whole sheet, and of $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* on each paper printed on only half a sheet. The newspapers foresaw their inevitable ruin from the imposition of this tax. "This is the day," wrote Addison, "on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last works. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that, above all others, delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp duty in approaching peace." As a matter of fact many newspapers at once expired; and, perhaps from this circumstance, the tax was itself abandoned. It was, however, renewed later on in the century. At the accession of George III. it was fixed at 1*d.* a sheet; in 1757 it was raised to $1\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; in 1776 to 2*d.*; in 1789 to 2*d.*; and in 1815 to 4*d.*† The price

of every newspaper was raised to 7*d.* But neither the tax nor the increase of price stopped the circulation of the papers. Edition after edition of the more popular journals of the day were issued as rapidly as they could be struck off; and their circulation was only limited by the mechanical impossibility of complying with the demand for them. The events of the war everywhere excited a feverish anxiety for news, and men of all classes bought the papers in the hope of learning some fresh tidings from the Continent.

At the close of the great war there were six daily papers published in London, which exercised a considerable influence on political affairs. These six papers were the "Times," the "Courier," the "Chronicle," the "Advertiser," the "Herald," and the "Post"; and of these six the "Times" was far the most important. The "Times" in 1816 enjoyed a circulation of 8,000 copies. It paid a stamp duty to the Government of about £900 a week, or of £45,000 a year. But even this duty was only one portion of the burden on its proprietors. The paper on which it was printed was taxed; the advertisements which were inserted in it were taxed; and ten per cent. of its profits were paid as income tax. It was under such circumstances that the greatest journal that the world has ever seen was produced during the earlier years of its eventful career. The "Times" was commenced by John Walter in 1785, as the "Daily Universal Register"; it adopted its present name in 1788. In 1803 Walter was succeeded by his son, John Walter the second. Dr. Stoddart, in the first instance, and subsequently Thomas Barnes, were engaged as editors of the paper under his management. Barnes assumed the editorship of the "Times" in 1816, and succeeded by his ability and discretion in increasing the great reputation which the paper had already acquired. But a much greater impulse than Barnes's abilities could give had a few months before been imparted to it. In November, 1814, the "Times" was, for the first time, printed by steam. The machinery was far less perfect than that which is at present in use; but it constituted an extraordinary advance in the history of newspapers. Before steam was used it had been impossible to do more than strike off 450 copies of any paper in an hour. The circulation of a newspaper had depended, not on the demand for it, but on the capability of the hand-press to meet the demand. The imperfect machine introduced in 1814 enabled 1,100 sheets to be impressed in an hour. The paper was printed nearly three times as rapidly as before, and the public could be provided with five copies with the ease with which they had previously been supplied with two.

* "Annual Register," 1794, p. 375.

† "Return Public Inc. and Exp. Sess. 1869," p. 429. Grant gives the figures differently. "History of the Newspaper Press," vol. i., p. 6.

The introduction of machine-printing at once confirmed the "Times" in the precedence which it had already attained. With one short interval, in 1828, it enjoyed for forty years a larger circulation than any other newspaper.

The circulation of the "Courier," in 1816, was only inferior to that of the "Times." It sold about 5,000 copies a day.* It was an evening newspaper, and was in the habit of issuing edition after edition. It was first established in 1792; was distinguished for its ultra-liberal principles; and was on two occasions the subject of political prosecutions. In 1799 the "Courier" was purchased by Daniel Stuart, the proprietor of the "Post." Stuart was a Tory; and the "Courier," of course, adopted Tory principles. The "Post" had been started ten years before the "Courier," or in 1782, and had been purchased by Stuart for a very small sum in 1785. Stuart had a remarkable faculty for discovering literary talent and for obtaining the assistance of literary men on moderate terms. He engaged Coleridge, Lamb, and Mackintosh to write for the "Morning Post," and he occasionally availed himself of their services on the "Courier." Stuart, after converting the "Post" into a valuable property, sold it in 1803; he retired from the "Courier" in 1816. The "Post" has retained, to the present day, the popularity which it acquired at the commencement of the century. The "Courier" never recovered from the decreased demand for news after the conclusion of peace.

In 1816 the "Morning Chronicle" had a much smaller circulation than the "Times"; but it enjoyed, in some respects, a higher reputation than any other newspaper. Commenced in 1769, it was the oldest of all the leading papers. Its editor, James Perry, was uniformly treated with a deference which was paid to no other editor. He was the first editor of a newspaper who had the spirit to send short-hand writers into the gallery of the House of Commons. He succeeded in obtaining even higher literary talent on his staff than Stuart collected for the "Post" and the "Courier." John Campbell, who subsequently became Lord Chancellor; Thomas Campbell, the poet; Coleridge, Mackintosh, Hazlitt, and McCulloch, all placed their pens at different periods at the disposal of Perry. The "Chronicle" profited from the ability which it thus employed, and, at the commencement of the century, enjoyed a reputation which was hardly inferior to that of the "Times."

Some of the highest literary ability in the

land was then employed in contributing to the press; yet writers in the press were regarded at the close of the eighteenth and at the commencement of the nineteenth century as of an inferior class. It was supposed to be ungentlemanlike for any one to write for hire. Reporters in 1798 were described by Abbot as "black-guard newswriters." Ten years later, or in 1808, the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn made a by-law excluding all persons who had written in the daily papers from being called to the bar. More than twenty years afterward a Lord Chancellor offended the propriety of his supporters and excited their animadversions by asking the editor of the "Times" to dinner. The press was regarded as a pestilent nuisance, which it was essential to destroy. Southey had himself once been a journalist, yet, in 1817, he deliberately declared to Lord Liverpool, "You must curb the press, or it will destroy the constitution of the country. No means," he added, "can be effectual for checking the intolerable license of the press but that of making transportation the punishment of its abuse."*

Southey's opinion proves the importance which newspapers had already acquired. Yet the newspaper of 1817 consisted of only a single sheet of four pages, and did not contain much more matter than four pages of the "Globe" do now. It was impossible for a paper with this limited space at its disposal to attempt any profound political or literary criticism. Before the commencement of the present century, moreover, "the literary periodicals of Great Britain were repositories of miscellanies relating to art, poetry, letters, and gossip, partly original and partly selected, huddled together without system."† At the commencement of the present century, however, a knot of very remarkable men decided on founding a new periodical of a different character. Connected as they mostly were with Edinburgh, they determined to call their venture the "Edinburgh Review." The success which they immediately achieved is one of the most remarkable circumstances in literary history.

* See the "Encyclopædia Britannica," art. Newspapers; "Annual Register," 1822, p. 350, where returns of the stamps for 1801 and 1821 are given; Grant's "History of the Newspaper Press," vol. i., pp. 101, 172, 221, 386; "Diary of Lord Colchester," vol. i., p. 162, and vol. ii., p. 240, in the latter of which the story of the Benchers' by-law is related, which Grant (vol. ii., p. 184) declared his inability to trace the date of; Greville, vol. iii., p. 169, for the invitation of Barnes to the Lord Chancellor's dinner; Yonge's "Life of Lord Liverpool," vol. ii., pp. 298, 299, for Southey's opinions of the press.

† Stanton's "Reforms and Reformers," quoted in Allibone's "Dictionary of English and American Authors."

* So I gather from the returns in the "Annual Register" of 1822. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," vol. i., p. 355, places the circulation at 12,000 copies; but this is plainly an exaggeration.

A society had been in existence in Edinburgh for many years, which most of the rising advocates at the Scotch bar were in the habit of joining. It was the object of this society to train its members in the arts of elocution and debate. One of them, from time to time, read a paper at its meetings, and the paper became the subject of a general discussion. The Speculative Society, as it was called, numbered among its members some of the most remarkable men who ever collected in one association. Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Mackintosh, Scott, and Jeffrey, all belonged to it. Jeffrey was born in 1773, was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and at Oxford, and was called to the Scotch bar in 1794. Marrying in 1802, he brought his bride home to some modest lodgings, furnished at the cost of a few pounds, but which will always be recollected by the literary student. In these modest lodgings, where Jeffrey was in the habit of entertaining a select circle of his intimate friends, the idea of the "Edinburgh Review" was originally conceived. The founders of the new Review mainly relied on Jeffrey, Brougham, Horner, and Sydney Smith, who was the nominal editor of the first number. Sydney Smith was one of the most formidable pamphleteers which this country has ever produced. With extraordinary powers of wit, sarcasm, and expression, his writings had an immense effect on the politics of his time. Born in 1771, and producing his most pungent work—"The Letters of Peter Plymley"—in 1807 and 1808, he was at the zenith of his reputation at the close of the great war. Smith's forte lay in unsparing and occasionally indiscriminating attack. His writings were logical; but he rarely relied on his arguments alone for the success of his cause. He did not convert his readers to his own side. He overwhelmed his opponents with ridicule. The process of damning the plaintiff's attorney has been often resorted to; but it has usually been adopted by advocates with a weak cause to rely upon. Sydney Smith thrust home his attack on the person of his adversary, when his adversary might have been beaten with more logical weapons. His exuberant wit shone forth in his most argumentative writings, and dazzled with its brilliancy those who were not convinced by his arguments.

Jeffrey had neither the exuberance of wit nor the lightness of expression which characterized Sydney Smith. But he was on the whole a greater writer, just as he was undoubtedly a greater critic and a better editor. His criticisms are strict; they are occasionally unfair, but are always able; and, though many of his conclusions have been reversed by the judgment of posterity, his opinions are still uniformly quoted with deference, and usually accepted as authori-

tative. Before the age of Jeffrey the art of the critic was almost unknown. "Criticisms on books were jejune in the extreme, consisting chiefly of a few smart witticisms and meager connecting remarks, stringing together ample quotations from the work under review. The 'Edinburgh Review' appeared: 'its first number revived the discussion of great political principles.' The public perused it with avidity; it excited 'a new sensation in all classes of readers'; and the art of criticism at once attained the position in the literary world which it has ever since occupied."*

The position which the "Edinburgh Review" succeeded in at once attaining could not have been won by Jeffrey alone with the solitary assistance of Sydney Smith. But Jeffrey had the good fortune to number among his friends and associates two other men, whose services proved essentially useful to him—Horner and Brougham. Born in 1778, the son of a tradesman, with no advantages other than his own ability to aid him, enjoying no office, leaning on no patron, Francis Horner, in his short life, won for himself the esteem of all classes of society. An admiring Senate suspended its sittings on the tidings of his death in a foreign land, and voted to his memory with general approval a statue in Westminster Abbey. Horner was an advanced Liberal, but he was chiefly remarkable for the strenuous opposition which he raised to the forced circulation of a paper currency. His exertions as a member of the Bullion Committee are said to have injured his health and to have hastened his death. His enthusiasm in the same cause inspired his first contribution to the "Edinburgh Review." His influence with Jeffrey was the more remarkable because he was destitute of the qualifications which Jeffrey usually regarded as essential in his contributors—"wit and fun were the first desiderata"; and Horner, who was above all things an economist, had no humor. "He puts me in mind," said Scott on one occasion, "of Obadiah's bull," and the keen point of the illustration will come home to every one who recollects Sterne's account of that famous quadruped.†

Brougham was born in the same year as Horner; but it may be doubted whether, if he had died at the same time, his death would have inspired so much regret, or his name have been remembered so faithfully, as his friend's. Yet Brougham's ability was greater than Horner's, and perhaps exceeded that of any of his contemporaries. There were few subjects with which

* Stanton's "Reforms and Reformers"; *vide* Allibone, *ad verb.* Jeffrey.

† Lockhart's "Scott," p. 156.

he was unacquainted, or which he was unequal to discuss with the best-informed persons. He was at home in science, in law, in politics, in history, and in literature. His indefatigable and rapid pen illustrated the most varied topics in the pages of the Review; and on all of them he wrote with a force and authority which were peculiarly his own. Brougham was a far more constant contributor than Horner. It is said that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the Review; and he was unquestionably the most fertile and capable of all Jeffrey's assistants.

Jeffrey, however, did not rely on these men alone. He was ready to accept the services of any capable writer. Scott himself was a constant contributor, writing five articles in two years.* With such assistants Jeffrey rapidly made his mark. The new Review obtained a wide circulation; and its blue and buff cover was to be found on every gentleman's table. The success of the Review would, under any circumstances, have probably provoked a rival; but rivalry was stimulated by the political bias which the new periodical soon displayed. Jeffrey himself was, above all things, a critic. I was "much struck," wrote one of Scott's friends, "by the extent, correctness, discrimination, and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in 'his' way. Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms."† Had Jeffrey stood alone, he would probably have made the Review an organ in which all opinions and all parties could be freely criticised. His chief associates, however, were all strong partisans; and, with the single exception of Scott, they were all strong Liberals. Horner, enthusiastically devoted to the currency question, complained that the Review was too independent, and not sufficiently Whiggish.‡ Brougham, a Liberal to the backbone, insisted on the publication of political articles. Scott remonstrated against the deepening Whiggery. Jeffrey retorted that he could not resist the wit. Scott, urging the propriety of neutrality in politics, offered himself to supply a political article. Jeffrey declined, on the ground that it was more necessary to be consistent than neutral.§ Such a refusal could hardly have done otherwise than offend Scott. The offense was deepened in the autumn of 1808 by the publication of Brough-

am's article, "Don Cevallos; or, the Usurpation of Spain." "The 'Edinburgh Review,'" wrote Scott to Constable, "had become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it. Now it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it."* In accordance with this opinion he stopped his subscription, and made no secret of his hostility. Scott's opposition speedily became known. Canning, a member of the Tory Government, with literary abilities of the very highest order, was naturally anxious to see a Tory periodical which would be to his own friends what the "Edinburgh Review" had proved to his opponents. "John Murray, of Fleet Street, a young bookseller of capital and enterprise,"† was ready to undertake the publication of a serial which he had the prudence to see would bring credit to his firm. George Ellis, the warm friend of Canning, heartily supported the project; and Robert Dundas, the eldest son of Lord Melville, and a member of the Government, was also made acquainted with it. But Scott himself was the life and soul of the enterprise. The first number of the new Review was published in February, 1809, and three articles in it were from Scott's pen. The great author continued throughout his career to be an active contributor to the new periodical.

It was no easy task to select an editor for the new Review who would be a fair match for so powerful an adversary as Jeffrey. But Murray seems at once to have suggested, and Scott to have approved, the selection of William Gifford for the post. Gifford "was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance." Constant ill health had soured his temper; and an acid temper made him an extremely severe critic. "He flagellated with so little pity that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment."‡ Gifford was born at Ashburton, in 1757. His father, who had wasted the little means he had ever enjoyed, died when his boy was young. His mother did not survive her husband for many months; and the future editor of the "Quarterly Review" was sent to school, and apprenticed to a shoemaker. The lad hated the drudgery of his work, and he fortunately attracted the attention of a neighboring medical man, Dr. Cookesley, who collected some money for freeing him from his indentures and for continuing his education. The boy rapidly proved himself worthy of his judicious patron's

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 205.

† Ibid., p. 136.

‡ Alison, vol. i., p. 334.

§ Lockhart's "Scott," p. 136.

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 168, note.

† Ibid., p. 169.

‡ Ibid., p. 654.

kindness. He published "The Baviad" in 1794; "The Mæviad" in 1795; in conjunction with Bankes he became the editor of "The Anti-Jacobin" in 1800; and he published his translation of Juvenal in 1802. "The Baviad" and "The Mæviad" were styled by Byron the first satires of the age. Gifford's name was coupled with Pope's in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"; and Dr. Cookesley, proud of the success which Gifford had achieved, and probably anxious to perpetuate his own share in it, gave the satirist's name to a son, whom many Eton men still remember with affection—William Gifford Cookesley.

Such was the man who appeared to Scott and Murray the best possible editor of the new Review, which was to rival the "Edinburgh." Such was the man under whose supervision the "Quarterly" at once attained the position which it has ever since enjoyed.

The success which both the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly Review" achieved induced other enterprising publishers to imitate the example which had thus been set them. In 1816 Blackwood, a publisher in Edinburgh, commenced the magazine which still bears his name. He was fortunate enough to secure the services of an editor who rose in his way to a distinction almost as great as that of Jeffrey and Gifford. Wilson, the first editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," was born in 1785; he was educated at Glasgow and Oxford. At the commencement of the century he was little more than a literary amateur, living amid the most beautiful scenery of the English lakes, and writing occasional essays and poetry. The business of Wilson's life commenced only in earnest in 1816; but Wilson became then something more than a mere literary man. His essays, written under the name of "Christopher North," won for him a world of readers; but every one who visited Edinburgh during his life carried away a kindly remembrance of the tall, powerful man whose genial wit and engaging manners had made society in the Scottish capital the most pleasant in the world. Without the satirical power of Gifford, without the knowledge of Jeffrey, Wilson had a warmth of imagination which made his essays peculiarly fascinating. "Blackwood's Magazine" acquired, under his guidance, the popularity which it has never since lost.

In the very year in which "Blackwood" first courted the favor of the educated classes of society, a very different man commenced addressing a much more numerous body of readers. The career of William Cobbett was more eccentric than that of any of his prominent contemporaries. He was the comet of the literary hemisphere, dazzling the world with his brilliancy, perplexing

it with his eccentricity, and alarming it with his apparent inflammability. Cobbett's grandfather was a day laborer in Surrey. His father, by hard work, improved his position, and, from being a laborer, came to have "laborers under him";* or, in simpler language, became a farmer. In 1817 Cobbett left his father's house, and began life as an attorney's clerk. An attorney's office seemed to the erratic youth a mere hell upon earth; and, welcoming any means which afforded him a chance of escaping from the drudgery of the desk, Cobbett enlisted in the 54th Foot, and sailed with his regiment for America. He served for seven years with his regiment. During that time he attained the rank of sergeant-major; he fell in love with the daughter of another non-commissioned officer; and he saved one hundred and fifty guineas. His conduct was so excellent that, on claiming his discharge, he received the public thanks of the general officer commanding his division. His feelings were so warm that he placed the whole of his one hundred and fifty guineas in the hands of the young girl whose affections he had won, and who was returning before him to England. The girl whom he had chosen for a wife was so prudent that she never used the money, but restored it to him on his return home. Cobbett, after marrying the sergeant's daughter, returned to America, and settled in Philadelphia. There he maintained himself by teaching English—to Talleyrand among others—and by attacking everything that was American in the columns of a periodical which he styled the "Peter Porcupine." Indicted for a libel, and fined five thousand dollars, Cobbett thought that it was time for him to return to England. After his return he started a new "Porcupine," a Tory serial. The "Porcupine" was soon superseded by the "Weekly Political Register," in which Cobbett held himself free to maintain a guerrilla warfare with men of all parties and all opinions. A periodical of this character was sure to get into trouble. One of the Irish puisne judges—Johnson—writing under the signature of "Juvena," published in its columns a scurrilous attack on the Irish Government. Cobbett was prosecuted. Judge Johnson was compelled to acknowledge his connection with the article, and was heavily fined. Cobbett, indignant with a political party which would not allow him to publish libels on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, threw himself into the arms of the extreme Radicals. An opportunity soon occurred which enabled him to mark his hostility to the Tory Government. Some English soldiers mutinied. A German regiment was employed to assist in quelling the mutiny;

* Bulwer's "Political Characters," vol. ii., p. 102.

he was unacquainted, or which he was unequal to discuss with the best-informed persons. He was at home in science, in law, in politics, in history, and in literature. His indefatigable and rapid pen illustrated the most varied topics in the pages of the Review; and on all of them he wrote with a force and authority which were peculiarly his own. Brougham was a far more constant contributor than Horner. It is said that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the Review; and he was unquestionably the most fertile and capable of all Jeffrey's assistants.

Jeffrey, however, did not rely on these men alone. He was ready to accept the services of any capable writer. Scott himself was a constant contributor, writing five articles in two years.* With such assistants Jeffrey rapidly made his mark. The new Review obtained a wide circulation; and its blue and buff cover was to be found on every gentleman's table. The success of the Review would, under any circumstances, have probably provoked a rival; but rivalry was stimulated by the political bias which the new periodical soon displayed. Jeffrey himself was, above all things, a critic. I was "much struck," wrote one of Scott's friends, "by the extent, correctness, discrimination, and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in 'his' way. Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms."† Had Jeffrey stood alone, he would probably have made the Review an organ in which all opinions and all parties could be freely criticised. His chief associates, however, were all strong partisans; and, with the single exception of Scott, they were all strong Liberals. Horner, enthusiastically devoted to the currency question, complained that the Review was too independent, and not sufficiently Whiggish.‡ Brougham, a Liberal to the backbone, insisted on the publication of political articles. Scott remonstrated against the deepening Whiggery. Jeffrey retorted that he could not resist the wit. Scott, urging the propriety of neutrality in politics, offered himself to supply a political article. Jeffrey declined, on the ground that it was more necessary to be consistent than neutral.§ Such a refusal could hardly have done otherwise than offend Scott. The offense was deepened in the autumn of 1808 by the publication of Brough-

am's article, "Don Cevallos; or, the Usurpation of Spain." "The 'Edinburgh Review,'" wrote Scott to Constable, "had become such as to render it impossible for me to continue a contributor to it. Now it is such as I can no longer continue to receive or read it."* In accordance with this opinion he stopped his subscription, and made no secret of his hostility. Scott's opposition speedily became known. Canning, a member of the Tory Government, with literary abilities of the very highest order, was naturally anxious to see a Tory periodical which would be to his own friends what the "Edinburgh Review" had proved to his opponents. "John Murray, of Fleet Street, a young bookseller of capital and enterprise,"† was ready to undertake the publication of a serial which he had the prudence to see would bring credit to his firm. George Ellis, the warm friend of Canning, heartily supported the project; and Robert Dundas, the eldest son of Lord Melville, and a member of the Government, was also made acquainted with it. But Scott himself was the life and soul of the enterprise. The first number of the new Review was published in February, 1809, and three articles in it were from Scott's pen. The great author continued throughout his career to be an active contributor to the new periodical.

It was no easy task to select an editor for the new Review who would be a fair match for so powerful an adversary as Jeffrey. But Murray seems at once to have suggested, and Scott to have approved, the selection of William Gifford for the post. Gifford "was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance." Constant ill health had soured his temper; and an acid temper made him an extremely severe critic. "He flagellated with so little pity that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment."‡ Gifford was born at Ashburton, in 1757. His father, who had wasted the little means he had ever enjoyed, died when his boy was young. His mother did not survive her husband for many months; and the future editor of the "Quarterly Review" was sent to school, and apprenticed to a shoemaker. The lad hated the drudgery of his work, and he fortunately attracted the attention of a neighboring medical man, Dr. Cookesley, who collected some money for freeing him from his indentures and for continuing his education. The boy rapidly proved himself worthy of his judicious patron's

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 105.

† Ibid., p. 156.

‡ Alison, vol. i., p. 334.

§ Lockhart's "Scott," p. 156.

* Lockhart's "Scott," p. 168, note.

† Ibid., p. 169.

‡ Ibid., p. 654.

kindness. He published "The Baviad" in 1794; "The Mæviad" in 1795; in conjunction with Bankes he became the editor of "The Anti-Jacobin" in 1800; and he published his translation of Juvenal in 1802. "The Baviad" and "The Mæviad" were styled by Byron the first satires of the age. Gifford's name was coupled with Pope's in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"; and Dr. Cookesley, proud of the success which Gifford had achieved, and probably anxious to perpetuate his own share in it, gave the satirist's name to a son, whom many Eton men still remember with affection—William Gifford Cookesley.

Such was the man who appeared to Scott and Murray the best possible editor of the new Review, which was to rival the "Edinburgh." Such was the man under whose supervision the "Quarterly" at once attained the position which it has ever since enjoyed.

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* Bulwer's "Political Characters," vol. ii., p. 102.

the ringleaders were flogged, and the Germans were ordered to administer the punishment. Cobbett burst into a furious attack on the authorities for permitting German soldiers to flog English troops. The Government was advised to prosecute him for a libel. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, and to suffer two years' imprisonment. Nothing in Cobbett's life is more interesting than the circumstances of his imprisonment. From within his prison walls he conducted his paper, his farm at Botley, and the education of his children. The domestic history of Cobbett's life forms one of the most pleasing features of his eccentric character; and Cobbett's affectionate qualities never shone with a brighter ray than from his cell in Newgate.

On his release from prison Cobbett returned to his paper. But in 1816 he suddenly changed the whole conditions of its publication. Up to 1816 he had charged a shilling and a halfpenny for each number. But on the 2d of November, 1816, he devoted the entire sheet to "An Address to the Journeymen and Laborers of England, Scotland, and Ireland"; and the sheet was sold for 2d. The effect of this reduction of price was prodigious. The most powerful political writer in England suddenly became the most widely read; and the "Weekly Register" obtained an influence which no periodical had ever previously enjoyed. It was in vain that one set of Tories tried to grapple with the bold writer by suggesting his prosecution. Cobbett knew how to advocate Parliamentary Reform without infringing the laws of the country. Every other writer subjected himself, sooner or later, to a prosecution for libel. Cobbett, in 1816 and 1817, wrote nothing that "the law officers could prosecute with any chance of success." * It was in vain, too, that the Tories styled the "Register" "two-penny trash." Their own indignation and alarm afforded the best proof that Cobbett was writing no trash. His genius had suddenly spread the light of political knowledge through the dark nooks of England, and had taught English legislators and English statesmen to realize the power of periodical literature.

There were, then, in 1816, three distinct things connected with British literature which affected the history of the time or the history of the succeeding half century. In the first place, men were slowly recovering from "the panic dread of change" which the French Revolution

had excited. The foremost thinkers of the period were again addressing themselves to the studies which had been interrupted by the events amid which the eighteenth century had closed. The younger writers were passionately advocating the extreme views which their predecessors had hurriedly abandoned. These authors were at once the spokesmen and the guides of the rising generation. Their works were the best proof that the younger men who were growing up to manhood had freed themselves from the apprehensions by which their fathers had been influenced. They encouraged the desire, by which their contemporaries were animated, to revert to the more liberal system of government pursued in the first half of the preceding century. The older men still adhered tenaciously to the views which they had been in the habit of expressing for twenty years. But their younger adherents doubted the propriety of the measures which their leaders were defending. Monopolies of every kind—in trade, in politics, in land, in religion—were becoming unfashionable; and corruption and abuse, defeated over and over again in the House of Commons, found, as will immediately be shown, their chief support in the House of Lords.

This great change was, in one sense, the cause, in another sense the consequence, of the remarkable alteration which was taking place in the tone of British literature. The altered tone, which the foremost writers of the day were adopting, constitutes the first of the three things connected with British literature in 1816 which deserves attention. The second is the successful effort made for the first time by women to compete in literary work with men. A few ladies, living in different circumstances, unconnected with each other, suddenly displayed in a remarkable manner the capacity of their sex, and laid the foundations of the agitation which has since arisen for the concession of what are called women's rights to women. Their labors, ultimately productive of the largest consequences, form the second of the three things connected with British literature in 1816 which requires attention. Still more important was the remarkable development which was taking place in the power of the periodical press. The foremost men of the day were writing for the papers: the papers had succeeded in vindicating their right to publish and to criticise the debates in Parliament. Reviews, written and edited with consummate ability, were instructing the upper classes as they had never been instructed before. "Two-penny trash," containing as much wit and spirit as the higher-priced periodicals, was circulating among the poorer classes; while rich and poor in their own house or in a tavern were eagerly read-

* Cross, in defending Brandreth, laid the whole blame of Brandreth's treason on Cobbett's address. He called the "Register" "the most mischievous publication ever put into the hands of man."—"State Trials," vol. xxxii., p. 876. For Brandreth's trial, see "Post," p. 451.

ing the news contained in the morning or evening journal. The papers had been prosecuted; they had been taxed; their contributors had been denounced as blackguards; they had been declared incapable of being called to the bar; but all these measures had failed. Prosecution had made them popular: the anxiety for news which the war had occasioned had increased the demand for newspapers, which taxation might have checked; and the writers, who had been denounced as blackguards in the last ten years of the eighteenth century, were treated with deference in the third decade of the nineteenth century. Ability, as usual, had made its way, and won for itself a position from which it was impossible to degrade it.

The development of periodical literature was perhaps even more fatal to the old system of government than any of the other changes which were gradually undermining it. So long as political discussion was confined to the few hundred representatives of the governing classes who happened to sit in Parliament, the ruling families were able to direct the thoughts of the country. The elaborate attacks which were made upon their system by Adam Smith and Bentham were read by comparatively few persons. But the periodical press reproduced the views of Smith

and Bentham for the benefit of the entire community. Men turned from perusing one of Castlereagh's speeches to the criticisms of the "Times" or the "Chronicle" upon the speaker. The opinion of the "blackguard news-writer," who had the great advantage of having the last word, was accepted with at least as much authority as that of the statesman; and the public, no longer dependent for their opinions on the utterances of politicians, gradually adopted the views of the newspapers which they were in the habit of reading. Legislators, indeed, still assumed that the representatives of a few rich men and a few decayed villages accurately reflected the opinions of the nation. But the fallacy which the presumption involved was becoming daily more apparent through the operations of the press. The right of Parliamentary representation was denied to nine tenths of the people. The right of meeting was about to be subjected to new restrictions. But the press supplied the nation with other means of making itself heard. Its voice resounded through the length and breadth of the land.

SPENCER WALPOLE (*"History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815"*).

THE ROMANCE OF A PAINTER

(Conclusion.)

XIV.

THREE years of assured support in Paris was for Laurens more happiness than he had ever expected. With what spirit he set to work! Punctual in attendance at the School of Fine Arts, regular at Cogniet's studio, and a constant visitor at the Louvre, where he was enraptured with the marvelous creations of the masters, he led a life of extreme mental activity, breathing only for painting, which he loved more as he knew it better.

The necessary result of such enthusiastic contemplation of the masters, and of such diligent application to work day by day, was a first production full of promise. At the *Salon* of 1863 our young artist exhibited "The Death of Cato of Utica." This picture, which elicited honorable mention on the part of the jury, and which may still be seen in the Museum of Toulouse, represents Cato seated on the side of his bed, with body erect, and plunging a poniard into his bowels. Sombre resolution to put an end to life,

and the pangs inseparable from death, are depicted with surprising vigor of brush in the countenance of the uncompromising stoic. Here Laurens already gave indications of what his powers would be when, with the aid of patient study of mankind and the possession of the inmost secrets of his art, his natural aptitude should be developed, but of which only the mere rudiments had as yet been disclosed.

But, simultaneously with the honorable mention of the jury, he received the announcement that he was in receipt of the last quarter of his pension from the city of Toulouse, and that henceforward his own exertions were all he had to rely upon for maintenance.

To work for a living! Thus Necessity, after a brief respite, grasps him once more by the throat. He foresaw with trembling a renewal of the trials endured while with Buccaferrata and at Uncle Benoit's, but his chief apprehension was that while earning his daily bread he should lose the lofty sentiments with which his art inspired

him, and that the cherished ideal of which he had so far but caught a glimpse would be swamped in a whirlpool of petty anxieties arising from the urgency of hasty execution—in a word, that the artist would be abolished and be replaced by the tradesman. Yet an earnest voice soon filled his whole being, declaring that he would never yield, that he would endure privations to the utmost rather than deliver any canvas or sketch, however diminutive or trifling, if unfitted to sustain the dignity of his name. He too would be stoical, if need were, no less so than Marcus Porcius Cato, the stoic whose voluntary death he had portrayed.

Such were the tragical reflections which occupied his mind when, one day, as he loitered in quest of old books along the quays, he chanced upon a volume entitled "Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur des Romains et de leur Décadence." He took pleasure in turning over the leaves of that musty tome, with its leather binding and time-faded edges that had once been red; and, suddenly recalling the truant roamings of his childhood's days, and his mother's "Heures Romaines," his thoughts flew back to his native fields in Lauraguais.

While thus divided into two separate beings, one of whom was far away on a visit at home, though the other was reading on the *Quai Conti*, he raised his hand to his brow, as if to summon his scattered faculties to order, and continued his perusal with increased attention. The chapter before his eyes was that in which Montesquieu's avenging hand brands the hideous visage of Tiberius as with a red-hot iron. Although devoid of literary culture, Laurens was stirred to the deepest recesses of his soul by that compact, lofty prose, whose every word is big with thought. After having studied the grand character of Cato, in which he had found everything to admire, he thought it might be interesting to study Tiberius, in whom, so far, he had seen nothing but what was to be despised: it seemed to him that, after having lived with the god to exalt him, he could approach the monster to stamp him with ignominy.

Having taken his notes at the Ste.-Geneviève Library, Laurens attempted a "Death of Tiberius." Severe in arrangement and forcible in general expression, with the conciseness of Tacitus and the soberness of Montesquieu discernible throughout, the work is, however, wanting in brilliancy of effect. The personages are but two—Tiberius, stretched upon his couch and writhing in the last convulsions of the death-agony; and Caligula, stooping over the dying man to snatch the imperial ring from his finger. The ferocious avidity of Caligula's gesture, as he reaches forward his rapacious hand to despoil the Emperor, is rendered in a manner most feli-

citous; and one can not help shuddering at the sight of the foul beast of Capreae, already livid and rigid, yet breathing still, and forced to be a passive spectator of the theft which transfers the supreme power to his heir.

This canvas, in which the distribution of detail is perfect, and which, with greater boldness in the coloring and more ease of execution, would have been nothing short of imposing, extorts unreserved praise in one particular, namely, the drapery, which, like a narrow shroud, covers Tiberius from head to foot. Jean Paul Laurens's masterly manner of disposing drapery on the human figure has since then frequently commanded admiration: see, for instance, his "Herodias and her Daughter," rewarded with a medal at the *Salon* of 1867, a work presenting those ample, superb folds which carry the imagination involuntarily back to the epic arrangements in which the great Buonarroti took so much delight. In "The Death of Tiberius" the same eminently skillful windings of the raiment are discernible, the same suppleness of line around the limbs, the anatomy of which should ever be traceable through the covering. But the work, being confined to mere academic precision of execution, and imprisoned within the narrow limits of traditional accuracy, attracted very little attention. At once wounded and spurred by the slight, the painter, divining the immense difficulties of historical subjects, so genial to his grave and austere disposition, made a solemn vow to pursue the path of his choice undauntedly until he had achieved some brilliant success.

About that time our artist removed from the comrades with whom he had worked somewhat noisily in the *Rue de l'Ouest*, and took up his quarters in the sixth story of a house in the *Rue de Chabrol*. Although his naturally reserved disposition, due in part to timidity and in part to a singular loftiness of mind, would have preserved him from those vulgar companionships which steal time without affording any adequate return to satisfy the nobler portion of the man, yet, on the eve of the decisive battle of his career, he felt the necessity of being more to himself. His attic dwelling consisted of two very small rooms. The larger one he used as a studio, and in the smaller one he slept. It was in that hampered abode that, through the mediation of a common friend, Antonin Mulé, early in 1866, I became acquainted with Jean Paul Laurens. Still fresh in my memory is the image of the slender youth, with his fair beard, sunken cheeks and high cheek-bones, bright gray eye, and just perceptibly flattened nose, welcoming me at the door, not without a certain degree of embarrassment.

A picture, intended to be exhibited at the next *Salon*, literally filled the studio. This painting,

rather oddly entitled "Moriah," represented Jesus receiving from the hands of an angel the crown of thorns soon after to encircle his brow at Golgotha. With the Nazarene's face, though beautiful by reason of a certain meekness and sublimity of expression, I was but indifferently impressed, spite of the superiority of the drawing; but, on the other hand, I was forcibly struck with the angel kneeling, with bowed head and veiled visage, as if fearing the sight of the Son of God. The artist, to represent a God, had resorted to abstractions devoid of muscle, nerve, or blood; but, on coming to create the somber celestial messenger, he had frankly returned to human nature, the beginning and end of all art, and, instead of some puny, nondescript being, he had thrown at the feet of Christ a woman—a woman, bosom unconcealed, luxuriant hair, strong, robust, in all the plenitude of real, living charms.

Laurens, while talking of his art, warmed gradually into a genial and communicative mood. He opened his portfolio and showed me some designs of Biblical subjects, and I was amazed. The composition was generally grand, the lines sufficiently severe and lofty and noble in an imposing degree. I still remember a "Vision of Ezekiel" which delighted me. God the Father, enthroned on high, is surrounded by a legion of angels armed with swords. Several messengers of the divine wrath, detached from the sacred battalions, are in the act of sounding trumpets and flying above men wallowing in beastly excesses. This scene, majestic and grand on the one hand and loathsome on the other, was rendered with such boldness and firmness of design, such mastery of detail and simplicity of arrangement, as caused me to exclaim in admiration, "Beautiful, very beautiful!"

He clasped his hand in mine. Our friendship had begun.

XV.

WHEN an intellectual friendship, if it be deep-rooted, exists between two men, the heart seldom remains indifferent. Henceforth my visits to the *Rue de Chabrol* were no less frequent than those of Laurens to the *Rue de Puteau*. Oft-renewed conversations, and those outpourings which sincere natures can not check, established between us such community of ideas and sentiments as soon rendered us necessary to each other, and constituted a new life full of sweet and penetrating charm. What interminable chitchats, and what dissertations too, sometimes on the latest novel or a new painting! What delightful hours, when the blood fevered by work was refreshed; when the brain, whirling like a wheel of fire, slackened its motion; when we might laugh at last, after perhaps bedewing with tears the canvas or the page on which we

had been powerless to express an idea with a decisive stroke!

Meantime, while sacrificing, at rare intervals, a few days to inferior works as a means of immediate support—he decorated porcelain, drew religious subjects for church windows, dashed off a spirited cartoon for "Le Philosophe," and helped Louis Duveaux to brush off a fresco ceiling—Jean Paul Laurens never for an instant lost sight of high art. In order to sustain his mind at the serene heights which he loved, he nourished it with strong and wholesome reading. While his hand coursed over the raw enamel or the lithographer's stone, his eyes were fixed upon an open book. To-day, the Bible was his all-absorbing study; to-morrow, *Æschylus*; the next day, *Shakespeare*.

He had already attempted a *Hamlet*, with wandering eye, pacing the ramparts of *Elsinore*, and beset with tumultuous thoughts; and he unceasingly reverted to that grand production of the most profound, the most lofty of poets, there to satisfy the cravings of his mind for the mysterious and sublime. He had made many sketches of *Ophelia* gliding over the water—of *Macbeth*, here hailed by the witches, there issuing from *King Duncan's* chamber—of *Othello* raising the dagger over *Desdemona* sleeping. But the scene which most absorbed him, and to which he always returned with unremitting zeal, was that of the graveyard in "*Hamlet*." *Hamlet*, with a skull in his hand, sounding the secrets of life and death, thrilled him at once with admiration and terror. It is true that *Eugène Delacroix* had placed his masterly hand upon that subject; and hence it was perhaps no little temerity on Laurens's part to approach it. But his emotions, and the agitated state of mind into which he was thrown by harassing visions, raised him above puerile apprehensions of plagiarism, and he drew in outline, on canvas, on paper, and on porcelain, crumbling hillocks surmounted by crosses, grave-diggers toiling in tombs up to their shoulders, a specter robed in black treading a path paved with human bones.

The *Salons* of 1867 and 1868, in which Jean Paul Laurens exhibited "A Dead Maiden," "Vox in Deserto," and "Herodias and her Daughter," showed a step in advance in regard to drawing. A greater degree of confidence was noticeable, together with that ease and suppleness of line adaptable to every form and capable of imparting life and charm. Unfortunately, the coloring was still pale, cold, and faulty in point of relief, with here and there a total absence of light. Yet there were in each one of the paintings some particular parts that attested the surprising faculties of an instinctive colorist, albeit those faculties were still undecided, vacillating,

hampered by the persistent lingering of school influence. When would the vigorous temperament of the artist burst the bonds of tradition, and assert its power by a determined stroke? The head of the "Dead Maiden," the arid landscape by the seacoast where the "Forerunner" said, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," all bore the stamp of undoubted excellence and betokened early deliverance.

While awaiting the day of sunshine when the work which he was as yet powerless to realize, but which he felt and perceived within, should burst forth visible to all eyes, Laurens, harassed by secret cares, gave way to his grief and drooped. Assuredly he had not foreseen so obstinate a struggle, and there were times when he despaired of the victory. To add to his misfortunes he was sick. His stomach, after withstanding the test of the inns frequented by Bucacerrata through the south, of the *Cheval Blanc* at Toulouse, of the *crémeries* in the *Rue de l'Ouest*, the beer-shops of the *Quartier des Martyrs*, had at last rebelled against the violence of such repeated assaults, and, being incapable of digesting food, refused to receive any. The almost absolute fasting to which he was condemned kept his faculties in such a state of excitement as gave me ground for serious anxiety. While that condition lasted, his fevered brain was haunted by visions of grandeur, and seemed to be endowed with double its normal vigor and power.

About that time Laurens devoted much of his leisure to the perusal of his favorite books, and chiefly the volumes of the "Dictionnaire Historique." One morning he chanced upon the name of Boniface VIII. What a world of pictures the dramatic life of that sturdy champion of the papacy would afford! Boniface forcing his predecessor, Celestinus, to abdicate the tiara; Boniface and the French envoy, Guillaume de Nogaret; Boniface a lunatic in the Vatican; Boniface bolting his chamber doors, striking his head against the walls, and biting with rage the staff which sustained his tottering steps; Boniface casting himself upon his couch and smothering himself with the tightened folds of the bedclothes—all these scenes of horror and exasperation stimulated his comprehension of the grand.

"Ah, had Shakespeare been a painter," he cried one evening as he recited to me his impressions of the day, "what masterpieces he would have left us! Side by side with the lunatic Lear, he would have exhibited the lunatic Boniface. A royal madman is certainly a fine thing; but a pope would have been magnificent. And then, without infringing on the power of popes, mightier in those semi-barbarous times than that

of kings, just think what scenery, what costumes—those most important details for the painter! The room in the Vatican for a background; then the tiara, the copes, the red, the violet, and the white robes, the miters of gold or silver, the lofty candelabra, the beautiful Gothic censers, the frocks of monks of all orders, the fabrics of silk and purple—all the marvelous luxury of the Romish Church, almost superior in variety to the rich treasures of the palette and the dazzling possibility of the brush!"

I listened enraptured.

"Ah," he pursued, "had Shakespeare—"

"But your art has its Shakespeare too," I broke in; "do you forget Michael Angelo?"

"True! why did not Michael Angelo take up those admirable subjects?"

"When Buonarrotti realized his world of powerful creations, the time for judging the Church had not yet arrived. There is a critical movement which is absolutely of our own day. And yet Michael Angelo, in his grand work of the 'Last Judgment,' has held up more than one episode of ecclesiastical history to the execration of mankind, nor did he forget Boniface VIII. any more than did Dante in the nineteenth canto of his 'Inferno.'"

He pondered.

"*C'est égal*," said he, apparently answering objections of his own; "besides the decorative effect necessary in the background of every picture of an ecclesiastical character, a figure like that of Boniface VIII. would, I am sure, be one of powerful interest; and then it would be no hard matter to find among the popes a number of others resembling him . . ."

"You would not meet with many of them. For the honor of humanity, such savagely violent temperaments, and dispositions of such deep infamy, are rare. Nevertheless, if you persist in seeking out untrodden paths, you might perchance discover in the lives of Stephen VII. Innocent III., and Gregory VII., something not unworthy your efforts."

"*Mais voilà le diable*: a great deal, a very great deal of talent is necessary for that."

"Well, you have a great deal of talent."

"I am ill."

"Pshaw! you'll be well again . . . a robust countryman like you does not allow himself to be upset by trifles . . . don't pine; you will do more work still."

He looked at me with glaring eyes.

"Ah, poverty, odious poverty, that has followed me from the cradle up!" he murmured.

His tone was one of despair. I clasped him by the hand. Our silence remained long unbroken.

"*Mon ami!*" I cried at last, "the malady

from which you are at present suffering does not in any wise affect your general health. Now be not too hasty to accuse poverty; it is not alone to blame. Your brain has also had its share in the mischief. The perpetual flow and ebullition of thought, too close application to work, and indefinite delay in the realization of your legitimate hopes have kept you in a state of excitement the immediate effects of which have been prejudicial to your digestion, already considerably impaired, and have, as I, being somewhat of a physiologist, should imagine, been gradually extended to the entire machine. Go to Fourquevaux for a while, or to Toulouse, or anywhere else you please, but leave Paris. Could you but return to the pastimes of your childhood and take pleasure in trapping the goldfinches of your plains, you would come back ever so much improved, rejuvenated—a new man! A home bath of nature is what you need. Off, then, to the plains of Lauraguais!”

“And what shall I do there?”

“Nothing.”

“And what am I to live on?”

“The grass of the fields. The herbage of Fourquevaux will be better for you than the beefsteaks of Paris.”

“What a trial it is to be poor! . . .”

“Was it to make a fortune that you turned your attention to painting?”

“By no means! It was to be a painter, a true painter, if possible,” he cried, proudly.

“Very well, then. Now listen to me for a moment. The School of Arts was wrong in not sending you to Rome; but you will go to Italy one day or other. Once there, push on to Assisi; you will there find works of the old masters—Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi among others—which will, I think, particularly interest you. I would especially call your attention, in the lower church of the cloister—for you will behold the admirable sight of two superposed churches—in the lower one, I say, to four figures by Giotto, the forerunner of Michael Angelo, and among those figures one entitled ‘Poverty.’ The subject is a simple one: St. Francis is standing before an old woman in rags, and placing a bridal ring upon her finger. My dear friend, he who pursues a lofty ideal, like St. Francis aspiring to heaven, has the courage to wed the ragged beggar whom he falls in with on his way, and live contentedly with her for years, perhaps for the remainder of his days. Indeed, there has been no time when talent was more liberally rewarded, or the efforts of talent more generously remunerated than they now are; but upon one condition, namely, the greater talents must be above the impatience peculiar to the lesser ones, and submit with resignation to be outstripped by a

noisy throng of bustling mediocrities eagerly pressing on to monopolize everything to-day, well knowing they shall have nothing to-morrow. Believe me, art, divine art, is equally averse to boastful, empty clamor as to abject preoccupations of gain. Though it may be pleasant to make a great deal of noise and dust during the brief minute of life, there is glory in leaving a work which shall be handed down from generation to generation.”

“But shall I ever accomplish that famous work?”

“By dint of unremitting zeal and untiring energy, it will one day appear. The grand axiom, that industry always finds its reward, is nowhere more perfectly verified than in art. But suppose even that the masterpiece of which my friendship persists in regarding you as capable should never be realized by your hands, what will you have lost in the attempt? Continued exercise of your faculties in the pursuit which I advise will bring redoubled ease and certainty of touch; and, more than this, as you rise from day to day, you will feel your mind expanding and growing more and more capable of comprehension and conception, and increasing in vigor in the execution of its designs.”

“What if I should fall in the struggle? For my aim is to be a great painter or not to be one at all.”

“‘To be or not to be,’ as says Hamlet, to whom you are so much attached.”

“I am fearful: it is so high to reach!”

“You will grow.”

“Who knows but your prediction may be verified?”

“And it *will* be verified. Remember the mysterious force which drove you to quit your home, and by and by to leave the fresco-painters, which sustained you through your hardships in Toulouse, and even now, in the face of a cruel malady which menaces your life, restrains you from capitulating. That is the force on which I rely to aid you to overcome any obstacles you may meet in your way. Had you been destined to obscurity in art, believe me, you would never have been fired with the enthusiasm which prompted you, a mere child, to quit Fourquevaux for the unknown, and, instead of living in Paris a prey to the torments of the mind, you would be sowing and reaping with your fellows on the plains of Lauraguais. That unknown which at Fourquevaux charmed but you alone, is to me an incontestable proof of your election; and, once a man is elected, no one or nothing has the power to impede him from attaining his level. Nature, who makes painters as she makes poets, has evidently chosen you, and you have a right to rely on yourself, for Nature does not err.”

He seized me by the hands.

"What now?" cried I.

"*Eh bien, adieu.* I'm off to Lauraguais."

XVI.

AFTER a sojourn of three months in the south, Laurens suddenly made his appearance, one evening in November, at the door of the cottage in the Batignolles. His health, both physical and moral, was completely restored. The feet of the dying man had touched his native soil, and he felt at once revived. Our joy and happiness were boundless. He talked of painting, as a matter of course. During his interminable walks at Lauraguais, in order to make the most of the sun and the fresh air, he had reflected, thought, studied, judged much. His work hitherto had not been good; henceforth he would do better things. His mind was overwhelmed by a number of subjects, some of which were barely perceived; he had caught a faint glimpse of them, while others had taken form, were completely planned, and required but to be transferred to the canvas.

He took a pencil and sketched before me on a sheet of paper the outlines of the picture which he intended to prepare for the forthcoming *Salon*—"Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil." With unreserved complacency he touched upon the salient features of other compositions, as yet but imperfectly conceived, but destined to future embodiment and shape. In fine, ideas fostered in the inspiration of renewed health and hopes fell thick and fast before me, like fruit shaken from their branches by the autumn blast.

In the flush of new-found vigor, Laurens, now beholding his career unobstructed, and stretching far into the future, resumed his labors with redoubled energy. But scarcely had he traced the outlines of "Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil," when he was obliged to abandon it on the easel and repair in haste to Toulouse, whither he was summoned by a dispatch bearing the sad news that Madame Villemans was in her last moments, and desired to see him before dying.

In some of those happy hours when friendship unlocks the barriers of restraint, Laurens had often talked to me of the Villemans family. He had apprised me of the death of his first master, which had taken place shortly after a paralytic stroke, some two years previously; and of the illness of her whose kindness had prompted her to assume the responsibility of his general education. Nor was I unaware of the tender sentiments which, under the influence of early impressions and cherished recollections, Mademoiselle Villemans had awakened in my friend's heart; of his frequent visits to the *Boulevard Prince-Eugène*, where dwelt one Madame Gau-

thier, the wealthy relict of a gold-beater of the *Faubourg Saint-Antoine*, and related to the Villemans; together with a certain type of a Virgin, with an elongated profile, and large, pure, soft eyes, which he introduced on canvas, porcelain, and paper, with such persistent complacency as betrayed to me the story of his heart, now irrevocably smitten with the youthful maiden who had witnessed the struggles of his darker days, and probably often soothed his sufferings with a smile. But the depth of Laurens's passion was revealed to me by a grand drawing entitled "*Le Portrait Oval*." Edgar Poe's extraordinary tales had just been brought into vogue by a translation from the pen of Charles Baudelaire; and, while "*The Murderers of the Rue Morgue*" and "*The Gold-Bug*" were admired by some, "*The Black Cat*" and "*The Telltale Heart*" were preferred by others. As for our artist, yielding to his darling preoccupations, he went straight to "*The Oval Portrait*," and adhered to it. In this very brief recital Poe exhibits the conflict between *art* and *life*: a painter bent upon animating on canvas the face of the woman he loves. Flushed with his idea, he takes a "vivid and burning pleasure" in the accomplishment of his task. But the model, "after long and weary weeks of sitting in the dark and lofty chamber of an isolated tower," perceives "her health declining gradually, and her spirits growing weak." He, under the influence of a terrible bewitchment, works on, heedless of all besides. "*'Tis life itself!*" he cries, as the final touch is terminated. On turning to look at his idol, she is dead. In the drawing, to which Laurens had unhesitatingly given the title of Poe's extraordinary tale, two figures emerge from amid a singularly odd and fantastic arrangement: below, the author's face—feverish, inflamed, all eyes—surrounded by vapory shadows, shadows of dream-land; above, in the oval frame described by the poet, in all the plenitude of ideal light, the adorable face of the beloved one.

Laurens did not tarry long at Toulouse. Having paid his last tribute of duty to Madame Villemans, over whom he watched till her final moments with the devoted affection of a son, he returned to Paris, and resumed his labors with avidity. The year 1869 proved as auspicious to him as its immediate predecessor had been disastrous, since it was marked by the immense joy of his union for life to her whom his heart had chosen long before; while his tableau of "Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil" was rewarded with a medal at the *Salon*.

In that painting we might also remark the absence of decision in the principal figure, the profile of which is too slender, the hair colorless and arranged in ringlets, and the drapery the tra-

ditional blue mantle; while the gesture of the uplifted hand to cast out the demon savors somewhat of the theatrical; but what a masterpiece was the demoniac crouched among the stones of the highway! What knowledge of anatomy in the broken lines of that dislocated body, tortured and ravaged by the powers of the bottomless pit writhing before the victorious presence of Jesus of Nazareth—the terrible strife between heaven and hell in the limbs of the possessed one, as in a field of combat, was everywhere revealed with singular eloquence of touch—and in the convulsed muscles of the trunk; and in one of the arms partially concealing the face for shame before the divine Healer; and in the legs of the sufferer, bent, as if in a powerless effort to kneel! Then what a landscape is that of the "Vale of Sepulchres," where the scene takes place! And then white walls, and more white walls, in that crude, intense white which carries us back to the luminous painters of the East, to Delacroix, Decamps, Bida.

Notwithstanding the medal awarded by the jury, before the doors of the Exhibition were closed, Laurens, whose mind was ever busied in searching into and analyzing his manner and conceptions, had intuitively discerned all the defects of his work. "The demoniac, *c'était ça*; but Jesus! . . ." With the frankness of conscious power to insure *signal* victory, he judged himself with severity.

One afternoon, in the month of January, 1870, in the *Rue Taranne*, where he had settled after his marriage, we were turning over the leaves of the Shenoor Bible together. All of a sudden he shut the book, the sight of the plates, some of which are really remarkable, having spurred him to a retrospective view of himself.

"It is astonishing," cried he, pettishly, "that the head of Christ is always weak, empty, *lanterneuse** (pardon the slang phrase), in those compositions, otherwise grand here and there. All the rest of the figures breathe and think, have lungs in their chest, and a brain in their head; but that one has nothing within the ribs, naught behind the frontal bone."

"*Mon ami*, it is infinitely easier for a painter to become familiar with men than with God. We are in real contact with men, and so are enabled to see and observe them; but our only contact with the Deity is through the imagination and of a nature to misguide."

"Hence we ought to relinquish all attempts to give an idea of Christ in painting?"

"Just see the present condition of sacred art here and elsewhere."

"It does not, indeed, shine with a very bril-

liant light. And yet in other days it constituted the most perfect expression of the art."

"It is not my intention to gainsay it. Fra Angelico, Perugino, Mantegna, a few of the early Flemings—Van Dyck, for instance—some Germans, especially Dürer, were distinguished religious painters."

"And Raphael? and Michael Angelo and Titian? and Tintoretto? and Paul Veronese? and Ribera? and Rubens? and a hundred others? . . ."

"To my mind, all these contented themselves with being great painters. Indeed, I know not of a single scene in either the Old or New Testament in which those giants of art have not tried their hands; and, were it not for fear of being taxed with disrespect in matters so delicate and elevated, they might be said to have shown singular obstinacy in their endeavors to twist and turn the Trinity under every possible aspect. Their works are admirable, sublime, and whatever else you will; but in all those incomparable splendors of form, in all that *morbidessa* forbidden by the somber doctrines of the middle ages and abruptly raised from the dead, in those sensuous contours, those absolutely human attitudes, I am at a loss to discover the minutest trace of religious inspiration. The Renaissance, devoted to the study of Grecian and Roman antiquities, dispersed the angels with which cloistral mystic dreams had filled the world; and henceforward there were only men."

"And it is with man that art is to live?"

"With him alone, . . . unless art is to be condemned to the creation of figures devoid of lungs within their ribs, and having no brain behind their frontal bone, as you very justly observed."

"The Bible is so grand! the gospel is so beautiful!"

"Right. But to interpret the Testaments we must believe them, and there's the difficulty, as the wind blows in this nineteenth century. One day Michael Angelo, looking at the 'Triumph of the Virgin' by the master of Fiesoli, exclaimed in a transport of admiration, 'It is impossible not to suppose that Fra Giovanni went to paradise for his models!' Michael Angelo was not mistaken: Fra Giovanni had, indeed, taken his models from paradise, for his faith had thrown open its gates. . . . Now, to return to yourself. Inasmuch as the ardor of your convictions does not appear to me sufficient to enable you to soar up to heaven, instead of racking your brain in search of a type to your mind for the representation of Christ, imitate the masters of the Renaissance, and make men—men with flesh and bones. For the sons of this century there is no art outside of humanity."

* Lantern-like.

XVII.

THE predominant trait of Laurens's character is obstinacy. When once an idea has entered his brain, discussion, instead of removing it, acts rather as a mallet to wedge it in more firmly. What a headstrong fellow was Ingres! and, not to stop at artists properly so called, what another was Lamennais!

The name of the unsociable author of the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*" leads me to recall the following incident: A friend of his having called his attention to an erroneous quotation in the third volume of his "*Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion*," and offering to go and procure the correct reading at the *Bibliothèque Richelieu*—

"Do nothing of the kind!" cried Lamennais.

"Well, but—"

"No matter."

"Pray allow me to set you right."

"How ridiculous of you to pretend to set me right!" cried the opinionated Breton, angrily.

"Pardon me," rejoined the other, courteously, as before; "as I only desire to correct a misquotation, and I see nothing in that to make you rise in arms. It can not be admitted that a genius has any authority to quote incorrectly."

Casting a glance of pity at him, and without the slightest endeavor to temper the harshness of his words, Lamennais rejoined:

"It is easy to see that you do not know what genius is. *Mon cher*, genius marches onward in a straight line, and one of its essential characteristics is to look neither to the right nor to the left."

All our conversations, all our debates on the subject of sacred painting, so difficult of access in times when analysis has, little by little, undermined faith, did not prevent Laurens from attempting still another religious picture. Now that he had a family, and had accepted the humble position of drawing teacher in the municipal schools of the city as a means of meeting his new responsibilities, it was whispered about that the painter of "Jesus driven out of the Synagogue" was, by his persistent choosing of New Testament subjects, seeking to ingratiate himself with the administration, which has an abundance of churches to embellish. Envy with her poisonous tooth had turned upon him. . . .

With "Jesus driven out of the Synagogue" a decisive step had been taken, and it was henceforth impossible to ignore Laurens. The work was imposing, not only by reason of the skillful grouping of the figures, very numerous toward the background; the quality of the design, marvelous in accuracy of outline, in a crowd, where the heads tend to jumble confusedly, if the laws

of perspective be not rigorously observed; but also by reason of the vibrating brilliancy of tone never before attained by the artist in such an eminent degree. But, joy! color—long-looked-for color, since without it there is no painting—had been found, and was securely held!

The type of Christ, so eagerly pursued by Laurens in "Moriah" and in "Jesus healing one possessed of the Devil," had also been discovered. It was no longer the pale face of his first attempts, with soulless brow and blue eyes, destitute of warmth and almost lifeless. This time the artist was no longer the slave of school theories; and, instead of looking upward to the skies, he sought his ideals on earth. While sketching the principal figure he recollected having read somewhere—perhaps in the Evangelists, perhaps in his strange "*Dictionnaire Historique*," perhaps in Saint Augustine—that "Jesus was the most beautiful among the children of men"; and, since nothing here below can be more divine than beauty, in realizing this my friend had realized Christ. Jesus repulsed from the tribune, whither he comes to proclaim eternal truths, raises his head in majesty, and looks upon the threatening multitude with an expression at once lofty and serene. His whole attitude of sovereign scorn, tempered with the kindness of a God whom no indignity can reach, brings to mind the divine words recorded in Holy Writ, "I have pity on the multitude." It was for the exasperated Jews that Laurens reserved the astonishing vigor of his palette, henceforward embracing the entire variety of tones. The figure seen in profile, with extended arm, pointing out the "Carpenter's Son" to the people's fury, is admirably executed. The one howling behind the calm, unmoved form of Jesus, and so forcibly reminding us of the grotesque yet sublime scene of the "Crucifixion" of Callot, is endowed with singular intensity of life. As for a third, menacing the Man-God with an uplifted staff, his appearance in the midst of the savage struggle is one of thrilling determination. One figure alone distresses me as I gaze on this already powerful canvas, in which so many heads are delineated in such bold relief as the artist himself would, even now, find it difficult to surpass; it is that of the high priest, seated near the tribune, with the book of the law resting on his knee. Why was not that seat left vacant? Why should I here find this reminiscence of the empty, declamatory old men of Jouvenet's pictures, and of Restout's insupportably hollow dotards?

XVIII.

THE horrible war of 1870 broke out. Laurens, like all the rest of us, driven from his studio by absorbing preoccupation, wandered through the streets reading bulletins, perusing

newspapers, and accosting anxious groups in order to learn the news of the day. To the anguish felt by all of us after the defeats of Reichshoffen and Forbach, and after the heroic struggles of Gravelotte and Saint-Privat, was added another woe more overwhelming still for Laurens. What was to become of him with his wife, scarcely recovered from a dangerous illness, and his infant child of six months, when the Prince of Prussia, who was reported to be marching toward Paris, should have invested the great city? The privations of a siege would certainly prove fatal to those dear ones. His mind was haunted by visions of his new-made home—the scene of so many dreams of future joy—swamped in the disasters of his country.

Meantime, the departure of the last train by the Orleans Railway was announced, as it was feared that traffic on the line might at any moment be interrupted. One evening Laurens, with his wife and child, set out in a crowded cattle-wagon for Toulouse. A new army corps was in process of organization, and, once he had placed his family in safety, a musket would not be refused him. He had, however, to wait many a weary month. The *mobiles* of the Haute-Garonne had been marched toward the Loire; and there was also some talk of forwarding the *mobiles* troops to the front; but, the ranks of these improvised regiments being for the most part filled up with married men, imperfectly drilled and equipped, and utterly unprepared to take the field, the time for sending them to face the enemy was continually postponed. What a disappointment not to be allowed an opportunity to burn a few cartridges!

On returning to Paris and his labors after those painful months of exile, he was puzzled what subject to fix his choice upon. His thoughts, like ours, wandered upon new battles; for it seemed to him impossible that the immediate future should not have in store for us a day of glory and revenge. But while indulging in these tragic dreams, through which he caught a glimpse of warlike France rising greater, stronger, mightier than before, he dashed off a number of spirited drawings, and flung them before the crowd as pledges of the ardent patriotism which inflamed his breast. I still remember a "Battle of Reichshoffen": terrible, soul-stirring—horses flying madly to and fro; cuirassiers in ponderous accouterments lying on the ground; wounded heroes—here rising beneath a shower of bullets which mow down men as does hail the ripe wheat in the ear, and rushing eagerly to the struggle—there exhausted, and, having lost their swords in the fearful strife, menacing with their clinched fists and blood-smearred faces the advancing enemy, who crushes them with the im-

placable precision of a steel machine. "The Sword of God" was a composition of rare elevation, and characterized by true Biblical severity. With the falchion Jehovah pierces a monster vomited from the abyss, which dared to lift up to him its hideous head, resembling the head of a bird of prey, bristling with the points of a royal crown. A rain of gore is visible all around. Beneath that avenging page was traced the following verse: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

But these noble testimonials of sympathy with his country groaning beneath the weight of its reverses, and shorn of its hallowed unity, were soon to bring forth works at once of a more personal character and of a higher order. According to Laurens, the crime which stretched France upon a field of gore had proceeded from a twofold source: the empire, that had declared war before anything had been done to prepare for it; and the Church, which, by setting us at enmity with Italy, had prevented her from flying to our assistance. From this double idea, heightened in intensity by the irritation of defeat, sprang the "Death of the Duke d'Enghien" and the "Pope Formosus," described in the opening pages of this sketch. In the eyes of our exasperated artist, the "Death of the Duke d'Enghien" was the empire rendered odious by the sight of the ambush of Vincennes; while the "Pope Formosus and Stephen" was the exposure of the Church in broad daylight, with its atrocious intestine passion, monstrous vengeance, and secret strifes, wherein man either soars to the heights of ideal purity and the divine gentleness of the angel, or descends to the depths of shame, debasement, and brutal cruelty. The success was great.

With the "Pool of Bethesda," exhibited at the *Salon* of 1873, Laurens returned to his cherished religious painting, his repeated attempts at which had been attended by such varied success. This time, however, it was something new. The painter had just come back from Italy, bringing with him the consciousness of his power. The contemplation of masterpieces dwarfs and annihilates your weakling; but it imparts new vigor to the robust by rousing their dormant energies to life and action.

Nothing could be more happily conceived or more thoroughly executed than this sober, resolute performance, the style of which is at once vigorous and lofty. Around the pool, whose waters are gently moved by an angel partaking somewhat of the manner of Michael Angelo, is a cluster of twenty figures in most picturesque attitude; and a multitude of others emerges from the rather dark background, rendered still

more somber by the shadow projected from the large, outspread wings of the celestial messenger. Mindful that "whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had," each one pushes and jostles his neighbor in order to reach the pool. In the haggard and livid faces of those sick folk is discerned the mingled expression of anxiety, anguish, and yearning after life. A few poor wretches have succeeded in singling themselves from the crowd, and can all but touch the regenerating waters; and for these, enveloped as they are in the singularly subdued light of that sinister scene, Laurens, having hurriedly disposed of the dense swarm of figures in the background, reserved all his vigor and fearlessness of touch.

Can anything be more affecting than the aspect of that young mother clasping her newborn babe to her withered breast while in the act of plunging into the pool? Can anything more touching be imagined than the expression of that father lifting in his arms his son, already struggling in the death-agony, in order to carry him within reach of the sacred flood? And the aged paralytic prostrate on the right, at the very edge of the pool, in which, nevertheless, it will not be permitted him to bathe, since his infirmity rivets him to the spot where he lies, and in that bustling, eager throng there is none to think of him! By dint of almost superhuman efforts the unfortunate creature had dragged himself thus far; but some suppleness of limb is now necessary to enable him to descend. One move, and he must inevitably fall and be drowned. How saddening is that spectacle of helpless misery, scorned and trampled on by surrounding selfishness! For the purpose of affording a clearer perception of that relentless law of self-preservation which in all crises—war, pestilence, famine—brings mankind down to the level of the brute, Laurens has detached that moribund figure from the crowd of sick and impotent, and in some measure exhibits him apart from them. In thus isolating his principal figure, he had a twofold object before him: intensity of dramatic effect, respecting the idea which it was his aim to convey, and a fair opportunity to render the execution of his picture as perfect as possible in an artistic point of view. The paralytic, having by a supreme convulsive struggle raised himself upon his elbows, presents a rugged trunk, studied in its minutest details of relief, and in the sickly flaccidity of the impoverished muscles, with that patient, unflagging ardor which Zurbaran carried to such an extreme. The head is thrust forward to the utmost extent of the neck, and the glaring eyes obstinately riveted upon the water. "Ah! if some one would but help me!" The shrunken abdomen, shriveled thighs, and emaciated

arms, planted prop-like on the ground, and barely sustaining the weight of the body, trellised with the intertwining nerves, and already assuming the fixed rigidity of death—all these are rendered in the plenitude of reality, not with tiresome minutiae, but amply, substantially, puisantly.

XIX.

MEANTIME, Jean Paul Laurens, whose works had given place to stormy discussions, such as it is ever the fate of great talents to provoke, thanks to the marvelous versatility of his genius, seemed suddenly to abandon the terrific in the choice of his subjects, and to adopt a calmer and more engaging vein; for at the *Salon* of 1874 we find him mild, affectionate, almost tender, in his "Cardinal," the "Portrait of Martha," and "St. Bruno refusing the Offerings of Roger, Count of Calabria."

To be sure, this cardinal, all in red, standing out of the canvas with most lifelike reality, is in appearance rather formidable than reassuring, and his harsh features are certainly more threatening than debonaire. But what a charming face, despite a vague expression of pain, is that of the "Portrait of Martha"! What admirable softness, delicacy, gracefulness of touch, are there! And, while the "Cardinal," by reason of his wild ruggedness, reminds me of those grim churchmen, such as the wandering Caravaggio painted among the Knights of Malta, the unlabeled distinction of the "Portrait of Martha" recalls the charming troupe of Velasquez's infants.

Yet his principal production for that year was the "St. Bruno," a vast canvas intended for one of the churches of Paris. Beneath the Roman porch of an antique monastery stands a group of Carthusian monks, prominent among whom is the figure of St. Bruno, placed a short distance in front of the others. The movement of the head to avoid the sight of the treasures deposited at his feet by the Count's envoys and the spurning gesture of the hands are natural and sincere. How different this from the theatrical, almost ridiculous attitude of Girodet's "Hippocrates" refusing Artaxerxes's presents! Yet Laurens, as a profound observer of mankind, and not averse to a slight tinge of irony, has taken good care to commiserate human weakness and not make saints of all those monks. One of them, ensconced directly behind Bruno, is stealing a covetous glance at the silver waterpots, golden cruets, and coffers inlaid with sparkling gems; doubtless, as attested by his youthful countenance, some novice who has not yet bid adieu to all human vanities, and is still in search of "*ce detachment dans la mort du cloître*," as St. Benedict calls it in a letter to his sister *scholastique*, which the others

have already attained. Count Roger's delegates are portrayed with the frank simplicity of the true artist, who, instead of turning a difficulty, goes straight to it, and overcomes it naturally, aided alone by his natural gift. I should mention the bent figure holding a cardinal's hat in his hand before St. Bruno. How much of the noble in the attitude of that lord as he bows while addressing a saint! With what a display of art is this figure draped in his ample robe of green velvet, bathed in a flood of light! Indeed, an abundance of light in every direction constitutes one of the charms of the picture. Nor should we leave unnoticed the effect produced by the implacable cloudless sky of Calabria on the architecture of the cloisters, on the high walls of the convent pierced irregularly here and there with narrow windows, resembling black loopholes on a raw, blinding white.

This picture, besides marking Laurens's third or fourth success, secured for him the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor.

To paint the somber picture which he entitled "Pope Formosus and Stephen VII.," Laurens had to betake himself to the study of ecclesiastical history, for which he conceived such a decided taste as to make it one of his favorite exercises. The violent strifes of the Bishops of Rome in their endeavors to attest their sway over the city; their persistent efforts to extend that sway to the world at large; the wars in which they had to engage in order to uphold their exorbitant pretensions to the possession of the earth, "which God had given into their keeping," according to the haughty assertion of Innocent III.; the throne of Peter rising above other thrones in the obscure and ruthless struggles of the middle ages—all these things deeply impressed our artist's mind.

One thing in particular was of all-absorbing interest for my friend—namely, the evolution of Catholic ideas and Catholic theories from the banks of the Tiber to the extremities of civilization, subjugating nations, humbling kings, bending the strongest wills, and crushing resistance wherever met, as "wheat is crushed by the millstone." What pictures he described by the gleam of the thunderbolts which Popedom at all times was nothing loath to hurl forth in the defense of heavenly interests, confounding these with the petty interests of its own power and pride! In that fierce onslaught of the sovereign pontiffs, whose arms were ever uplifted to fashion the world after their own hearts and stamp it with the impress of their own will, one subject above all others seemed to engage Jean Paul's attention—namely, *excommunication*: Rome excommunicating princes, excommunicating nations, suspending human affairs, and even arresting the

course of life itself in countries resisting its authority. He searched our national history from end to end, and in rapid succession he painted with an irate brush two works for the Exposition of 1875—the "Excommunication of Robert the Pious," and "The Interdicted."

With Robert we find ourselves in one of the apartments of the palace. The vast proportions of that spacious monumental apartment seem vaster still, owing to the recent exit of the host of courtiers and valets. But a moment ago the King and Queen, now alone in the deserted hall, seated on their thrones in attitudes bespeaking consternation and despair, participated in the general merry-making of their joyous court, a noisy, festive throng, and were the enraptured hearers of piquant jest and coruscating wit. But what catastrophe has taken place? Why that scepter on the ground? Why those deserted seats, whose sunken velvet cushions tell of their recent occupancy by fair ladies and titled dignitaries of the state? What means yonder huge taper, hurled from its brazen socket, now pouring forth its molten wax upon the flags below, and poisoning the air with streams of stifling fumes? The Church has visited it. See, to the right, in the transparent shadows of the stone arches, receding figures clothed in sacerdotal robes. In front the cross, borne by a monk concealed from view; then another monk attired in a simple cloistral gown; next a surpliced priest; and closing the march a mitred prelate, crosier in hand, and wrapped in the ponderous, impressive folds of an ample cope, the legate *a latere*, Rome's executioner, withdrawing slowly, majestically, with the pompous pageantry of a procession, after denouncing the enemy of divine power. The excommunication of the King, guilty of marriage with his kinswoman in the teeth of canonical opposition, naturally involved the interdiction of the kingdom which must at all hazards be freed from allegiance to its prince.

In a second picture Laurens depicted with ferocious sternness of purpose the frightful disorder, the annihilation worse than death itself, to which the Papacy was wont to reduce recalcitrant countries that presumed to rebel against Heaven. We hear of Salvator Rosa's landscapes, and of the savage energy displayed by that original artist, that lover of wild, distorted nature; but what are these horrors compared to the spectacle of a whole people, simple in their faith, awaiting before the closed doors of their temples the hour for reconciliation with their God and crying for mercy, weeping and wailing and rending their breasts? What that energy compared to the sentiment of implacable hatred aroused by the sight of that lifeless maiden, crowned with a garland of virginal roses, awaiting the arrival of

a grave-digger never to come, for the graveyard, too, is closed, and the dead are denied a resting-place in hallowed ground? Verily, here is a sublime landscape. No upturned rocks are there, no hellish caverns, nor valley rent nor mountains convulsed by dreadful cataclysms; a simple wall, a simple wooden cross, a simple plot of ground, and nothing more; but that wall, that cross, that ground, are steeped in tears, the silent witnesses of human misery and despair, and none can look on them unmoved.

From the day on which Laurens exhibited his "Interdit," it was evident that France was in possession not only of a painter of exceptional energy, but of a bold thinker, an eager searcher after new paths in order to raise his art from the level of degrading subjects to an order of intellectual manifestations, at once more elevated, more in harmony with the aim and end of art, and more complete.

The *Salon* of 1876 shows us Laurens identical with himself: the only progress to be pointed out in "Francesco de Borgia beside the Bier of Isabella of Portugal," and the "Portrait de l'Artiste," is a perfect equilibrium of forces. Long-continued practice, thorough experience in the distribution of colors, and entire knowledge of the subject to be treated will, when combined, ultimately result in harmony. No more crowding, no more jarring, no more hap-hazard; but naturally, without strain, as it were of its own accord, beauty is disclosed in both drawing and color, all the resources of the artist having attained a plenitude of perfection.

"The Emperor Charles V. directed Francesco de Borgia to accompany the Empress Isabella's remains to Granada. After the funeral ceremony Francesco causes the coffin to be opened, to view his dead sovereign. On beholding the face once so full of charm but now disfigured . . ."

So runs the description in the handbook. How dramatic is this scene! Francesco de Borgia, standing before the bier, reverentially uncovers his head and gazes. His motionless features, notwithstanding an effort of will, betray a mingled expression of feeling and awe. He had known the Empress in all her beauty. By the expression which the artist has succeeded in giving to that head, internally agitated by thoughts on the end of all things and all beings, we are enabled to divine the supreme resolutions shortly to be taken by Charles's envoy, and which will one day withdraw him from the world for ever. Side by side, and contrasting with the gloomy visage of Francesco, preoccupied with renunciation, is the amiable face of his very young wife, charming, fresh, and round as that of a child. Strange to say—and what a truly youthful expression, the expression of youth protesting against death, that will

not believe in death!—the attitude of this figure, thrown into bold relief by a brilliant costume, bespeaks rather a sentiment of curiosity than of fear. The Archbishop of Granada, who has just given final absolution in the immense cathedral, with its Moorish arches, still illuminated by the glare of brilliant tapers and perfumed with fragrant incense, is seen at the left side of the picture, in a majestic attitude of meditation. Laurens has made the most of the silver miter and black cope of the prelate, now inclining slightly forward as he recites the funeral service. These accessories, so unobtrusively introduced, form the most felicitous of contrasts with the gorgeous effect of the candelabra, armorial tapers, and seats with golden fringe surrounding the mortal remains of the Empress; with the silken stuffs and scarlet velvets falling in gaudy profusion over the sides of the bier displayed in state, and particularly with the brocade robe decked with streams of pearls, in which Isabella's rigid corpse lies wrapped as in a metallic sheath. That simplicity in life on the one hand, and this ostentation in death on the other constitute a truly tragical effect.

Among the paintings exhibited by Laurens at the *Salon* of 1876 were eleven compositions intended to illustrate a new edition of the "Imitation of Christ," although the subjects, strangely enough, were chosen by the author from sources outside of the book itself, and forming a truly notable collection. Accustomed as Laurens had been to deal with the living and the dead, what could he hope to accomplish with the "Imitation," that mystical yearning for the heavenly land, a land of cloud which mortal feet can never tread, and through which the soul alone can wing its upward flight? Carried away by the perusal of a few thrilling chapters, he had once essayed to evoke from within the hidden recesses of his brain some noble, some beauteous figure of Faith, of Charity, of Religion, and of Humility. Alas! those luminous shades, dimly descried in a dream, vanished in the attempt to circumscribe them by lines, fix them in visible forms, and animate them with color! Finding, to his confusion, that the divine remained intangible, he descended again to the human, which his fingers could touch.

His ecclesiastical books forming still a part of his library, he opened them once more, and there found all he could desire. In connection with a passage in the "Imitation," on the "knowledge of things divine," he portrayed St. Thomas Aquinas, the mightiest genius of the Church, writing the "Summa" in his humble cell; to illustrate an allusion to the "ambitions of men," he seized on Brunon, Bishop of Toul, whom Hildebrand, then but a simple monk at Cluny, but afterward

the great Gregory VII., accused of having accepted the tiara through the influence of the Emperor of Germany, instead of receiving it from the legitimate authorities of the Church; and *à propos* of a hint on the "remorse that crime leaves in the heart," he resuscitated Marianna, wife of Herod the Great, and the shade, bursting the bonds that bind her hands, points out to her murderer the bleeding wound in her side. The historic page abounded in subjects that the slenderest thread of relevancy sufficed to link to the text; and Laurens pursued his labors with unremitting zeal.

While painting the charge of French cuirassiers at Reichshoffen, Laurens, still fired by the recollections of our late disasters, had the subject of "The Austrian Staff before Marceau's Corpse" suggested to his mind. But, inasmuch as he was more familiar with the picturesque things of the Church—miters, copes, censers, crosses—than with the formidable accessories of war—many-colored uniforms, sabers, muskets, cannons, horses—he was fearful to approach martial painting without preparatory study, and waited. A very short time afterward an incident offered that revived the idea in his mind, and redoubled his desire to carry it out. The administration of fine arts commissioned him to decorate one of the cupolas of the *Palais de la Légion d'Honneur*. Before commencing his work, which was to represent the institution of the order, Laurens gathered together a number of books, and read them with avidity, submitting soon afterward a plan which was at once accepted. Upon the steps of a vast amphitheatre are seated the First Consul, the founder; the Grand Chancellors, Lacépède, Mortier, Macdonald, and Exelmans, in brilliant uniforms; then, in the center of the cupola, in the azure of the zenith, a superb female figure, unfolding her arms, and writing, in a book borne by a genius vigorously foreshortened, the radiant name of the elect. This sober decoration, with its skillful arrangement and rounded figures, foreshortened as it were in a few masterly lines, is of an aspect at once eminently noble and not wanting in grandeur. But Laurens's thoughts were with Marceau.

One day, while crossing a narrow street in the *Quartier Saint-Victor*, the habitual resort of models, our painter, who was walking along with head down, and occupied with the visions of his dream, chanced to look. Within a few paces of him stood, in a posture at once graceful and indicative of strength, a magnificent youth, whose pale visage was fringed by splendid locks of jet-black, curly hair. He was evidently one of those admirable children of the Abruzzi, such as Italy, the eternally prolific land of beauty, produces in such numbers for the Paris studios.

"Ah! had he, but red hair, what a Marceau he would make!" soliloquized Laurens. Then, once more examining the youth, still motionless, beautiful with the beauty of an antique statue, on the margin of that Parisian sidewalk—"N'im-*porte!*" said Laurens, fascinated. "I'll engage him, and set to work." The following day he began "The Austrian Staff before Marceau's Corpse."

In a large room wainscoted in the Louis XV. style, close by one of those canary-colored screens so common in the last century, is a bed hastily improvised upon some short, substantial benches. On that bed lies Marceau, in his rich uniform embellished with silver lace, and his right hand upon the hilt of his long curved sword. From the superhuman beauty of the visage, the perfect ease of attitude and marvelous tranquillity of the members still retaining their flexibility in death, one would be more likely to think of a young god slumbering than a general-in-chief slain in battle. The pallid serenity of marble pervades those features—they are evidently made for immortality. At the head of that rustic bed, the gaudy-colored covering and puffed pillows of which stand out in the relief of reality itself, is Kray, *ce vieux et respectable guerrier*, as he was styled in the "Rapport Officiel" of September 21, 1796. Kray is seated, with his brow reposing on his right wrist, and in his right hand is a pocket-handkerchief on which drop silent tears, while the left is convulsively clasped upon one of his knees. This figure, assuredly the most important of the group, has been dealt with in a masterly fashion, with the depth of power, the audacious, invincible energy of a Géricault, that rugged painter of soldiers. Again, the unconstrained bearing of this personage is most admirably, most touchingly natural. Next to and overlooking him are the two army surgeons, in close-fitting uniforms of garnet velvet, who attended the wounded General. One of them, bowing beneath the burden of his grief for an irreparable loss, is stifling his sobs behind the dead hero's pillow; the countenance of the other betokens deep and poignant sorrow; but that countenance can not weep. Nor can anything be more effective than this contrast between grief giving over to tears and sorrow that burns unquenched.

Meantime, while the foregoing scene of silent affliction is being enacted on one side, there is observable at the opposite side another scene, a touching one, too, though in a lesser degree. The Archduke Charles surrendered Marceau's dead body on condition only of being permitted to attend the funeral of the General-in-chief of the French. Accordingly, before the commencement of the ceremony, Charles and his staff march past

before him by whom he had been so often held in check and so often defeated in the field. With head uncovered, and slightly bending toward the couch on which lies his conqueror of yesterday, the Archduke's bearing could scarcely be more noble or expressive of respect. His thoughtful air, and the imposing gravity of his whole deportment, testify his high esteem for the enemy from whom he has just been delivered by a Tyrolese musket-ball.

The painter, whose keen perception allows no detail to pass unnoticed, has not failed to make the most of the white, gold-embroidered tunic of the Austrian Prince and the uniforms of the officers accompanying him, in which the same color prevails. In that compact crowd how many heads we see, studied, chiseled, modeled with untiring care, with some here and there standing out in all the lifelike intensity of portraits!

Here, at last, was a creation from Laurens's brush, full, finished, and complete in every part. It may be—as critics were prompt to suggest—that this vast composition is confined within too narrow limits, the figures are perhaps too crowded, and the generally dull tone of the whole

might perhaps have been varied and relieved by the opportune introduction of a few bright dashes of color. But, if the artist heard these suggestions submissively, the public felt otherwise disposed before a work that wrung tears from their eyes, and, as an earnest of homage to one of the heroes of French history, renders France dearer to the hearts of the people.

XX.

I HAVE reached the end of my task. I have told of the enthusiasm of Laurens's childhood, I had almost said of the first pulsations of his vocation; I have given an account of the labors of his youth, passed in the midst of mental and bodily hardships, and related the progress of work page by page with love, and regardless of the monotony which must inevitably follow such a lengthy series of descriptions. If, as a great man has written, "after having admired a friend, there is nothing sweeter than to proclaim it," I have tasted that sweetness in all its plenitude.

FERDINAND FABRE, in "*Revue des Deux Mondes*."

MUSICAL ROMANTICISM.

THERE is nothing stranger in the world than music: it exists only as sound, is born of silence and dies away into silence, issuing from nothing and relapsing into nothing; it is our own creation, yet it is foreign to ourselves; we draw it from out of the silent wood and the silent metal, it lives in our own breath, yet it seems to come to us from a distant land which we shall never see, and to tell us of things we shall never know. It is for ever striving to tell us something, for ever imploring us to listen and to understand; we listen, we strain, we try to take in its vague meaning; it is telling us sweet and mighty secrets, letting drop precious talismanic words; we guess, but do not understand. And shall we never understand? May we never know wherefore the joy, wherefore the sadness? Can we not subtilize our minds, go forth with our heart and fancy as interpreters, and distinguish in the wreathing melodies and entangled chords some word of superhuman emotion, even as the men of other ages distinguished in the sighing oak-woods and the rustling reeds the words of the great gods of nature?

To us music is no longer what it was to our grandfathers, a mere pleasing woof of meaning-

less pattern; we have left those times far behind, times whose great masters were prophets uttering mere empty sounds to their contemporaries; we have shaken off the dust of the schools of counterpoint, we have thrown aside the mechanical teachings of the art; for us music has become an audible, quivering *fata morgana* of life, the embodiment of the intangible, the expression of the inexplicable, the realization of the impossible. And it has become a riddle, a something we would fain understand but can not, a spell of our own devising which we can not decipher; we sit listening to it as we sit looking into the deep, dreamy eyes of an animal, full of some mute language, which we vainly strive to comprehend.

The animal seems as though it could say much if only it could speak; so also music would seem to contain far deeper meanings than any spoken word, to be fraught with emotion deeper than we can feel: it could confide so much if we could understand. Yet the animal is but an animal, with some of our virtues and some of our vices, infinitely more ignorant than we are; dumb, not because we can not understand, but because he can not speak. And may it not be the same

with music? May not music be intellectually inscrutable because it is intellectually meaningless?

The idea is one from which we shrink; but are we right in shrinking from it? Can not music be noble in itself apart from any meaning it conveys? Can not we be satisfied with what it certainly is, without thinking of what it may be? It would seem to be so; it is the spirit of our culture to strain restlessly after the unknown, for ever to seek after the hidden, to reject the visible and tangible. We yearn to penetrate through the blue of the summer evening, to thread our way among the sun-gilded clouds; yet the blue heaven, if we rise into it, is mere tintless air; the clouds, if we can touch them, are mere dull vapor. And so also we would fain seek a meaning in those fair sounds which are fairer than any meaning they could contain; we would break down in rude analysis the splendors of "Don Giovanni" only to discover beneath them the story of a punished Lovelace; we would tear to shreds a glorious fugue of Bach for the satisfaction of hearing the Jews yelling for Barabbas.

This is our tendency, this our way of enjoying the great art of other days: to care not for itself, but for what it suggests—nay, most often for the suggestion of the mere name of the work of art, for there is no punished Lovelace in Mozart's melodies, no Barabbas in Bach's fugues, there is nothing but beautiful forms made out of sounds. The old prosaic masters of the past, who worked at a picture, or a statue, or an opera, as a cobbler works at a pair of shoes, never thought of suggesting anything to us; they gave something substantial, something intrinsically valuable, a well-shaped figure, a richly tinted canvas, a boldly modulated piece of music; to produce that and no more had been their object, it was all they could give, and their contemporaries were satisfied with it. Their art was their trade, pursued conscientiously, diligently, intelligently, sometimes with that superior degree of intelligence we call genius, but it was their trade and no more. They themselves were as prosaic as any artisan, and no more saw vague poetry in their works, though these were the "Olympic Jove," the "School of Athens," or the "Messiah," than does the potter in his pot or the smith in his iron; all they saw was that their works were beautiful, as the potter sees that his pot is round and smooth, and the smith that his blade is bright and sharp. For the rest they were terribly prosaic, terribly given up to the mechanical interests of their art and the material interests of their lives, as you may see them in Vasari, in the lives of Händel, of Bach, of Haydn, of Mozart, of the last of true, unpoetic musicians, Rossini, and as you would doubtless see the unknown sculp-

tors of antiquity if you could see them at all.

But the time came when the world, which had lived off prose most heartily ever since the middle ages, grew sick of such coarse mental food, and longed for unsubstantial poetic ambrosia; the fact is, it was morally sick, and took its strong intellectual food in disgust, and fancied and yearned for impossible things, as sick men do. And in its loathing for the common, the simple, the healthy, the world took to eating the intellectual opium of romanticism; it enjoyed and was plunged for a while in ineffable delights, such as only weakness can feel and poison afford: the universe seemed to expand, the imagination to grow colossal, the feelings to become supernaturally subtle; all limits were removed, all impossibilities became possibilities; the fancy roamed over endless and ever-varying tracts, and soared up into the clouds of the unintelligible, and dived into the bottomless abyss of chaos; all things quivered with a strange new life, with a life in other lives, with an unceasing, ever-changing life; everything was not only itself but something else: all was greater, higher, deeper, brighter, darker, sweeter, bitterer, more ineffable than itself; it was a paradise of Mohammed, of Buddha, of Dante; it was enjoyment keen, subtle, intoxicating, which made the fancy swim, the senses ache, and the soul faint. Then came the reaction, the inevitable after-effect of the drug—depression, languor, palsy, convulsion.

About seventy years ago a great humorist, who frittered away a quaint and fantastic genius in etching grimacing caricatures, and scribbling gaunt ghost-stories, the once popular, now almost forgotten Hoffmann, looked on at this crisis in musical history, at this first intoxication of romanticism; sympathized with its poetry, its ludicrousness, and its sadness; embodied them all in one grotesque, pathetic figure, and for the first and last time in his life produced a masterpiece. The masterpiece is his poor, half-mad musician, Johannes Kreisler, "chapelmaster and cracked *musicus par excellence*," as he signs his letters, the artist of incomplete genius, of broken career, of poetic dreams and crazy fancies, who used to go about dressed in a coat the color of C sharp minor, with an E-major-colored collar. And of all the glimpses Hoffmann has given us of Chapelmaster Kreisler none is so weirdly suggestive as that in which we see him improvising on the piano at his club of friends. The friends had met one evening expressly to hear Kreisler's extemporary performance, and he was just on the point of sitting down to the instrument when one of the company recollected that a lever had on a previous occasion refused to do its duty. He took up a light, and began his search for the re-

fractory lever, when suddenly, as he leaned over the interior of the piano, a heavy pair of brass snuffers crashed down from the candlestick on to the strings, of which half a dozen instantly snapped. The company began to exclaim at this unlucky accident, which would deprive them of the promised performance; but Chapelmaster Kreisler bade them be of good cheer, for they should still hear what was in his mind, as the bass strings remained intact.

Kreisler put on his little red skullcap and his Chinese dressing-gown, and sat down to the piano, while a trusty friend extinguished all the lights, so that the room remained in utter darkness. Then, with the muffling pedal down, Kreisler struck the full chord of A flat major, and spoke:

"What is it that murmurs so strangely, so sweetly, around me? Invisible wings seem to be heaving up and down. I am swimming in perfume-laden air. But the perfume shines forth in flaming, mysteriously linked circles. Lovely spirits are moving their golden pinions in ineffably splendid sounds and harmonies."

Chord of A flat minor (mezzo forte). "Ah, they are bearing me off into the land of eternal desire, but, even as they carry me, pain awakes in my heart, and tries to escape, tearing my bosom with violence."

Chord of E major (third), forte. "They have given me a splendid crown, but that which sparkles and lightens in its diamonds are the thousand tears which I shed; and in the gold shine the flames which are devouring me. Valor and power, strength and faith, for him who is called on to reign in the kingdom of spirits."

B major (accentuato). "What a gay life in field and woodland in the sweet spring-tide! All the flutes and pipes, which have lain frozen to death in, dusty corners throughout the winter, have now awakened and remembered their best beloved melodies, which they trill cheerfully like the birds in the air."

B major with the diminished seventh (smanioso). "A warm west wind comes sullenly complaining, like some mysterious secret, through the wood, and wherever it brushes past, the fir-trees murmur, the beeches murmur to each other, 'Wherefore has our friend grown so sad?'

E flat major (forte). "Follow him, follow him! His dress is green like the dark wood—sweet sounds of horns are his sighing words. Hearest him murmuring behind the bushes? Hearest thou the sound? The sound of horns, full of delight and sadness? 'Tis he! up, and meet him."

D third, fourth, sixth chord (piano). "Life plays its mocking game in all manner of fashions. Wherefore desire? Wherefore hope? Wherefore demand?"

C major (third) chord (fortissimo). "Let us rather dance over the open graves in wild rejoicing. Let us shout for joy, those beneath can not hear it. Hurrah! hurrah! Dance and jollity; the devil is riding in with drums and trumpets."

C minor chords (ff. in rapid succession). "Know-

est thou him not? Knowest thou him not? See, he stretches forth his burning claw to my heart! He masks himself in all sorts of absurd grimaces—as a free huntsman, as a concert-director, tapeworm doctor, *ricco mercante*; he pitches snuffers into the strings to prevent my playing!—Kreisler, Kreisler, shake thyself up! Seest thou it hiding, the pale ghost with the red burning eyes, stretching out its clawy, bony hand from beneath its torn mantle—shaking the crown of straw on its smooth, bald skull? It is Madness! Johannes, be brave! Mad, mad, witch-revelry of life, wherefore shakest thou me so in thy whirling dance? Can I not escape? Is there no grain of dust in the universe on which, diminished to a fly, I can save myself from thee, horrible torturing phantom? Desist! desist! I will behave. My manners shall be the very best. *Hony soit qui mal y pense.* Only let me believe the devil to be a *galantuomo*! I curse song and music; I lick thy feet like the drunken Caliban; free me only from my torments! Al! Al! abominable one! Thou hast trodden down all my flowers; not a blade of grass still greens in the terrible desert—

"Dead! Dead! Dead!"

When Chapelmaster Kreisler ended, all were silent; poetry, passionate, weird, and grotesque, had poured from their friend's lips; a strange nightmare pageant had swept by them, beautiful and ghastly, like a mad Brocken medley of the triumph of Dionysos and the dance of Death.

They were all silent—all save one, and that one said: "This is all very fine, but I was told we were to have music; a good, sensible sonata of Haydn's would have been much more the thing than all this." He was a Philistine, no doubt, but he was right; a good, sensible sonata of Haydn's—nay, the stiffest, driest, most wooden fugue ever written by the most crabbed professor of counterpoint would have been far more satisfactory for people who expected music. A most fantastic rhapsody they had indeed heard, but it had been a spoken one, and the best strings of the piano had remained hanging snapped and silent during the performance.

Poor Chapelmaster Kreisler! He has long been forgotten by the world in general, and even those few that still are acquainted with his weird portrait smile at it as at a relic of a far-distant time, when life and art and all other things looked strangely different from how they look now. Yet the crazy musician of Hoffmann is but the elder brother of all our modern composers. With the great masters of the last century, Haydn, Mozart, Cimarosa, who were scarcely in their graves when he improvised his great word fantasia, he has no longer any connection; with our own musicians, born half a century after his end, he is closely linked, for, like him, they are romanticists. They do not indeed wear C-sharp-minor-colored coats, nor do they improvise in the dark on pi-

anos with broken strings; they are perfectly sane and conscious of all their doings; yet, all the same, they are but Kreisler's younger brothers. Like the poor chapelmaster of Hoffmann, music itself has a fantastic madness in it; like him, it has been crazed by disappointment, by jealousy, by impotent rage at finding that it can not now do what it once did, and can not yet do what will never be done; like Kreisler, it deals no longer with mere sequences of melody and harmony, but with thoughts, feelings, and images, hopes and fears and despair, with wild chaotic visions of splendor and of ghastliness. But the position of our music differs from that of Kreisler in this much, that no friendly pair of snuffers crashes on to the strings and makes them fly asunder; that, while Kreisler spoke, our music can only play its fancies and whimsies; and that, instead of hearing intelligible spoken words, we hear only musical sounds which are gibberish and chaos.

For the time when men sought in music only for music's own loveliness is gone by; and the time has come when all the arts trespass on each other's ground, and, worst of all, when the arts which can give and show envy poetry, the art which can neither give nor show, but only suggest, and when, for the sake of such suggestion, they would cheat us of all the real gifts—gifts of noble forms of line and color, and sweet woofs of melody and harmony which they once gave us. The composer now wishes to make you see and feel all that he sees and feels in his imagination, the woods and seas, the joys and sorrows, all the confused day-dreams, sweet and drowsy, all the nightmare orgies which may pass through his brain; the sound has become the mere vehicle for this, the weak, vague language which he can only stammer and we can only divine; the artist breaks violently against the restraint of form, thinking to attain the unattainable beyond its limits, and sinks down baffled and impotent amid ruin.

We are apt to think of music as of a sort of speech until, on examination, we find it has no defined meaning either for the speaker or for the listener. In reality music and speech are as different and as separate as architecture and painting, as wholly opposed to each other as only those two things can be which, having started from the same point, have traveled in completely opposite directions, like the two great rivers which, originating on the same alp, flow respectively to the north and to the south, each acquiring a separate character on its way—the one as the blue river of Germany, ending amid the tide-torn sand-banks of the North Sea; the other as the green river of Provence, dying amid the stagnant pools and fever-haunted marshes of the

Mediterranean. As long as the Rhine and the Rhône are not yet Rhine and Rhône, but merely pools of snow-water among the glaciers, so long are they indistinguishable; but as soon as separated into distinct streams, their dissimilarity grows with every mile of their diverging course. So as to speech and music: as long as both exist only in embryo in the confused cries and rude imitations of the child or of the primitive people, they can not be distinguished; but, as soon as they can be called either speech or music, they become unlike and increase in dissimilarity in proportion as they develop. The cry and the imitative sound become, on the one hand, a word which, however rude, begins to have an arbitrary meaning, and, on the other hand, a song which, however uncouth, has no positive meaning; the word, as it develops, acquires a more precise and abstract signification, becomes more and more of a symbol; the song, as it develops, loses definite meaning, becomes more and more a complete unsymbolical form, until at length the word, having become a thing for use, a mere means of communication, ceases to require vocal utterance, and turns into a written sign; while the song, having become an object of mere pleasure, requires more and more musical development, and is transported from the lips of man to the strings of an instrument. But while speech and music are thus diverging, while the one is becoming more and more of an arbitrary symbol conveying an abstract idea, and the other is growing more and more into an artistic form conveying no idea, but pleasing the mind merely by its concrete form—while this divergence is taking place, a corresponding movement accompanies it which removes both speech and music further and further from their common origin: the cry of passion and the imitative sound. The Rhône and the Rhine are becoming not only less like each other, but, as the one becomes green and the other blue, so also are both losing all trace of the original dull white of the snow-water. In the word the cry and the imitation are being effaced by arbitrary, symbolical use, by that phonetic change which shows how little a word as it exists for us retains of its original character; in the song they are being subdued by constant attempts at obtaining a more distinct and symmetrical shape, by the development of the single sounds and their arrangement with a view to pleasing the ear and mind. Yet both retain the power of resuming to a limited extent their original nature; but in proportion as the word or the song resumes the characteristics of the cry or of the imitation does each lose its own slowly elaborated value, the word as a suggester of thought, the song as a presenter of form. Now, in so far as the word is a word or the song

a song, its effect on the emotions is comparatively small: the word can awaken emotion only as a symbol, that is, indirectly and merely suggestively; the song can awaken emotion only inasmuch as it yet partakes of the nature of the brute cry or rude imitation. Thus, while language owes its emotional effects to the ideas arbitrarily connected with it, music owes its power over the heart to its sensuous elements as given by nature. But music exists as an art, that is to say, as an elaboration of the human mind, only inasmuch as those sensuous brute elements are held in check and measure, are made the slaves of an intellectual conception. The very first step in the formation of the art is the subjection of the emotional cry or the spontaneous imitation to a process of acoustic mensuration, by which the irregular sound becomes the regular, definite note; the second step is the subjection of this already artificial sound to mensuration of time, by which it is made rhythmical; the third step is the subjection of this rhythmical sound to a comparative mensuration with other sounds, by which we obtain harmony; the last step is adjustment of this artificially obtained note and rhythm and harmony into that symmetrical and intellectually appreciable form which constitutes the work of art, for art begins only where the physical elements are subjected to an intellectual process, and it exists completely only where they abdicate their independence and become subservient to an intellectual design.

Music is made up of two elements: the intellectual and the sensuous, on the one hand, of that which is conceived by the mind and perceived by the mind (for our ears perceive only the separate constituent sounds of a tune, but not the tune itself); on the other hand, of that which is produced by the merely physical and appreciated by the merely physical, by the nerves of hearing, through which it may, but only indirectly, affect the mind. Now if, from an artistic point of view, we must protest against any degradation of the merely sensuous part, it is because such a degradation would involve a corresponding one in the intellectual part, because the physical basis must be intact and solid before we can build on it an intellectual structure, because the physical element through which mentality is perceived must be perfect in order that the mental manifestation be equally so; but the physical must always remain a mere basis, a mere vehicle for the mental. The enjoyment obtainable from the purely physical part may indeed be very great and very valuable, but it is a mere physical enjoyment; and the pleasure we derive from a fine voice, as distinguished from a fine piece or a fine interpretation, is as wholly unartistic as that which we receive from a ripe peach or a cool

breeze: it is a purely sensuous pleasure, given us ready-made by nature, to give or to perceive which requires no mentality, in which there is no human intention, and consequently no art. Now, the effect of the cry or of the imitation, and that of certain other manifestations of sound, such as tone, pitch, volume, rhythm, major or minor intervals, which are cognate with, but independent of, the cry or the imitation—the effect of all this is an entirely sensuous one, an effect of unintelligent matter on the nerves, not of calculating intelligence on the mind, and it is to these physical effects, and not to the mentally elaborated form, that music owes its peculiar power of awakening, or even of suggesting, emotion.

That this is the case is shown by various circumstances. The ancients, who, as is now proved beyond dispute, possessed very little of the intellectual part of music, little of what we should deem its form, enjoyed its emotional effects to a far higher degree than could we in our present musical condition; the stories of Timotheus, Terpander, and other similar ones, being at least founded on fact, as is evident from the continual allusions of Greek writers to the moral or immoral effect of the art, and their violent denunciations of people whose only social crime was to have added a string to a lyre or a hole to a flute. We ourselves have constant opportunities of remarking the intense emotional effects due to mere pitch, tone, and rhythm—that is to say, to the merely physical qualities of number, nature, and repetition of musical vibrations. We have all been cheered by the trumpet and depressed by the hautboy; we have felt a wistful melancholy steal over us while listening to the drone of the bagpipe and the quaver of the flute of the *pifferari* at the shrine; we have felt our heart beat and our breath halt on catching the first notes of an organ as we lifted the entrance-curtain of some great cathedral; we have known nothing more utterly harrowing than a hurdy-gurdy playing a cheerful tune, or a common accordion sighing out a waltz or a polka. Nay, it is worthy of remark that the instruments capable of the greatest artistic development are just those which possess least this power over the nerves: the whole violin and harpsichord tribe, the human voice when sound and natural, saying least themselves, are capable of saying most for others; whereas the trumpet, the accordion, the harp, the zither, are condemned by their very expressiveness to a hopeless inferiority: they produce an effect spontaneously by their mere tone; the artist can produce on them but that effect, and can scarcely heighten even it. A musical critic of the beginning of this century, Giuseppe Carpani, wishing to defend Rossini from the accusation of being unemotional, boldly laid down the principle that

it never is the composer who makes people cry, but the author of the words and the singer. As to the composer, he can only please, but not move.

Never (he says) were people more moved than by a certain scene in Metastasio's "Artaserse," set by Mortellari, and sung by the famous Pacchierotti (about 1780); and do you think perhaps that it was Mortellari who made them cry? Mortellari, the stupidest mediocrity, *Dio l'abbia in gloria!* No, it was Metastasio and Pacchierotti, the verse and the voice.

This was a mere absurd exaggeration, a mere captious plea for Rossini, who, had he only had Metastasio to write the words and Pacchierotti to sing, would doubtless have moved the whole universe to tears with "Di tanti palpiti." Yet in this exaggeration an important truth has been struck out. This truth is that the writer of the libretto, having at his disposal the clear, idea-suggesting word, can bring up a pathetic situation before the mind; that the singer, having at his command the physical apparatus for producing an effect on the nerves, can sensuously awaken emotion; while the composer, possessing neither the arbitrary idea-suggesting word nor the nerve-moving sound, but only the artistic form, can please to the utmost, but move only to a limited degree.

Thus there is a once popular but now deservedly forgotten air in the "Romeo e Giulietta" of Zingarelli, which, some seventy years ago, possessed the most miraculous power over what people called the heart, and especially over the not too sensitive one of Napoleon, who, whenever it was sung by his favorite Crescentini, invariably burst into tears. The extraordinary part of the matter is that this air happens to be peculiarly insipid, without any very definite expression, but, on the whole, of a sort of feeble cheerfulness, and certainly is the last piece that we should judge capable of such deeply emotional effects. But the situation of Romeo is an intensely pathetic one, and it is probable that the singer's voice may have possessed some strange power over the nerves, something of the purely sensuous pathos of an accordion or a zither, especially in the long, gradually diminishing notes, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," which move like an Æolian harp. But, if the pathetic effect of "Ombra adorata" could not be ascribed to the composition, neither could it be ascribed to the interpretation. For this sensuous pathos, though enhanced by the singer's intellectual qualities, in no way depends upon them; the intellect can make him graduate and improve the form of a piece, all that which is perceived by the mind, but it has no influence on the nerves; Crescentini's musical intelligence may have enabled him

to make "Ombra adorata" a beautiful song, but only his physical powers of voice could have enabled him to make it a pathetic one.

As these physical elements are the material out of which artistic forms are molded by the musician, he necessarily deals with and disposes of those powers over the nerves which are inherent in them. When he creates a musical form out of minor intervals, he necessarily gives that form something of the melancholy effect of such intervals; when he composes a piece with the peculiar rhythm of a march, he necessarily gives his piece some of the inspiring power of that rhythm; when he employs a hautboy or a trumpet, he necessarily lends his work some of the depressing quality of the hautboy or some of the cheering quality of the trumpet. Thus the intellectually conceived and perceived forms are invested with the power over the nerves peculiar to certain of the physical elements of music; but it is in those component physical elements, and not in the forms into which they are disposed, that lies the emotional force of the art. Nor is this all: the physical elements, inasmuch as they are subdued, and regulated, and neutralized by one another in the intellectual form, are inevitably deprived of the full vigor of their emotional power; the artistic form has tamed and curbed them, has forbidden their freely influencing the nerves, while at the same time it—the form—has exerted its full sway over the mind. The mountains have been hewed into terraces, the forests have been clipped into gardens, the waves have been constrained into fountains, the thunder has been tuned down into musical notes; Nature has submitted to man, and has abdicated her power into his hands. The stormy reign of instinctive feeling has come to an end, the serene reign of art has begun.

In order to see these sensuous elements of music in their unmixed purity, in their unbridled strength, we must descend to the lowest stages of the art, compared with whose emotional effects those of modern music are as nothing, and least of all in the classic periods of the art; but even in modern music, what really strong emotional effects there may be are due to a momentary suspension of artistic activity, to a momentary return to the formless, physically touching music of early ages. The most emotional thing ever written by Mozart is the exclamation of Donna Elvira, when after leaving Don Giovanni at his ill-omened supper she is met on the staircase by the statue of the commander; this exclamation is but one high, detached note, formless, meaningless, which pierces the nerves like a blade; submit even this one note to artistic action, bid the singer gradually swell and diminish it, and you at once rob it of its terrible power.

This is Mozart's most emotional stroke; but was a Mozart, nay, was any musician, necessary for its conception? Would not that cry have been the same if unsurrounded by true music? A contrary example, but to the same effect, is afforded by Gluck in his great scene of Orpheus at the gate of Hades, which may have moved our great-grandfathers, accustomed to fugues, and minuets, and *rigaudons*, but which seems coldly beautiful as some white antique group to us, accustomed as we are to romantic art. The "No!" of the Furies loses all its effects by being worked into a definite musical form, by being locked into the phrase begun by Orpheus; it is merely a constituent note and no more, until after some time it is repeated detached, and without any reference to the main melody sung by Orpheus; at first it is part of a work of art, later it becomes a mere brute shout, and then, and then only, does it obtain a really moving character.

When these potent physical elements are held in subjection by artistic form, emotion may be suggested, more or less vaguely, but only suggested: we perceive them in the fabric which imprisons them, and we perceive their power, but it is as we should perceive the power of a tiger chained up behind a grating; we remember and imagine what it has been and might be, but we no longer feel it; for us to again feel it the artistic form must be torn down, the physical elements unchained, and then, and then only, shall we tremble once more before them. Mozart may be on his door-step as a regiment passes; he may feel the inspiring, courage-awakening effect of its rough rhythm and discordant, screeching trumpets; he may go up stairs, sit down to his piano, make use of all those sensuous elements, of the rhythm and of the wind instruments, which have stirred him in that regimental music; he may use them in a piece professedly suggested by that music; the piece will be "*Non più andrai*," and a masterpiece. We shall be reminded of military music by it, and we shall be aware of the fact that its rhythm and accompaniment are martial; we shall even call it a martial piece; but will it stir us, will it make us step out and feel soldier-like as would the coarsest regimental trumpets? Jommelli may enter a cathedral as the bells are tolling to mass, and all seems undulating and heaving beneath their swing; he may feel the awful effect of those simple, shapeless sounds; he may listen to their suggestion and frame the opening of his Mass for the Dead on that deep, monotonous sway; he will produce a masterpiece, the wondrous *Introitus* of his Requiem, in which we shall indeed recognize something of the solemn rhythm of the bells—something that will awaken in us the recollection of that moment when the cathedral towers seemed

to rock to their movement, and the aisles echoed their roar, and when even miles away in the open country the clear deep toll floated across the silent fields; but that effect itself we shall never hear in the music. The artist has used the already existing emotional elements for his own purposes, but those purposes are artistic ones: they aim at delighting the mind, not at tickling the nerves.

The composer, therefore, inasmuch as he deprives the emotional elements of music of their freedom and force of action, can not possibly produce an effect on the emotions at all to be compared with that spontaneously afforded by nature; he can imitate the rush of waters or the sob of despair only so distantly and feebly that the effect of either is wellnigh lost, and even for such an imitation he must endanger the artistic value of his work, which is safe only when it is the artist's sole aim and object. The most that the composer can legitimately do is to suggest a given emotion by employing in his intellectual structure such among the physical elements of his art as would, in a state of complete freedom awaken that given emotion; he may choose such sensuous elements as would inspire melancholy, or joy, or serenity; he may reject any contrary element or an incongruous effect, and he may thus produce what we shall call a pathetic piece, or a cheerful piece, or a solemn piece.

But this pathetic, cheerful, or solemn character depends not upon the intellectual forms imagined by the composer, but upon the sensuous elements afforded by nature; and the artistic activity of the composer consists in the conception of those forms, not in the selection of those physical elements. When, therefore, a composer is said to express the words which he is setting, he does so by means not of the creation of artistic forms, but by the selection of sensuous materials; the suggestion of an emotion analogous to that conveyed by the words is due not to the piece itself, but to its physical constituents; wherefore the artistic value of the composition in no way depends upon its adaptation to the words with which it is linked. There is no more common mistake, nor one which more degrades artistic criticism, than the supposition that the merit of "*He was despised and rejected of men*," or of "*Fin ch'an del vino*," depends upon their respective suitableness to the words; the most inferior musician would perceive that such and such physical elements were required to suggest a mental condition in harmony with either of these verbal expressions of feeling; the most inferior musician could have given us a piece as melancholy as "*He was despised*," or as cheerful as "*Fin ch'an del vino*," but—and here lies the unique test of artistic worth—only Händel

could have given us so beautiful a melancholy piece as the one, and only Mozart so beautiful a cheerful piece as the other. As it is with the praise, so likewise is it with the blame: a composer who sets a cheerful piece to dismal words, or a dismal piece to cheerful words, may be reprehensible for not reflecting that the mind thus receives together two contrary impressions, and he may be condemned for want of logic and good sense; but not a word can be said against his artistic merit any more than we could say a word against the artistic merit of the great iron-worker of the Renaissance, who closed the holy place where lies the Virgin's sacred girdle with a screen of passion-flowers, in whose petals hide goats and ducks, on whose tendrils are balanced pecking cranes, and in the curling leaves of which little naked winged Cupids are drawing their bows and sharpening their arrows, even as in the bas-reliefs of a pagan sarcophagus. In the free and spontaneous activity of musical conception, the composer may forget the words he is setting, as the painter may forget the subject he is painting in the fervor of plastic imagination; for the musician conceives not emotions, but modulations; and the painter conceives not actions, but gestures and attitudes. Thence it comes that Mozart has made regicide Romans storm and weep as he would have made Zerlina and Cherubino laugh, just as Titian made Magdalen smite her breast in the wilderness with the smile of Flora on her feast-day; hence that confusion in all save form, that indifference to all save beauty, which characterizes all the great epochs of art, that sublime jumble of times and peoples, of tragic and comic, that motley crowding together of satyrs and anchorites, of Saracens and

ancient Romans, of antique warriors and mediæval burghers, of Gothic tracery and Grecian arabesque, of Theseus and Titania, of Puck and Bottom, that great masquerade of art which we, poor critics, would fain reduce to law and rule, to chronological and ethnological propriety!

Those times are gone by: we wish to make every form correspond with an idea, we wish to be told a story by the statue, by the picture, most of all by that which can least tell it—music. We forget that music is neither a symbol which can convey an abstract thought, nor a brute cry which can express an instinctive feeling; we wish to barter the power of leaving in the mind an indelible image of beauty for the miserable privilege of awakening the momentary recollection of one of nature's sounds, or the yet more miserable one of sending a momentary tremor through the body; we would rather compare than enjoy, and rather weep than admire. Therefore we try to force music to talk a language which it does not speak, and which we do not understand, and succeed only in making it babble like a child or rave like a madman, obtaining nothing but unintelligible and incoherent forms in our anxiety to obtain intelligible and logical thoughts. We forget that great fact, for ever overlooked by romanticism, that poetry and music are essentially distinct in their nature; that Chapelmaster Kreisler's improvisation was not played but spoken; and that had not the snuffers fallen into the piano, had not the strings snapped asunder, Hoffmann would have had to record not a grandly grotesque series of images, but a succession of formless and meaningless chords.

VERNON LEE, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE EVIL EYE.

IF the universality of a belief were an argument for its truth, the doctrine which asserts the power of the evil eye would be above all controversy. Transmitted by uncounted generations perhaps to all the nationalities of the globe, the theory of fascination, which lies at the basis of all witchcraft, holds a place among the very first ideas formulated by mankind. We will inquire into its probable origin, into the reasons which made it acceptable, and make it still accepted by the majority of the human race.

Of all our organs of sense, the perception of light is the most developed; its training has been the culture of intelligence itself. It is a common saying that the eyes are the windows of the soul.

They are even spoken of as being the soul itself. That expression, which is now meant to be taken merely as a figure of speech, was in former times used quite literally. The soul and the eye were equivalent terms in ancient magic. The cannibals of Polynesia eat the eyes of their enemies, to make sure of the total destruction of the slain, and to prevent any transmundane revenge. Such, in their view, is the only way by which these troublesome souls can be disposed of; and even this is not effective, unless resorted to betimes. In all parts it was believed that the souls of dead men could mingle with the living. Thus, one or many souls, which, in their essence, were glowing lights or sparks of fire, took up their abode

in the eyes of valiant men, powerful chiefs, or clever sorcerers. The divine origin of certain heroes and of kings in ancient Scandinavia was recognized by their glittering eyes. In the eye, all the energies were thought to concentrate, either for good or evil. Hence the benevolent eyes of some are fraught with beneficent virtues, and the malevolent glances of others dart maleficent effluvia; hence some inflict maladies which others cure; hence some attract and others prevent mishaps and *contretemps*.

The evil principle has been always of much more importance among rudimentary intelligences than the good one; therefore it is not to be wondered at that the evil eye is much more talked of than the other. Nevertheless the latter is, even now, not completely ignored, for there are still persons who are besought by players to give a glance—a mere glance—at their cards or lottery-tickets. But the number of these persons credited with favorable influences is not to be compared with that of those who are, presumably, endowed with malignant influences. The doctrine of the evil eye, of its causes, of its effects, of its prevention, of its manifold cures, constitutes by far the most important chapter of magic—of magic which was formerly looked upon in the light of a science, and even of a religion; though now looked down upon as a conglomerate of gross superstitions, which, of course, are the more despised as they are the less understood.

However, the theory of the evil eye was alleged to be founded on a reality; the fantastic superstructure had claimed for itself a solid basis, its great corner-stone being fascination—a fact well known to the students of natural history. Fascination, in current language, denotes the power, still very little understood, still too mysterious, which is ascribed to any firm and steadfast gaze, and especially to that of man. Witches, orators, men of genius, great generals and leaders of men, are said to be possessed with an irresistible glance. Of beasts of prey, such as lions and tigers, it is often told that they need only to look at some of their intended victims to make them lie helpless at their feet, and that eagles and hawks overcome the resistance of the smaller birds in the same way. Travelers have frequently described how the snake, coiled in the leafy branches, holds with his glittering eye little birds, which, trembling, palpitating, and screaming, flit around their enemy, until, stupid with terror, they precipitate themselves into his gaping jaws. Even visitors to our zoological gardens confirm the tale. The dull, sinister eye of the octopus is said to exert a fatal attraction upon the exhausted swimmer; and by a like influence, it is supposed, the

humming-birds fall an easy prey into the fangs of the monster spider of the Brazils. It is said, further, that the lion, the king of beasts, when encountered by the stern and unflinching look of man, recognizes the superiority of the lord of creation, and dare not attack. The popular belief on this subject is much more positive than is justified by the knowledge of naturalists, who, most of them, neither absolutely deny nor fully accept the theory of fascination. But novelists have taken full advantage of it, and at one time it was the fashion for them to endow their hero or heroine with a fatal look. Some explained that the effluence which streamed from these eyes, irresistible for good or for evil, was due to magnetism or to electricity, *obscurum per obscurius*. Others, without any pretension to science, simply affirmed that such eyes were bewitching. . . . Thus we are led back to our witches, who are witches, we are told, because in their eyes glisters an unearthly fire, the scintillation of some dead man's soul.

At the other outset, let us state that, according to all folk-lore, such souls swarm around us in infinite numbers. The living are few in our lands, few in our cities, but the ghosts fill the air as far as the clouds. They fill the forests, the deserts, the expanse of the waters, the sides, the summits, and even the interiors of the mountains; they herd and flock in the very bowels of the earth. The saying is current among the Jews, "Of them, there are far more than of us." Said Abba Benjamin, "Were the power given the eye to see them, no creature could stand the sight of them." Said Rab Huna, "One of us has a thousand to his left, ten thousand to his right." Said Raba: "The feeling of oppression around the bride comes from them; the clothes of the rabbis fall to pieces from their rubbing. Who wants to see them has to take finely sifted ashes, to strew them around his bed, and in the morning he will see their foot-tracks as a cock's."—"Talmud Babl.," "Berachoth.")

Children are taught in Germany not to slam the doors violently, otherwise they may pinch the souls unawares. In Brittany, according to Souvestre, "at all-saints'-eve the deceased souls—poor things—are allowed to visit for some hours the family hearth. Pious people have then the table well decked out, and a bright fire lit, that the ghosts may warm their chilled limbs, and once again comfort their hearts. Soon the house becomes filled with them, as are in autumn the ditches and paths into which the wind drives the whirling heaps of withered leaves." The Esthonian epocœia narrates how the son of Kalev, its hero, entered hell, but for a long time could not proceed, so thick were the clouds he had to trav-

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erse—clouds made up of souls innumerable, which fluttered in the shape of flies. To explain that the fly is a favorite emblem of the soul, Tartars speak of their "midge-souls." The priests in the New Hebrides create, or rather let loose, flies and mosquitoes against their enemies, as Moses and Aaron did, when "they stretched out their rod and smote the dust of the land, and there came a grievous swarm of flies into all Egypt, and the land was corrupted by reason of the swarm." Throughout all antiquity we see the notion prevalent that pestilence and malaria are caused by the crowd of souls thronging the atmosphere as buzzing insects. And flies especially were identified with the spirits, because they spring forth from carcasses whose fleshy parts were supposed to dissolve into worms or grubs, and thence into flies—because, too, of their immense numbers, of their voracity, and their thirst for blood. It is well known how mosquitoes, gad-flies, and horse-flies are the much-dreaded tormentors of men and brutes.

We may be said now to be above the terror of ghosts; but, for long ages, they were a cause of misery, a cruel nightmare preying upon the infantine mind of man as it slept or lay half awake in its cradle. Death was believed to change men much for the worse, and to transform even their nature. Tylor has brought together many instances of this belief:

"The Australians have been known to consider the ghosts of the unburied dead as becoming malignant demons. New-Zealanders have supposed the souls of their dead to become so changed in nature as to be malignant to their nearest and dearest friends in life. The Caribs said that of man's various souls some go to the seashore and capsize boats, others to the forests to be evil spirits. Among the Sioux Indians the fear of the ghost's vengeance has been found to act as a check on murder. Of some tribes in central Africa it may be said that their main religious doctrine is the belief in ghosts, and that the main characteristic of these ghosts is to do harm to the living. The Patagonians live in terror of the souls of their wizards, which become evil demons after death. Turanian tribes of north Asia fear their shamans even more when dead than when alive, for they become a special class of spirits, who are the hurtfullest in all nature, and who among the Mongols plague the living on purpose to make them bring offerings. In China it is held that the multitudes of wretched destitute spirits in the world below, such as souls of lepers and beggars, can sorely annoy the living; therefore at certain times they are appeased with offerings of food, scant and beggarly; and a man who feels unwell,

or fears a mishap in business, will prudently have some mock clothing and mock money burned for these 'gentlemen of the lower regions.' Notions of this sort are widely prevalent in Indo-China and India. There whole orders of demons were formerly human souls, especially of people left unburied or slain by plague or violence; of bachelors, or of women who died in childbirth, and who henceforth wreak their vengeance on the living."

And we read in Ettmüller's "Alrtordische Studien": "Arwit and Asmund were great friends. They swore eternal friendship, and that the first to die would soon be followed by the other to the grave. Arwit's hour came, and he was buried, with his horse and dog, in a cavern. Asmund did not long delay to fulfill his promise. Accordingly he caused the sepulchre to be opened, entered it, and seated himself near the body; then the large stone was rolled on the cavern's mouth, and he was shut from the world. It happened that some days afterward the Swedes, led by Erik, invaded the country. Being apprised that the mound contained rich treasure, they proceeded to open it. Asmund was discovered. Ghostly he stared, with clothes torn, hair disheveled, his white face smeared with blood. He declared that every night Arwit came to life again, ferocious by hunger. Arwit, having devoured the flesh of the horse and dog, fell unawares upon his friend and brother, and bit off his left ear. Every night the battle raged afresh. He, Asmund, with his unbroken sword, had split Arwit's skull and smashed his ribs."

This story throws a lurid light on what was believed to be the state of the defunct souls. Not absolutely dead, they were constantly starving; at most times they remained motionless, but now and again they would be relieved by some water, by some drops of milk, or blood, or honey, by the wind bringing them smells of viands, fumes of sacrifices, which they eagerly sniffed. Dire hunger compelled them to fall upon all carrion. The Erloer Sortok of Greenland attacks the dead on their way to heaven and spoils them of their viscera. The Boothams of south India take advantage of human offal and excrement, as do the flies. Rabbis caution us that some recesses in the house are swarming with them. Ghosts are the very hunger, they are famine itself. Roaming everywhere, they devour not only dead corpses but also the living bodies, for in former times every ailment was supposed to be the work of a demon who preyed upon the vital parts, fed upon man's substance, like some hideous tapeworm located in the entrails. They are the servants of death, the emissaries of the grave. Some, it is true, protect their kith, are well-doers to their own family, but doers of evil to all others. On

the whole they are mischievous beings. Touched by them, any man or animal sickens or dies; the flower withers which they graze. They extract and absorb the essence of things as they look upon them. They pass over the orchards as a killing frost, over the young wheat as a blighting wind. If they enter a man who be of their lineage and of their especial favorites, by a rare miracle he may become a genius, a seer, or a prophet; but as a rule he is turned into a fool, a demoniac, or an epileptic. If they enter their victim but *en passant*, their presence means sore eyes, oppression, fever, gout, rheumatism, and other ailments. What says the folk-lore? "He who steps over the graves gets a rash; he who reads the epitaphs on the tombstones, his memory is weakened. . . . He who smells flowers gathered in cemeteries loses the scent. . . . Lovers are estranged when earth from a churchyard is thrown between them. . . . A pregnant woman miscarries when she walks over a coffin. . . . He who brushes a ghost unawares is shot by the elves in the loins. . . . 'Between the living and the dead,' teaches the 'Talmud,' 'the partition can never be too deep. Put a rock, put a wall between you and them, and if you can not do more turn the head away from them.' How should not the ghosts be dreaded? They are pestilence, they are Black Death, which carries off populations at once. When they are packed close together, they push, rend, and tear; they cause earthquakes in the subterranean depths, and in the atmosphere, storms, tempests, and cyclones. Witches are fiendish souls, which have located themselves in a human body like some crab in a strange shell, or have been called up by some conjurer. The Australian *Karraji* goes and sleeps on a grave for three nights consecutively, then ghosts enter his belly, devour some viscera, and settle there instead. Henceforth the *Karraji* will be able himself to suck other folk's entrails from afar, by artful contrivances, or even by merely looking on his victims. At Jeypoor, south India, a hag, when angry with any one, will get at night to the top of the hut in which lies her intended victim. Through a hole in the roof she reaches the sleeper by a ball of thread, whose other end is in her mouth, and thus she draws the blood out of him. She may even remove the ribs from one's breast, or place various substances in one's stomach, without his knowledge. . . ."

Everywhere it is in criminal alliance with the demons or ghosts that witches are said to have destroyed crops by worms or caterpillars, by moths or rust, by mildew, dry rot, or by hail. They scatter scab and murrain among the flocks, they dry up the cows, or make them give blood instead of milk. Their power is much on the wane, it is true, but as long as it lasted no wonder

that the poor miserable country folks were intent on their extermination. Quite recently, in Mexico, a wretched old female was burned alive for being suspected of sorcery. In fact, the ferocious and stupid prosecution of these supposed malefactors is, in the later centuries, a foul blot on the magistracy of all European countries, and on the Protestant and Catholic clergies alike.

We need no longer wonder then, as we study the history of funeral rites, at the trouble which was taken in securely disposing of the dead, so as to prevent them from bursting the bonds of the grave, intent upon rambling to the general discomfort of men.

Tshoovashs screw the lid of the bier as fast and strong as they can. Tsheremiss hedge the body in between poles too high to be climbed up. Arabs squeezed the soul under thick slabs, and every passer-by added a stone to the heap. Amakosa are careful that not a sod be taken from the grave, for fear lest the superincumbent earth should become too light. In Bohemia during the twelfth century, when the people went home from a burial, they flung stones and chips of wood above their shoulders without ever looking behind—a delicate hint to the dead not to loiter among his former friends. Cáyávávás and Etonámás (South America) closed the mouth and nostrils of the dying, that death might not escape and pounce upon others. Not satisfied with this contrivance, Peruvians stitched these apertures with a strong cord, others fastened the arms of the dead (Polynesia), or tied their toes (Ceylon), or pounded their bones (the ancient Balearians), and bottled the powder in closely fitting jugs. Another device was to eat the body raw (Australia), or roasted (Polynesia). By chopping the bones, extracting the marrow and ingesting it, one was sure to give a final quietus to the deceased, and bolt in all his strength and virtues. Among the always practical Chinese, special officers were appointed by the Crown to hoot and shout at the obnoxious *shen*—to frighten them away, as if they were merely a band of sparrows or pilfering monkeys.

When food was made more abundant, by agriculture or otherwise, and riches accumulated, it became possible to attend to the wants of the ghosts, to feed them properly and with regularity. The study of the Vedic institutions, of the early culture among the Græco-Romans and the barbarous peoples, shows the progressive stages of religion to have been concomitant with those of property. It sufficed to adopt a ghost to make a god of him, but then he had to be fed, and duly entertained with fire, butter, *ghee*, fat, and other offerings. Few were the families who could afford to keep a god of their

own, but those who managed it were well repaid for their trouble and expense. The god who entered their abode made it divine, he endowed the children with a strength of mind and body superior to that of common mortals, he requited with liberal interest the advances which had been bestowed upon him. Hence the origin of the Eumatrides, Eupatrides, patricians, or betters; the few who were to command while the many were to obey. Thus came into existence the Lares and Penates, genii of the noble and affluent families. To worship them was called by the Greeks *πατριάζειν*, and by the Romans *parentalari*. The heir of the estate, who, in the later Gentile organization, was the eldest son from male to male, attended to the daily wants of his private god and reputed ancestor, who with his tithes, firstlings, and heave offerings had an existence relatively comfortable—even when he had to satisfy himself, as in the poorer households, now with the libation of wine or dropping of beer froth, now with the offal and crumbs of the table, which in many parts of Bohemia the peasants would still think a sin to sweep outside the door, and not to burn in the kitchen fire—the modern substitute for the house altar. And as order slowly came to be established in things sacred and profane, as the state, as the *Civitas* mundane and transmundane were organized by degrees, good luck to the man who left a son to take care of him in after-life! The most ardent wish in these times was that which we read in the laws of Manu: "May sons be raised from our stock, who for ever will supply us with rice cooked in milk, with honey and molten butter!" But woe to the man who, "dying childless and receiving no offerings, was exposed to perpetual hunger!" (Lucian, "De Luctu"). Henceforth he was to wander homeless, restless, borne hither and thither by the fitful wind. Left thus in the cold, how should he not feel spiteful, malignant, desperate; how should he not hate mankind, and all beings that enjoy the sweet pleasures of life? Among those most desirous of revenge were such as had been driven to suicide by despair. It seems as if the people who laid violent hands on themselves, departing life before their appointed time, never died in earnest. Most became vampires, using for mischief the strength with which their soul was still endowed. So did many mothers who had died at their first parturition; so did many lads and maidens cut off in the prime of life, of which we have examples known of all in the story of Tobias and Goethe's "Bride from Corinth"; the fairest and gentlest became the most cruel and bloodthirsty. To check their incursions, the contrivance was resorted to of turning them in their graves face downward, and transfixing their heart by a pointed stake, well

hardened in the fire, and driven deeply into the soil. Murderers, too, could scarcely be kept quiet; those who had been unruly during their lives were sure to give only much trouble to the spiritual police. It could not be helped. Those souls who had been forgotten and forsaken would swell the number of the transmundane dangerous classes; they would live from hand to mouth, eking out their miserable existence by theft coupled with manslaughter. Partly from compassion and piety, partly as a measure of simple prudence, it was settled that general measures should be taken to prevent the ghosts from resorting to such desperate means. Feasts were therefore instituted on peculiar occasions, or at a certain period of the year, when the famishing souls were entertained at the public expense. At funerals a banquet was given, in which the friend just departed and all the dead in the neighborhood, whether recently or long defunct, were copiously regaled with blood. At the funereal games, so called, of which we have still many contemporaneous examples, it was decent and proper for the women to gash their breasts and thighs, to tear the flesh of their cheeks, and even to chop their skulls. As to the men, sword in hand, they hewed one another for the benefit of the dead, as they did around Achilles's pyre. They had also human sacrifices and gladiatorial fights, where men, children, women, and brutes were immolated wholesale, till the arena was drenched with blood, which, we are told, the spirits hidden in the ground quaffed lustily. Such are the "great customs" in Dahomey and Ashantee, where men are massacred by the hundred, if not by the thousand—splendid revels for the king's ancestors and their noble court. On these occasions male and female slaves are slain in order that they may accompany the deceased monarch into the land of the dead, there to minister, as in life, to his wants and pleasures.

By degrees, sensible men became aware of the fact that these atrocious festivities were too wasteful of human life. Having discovered the fact, they became intent on diminishing the number of the gluttonous mouths to be fed. Thus in Polynesia they agreed that henceforth the common people were at liberty not to possess a soul, nay, in some parts they were even forbidden to possess one, since it became so troublesome and expensive to the commonwealth. But the priests, the high aristocracy, and, of course, the kings were allowed that article so precious but so costly. When cattle were bred cheaper and human life became somewhat dearer, the killing of men made place for the killing of beasts, and hence we have record of stupendous butcheries, massacres of bees and cows, horses, goats, and sheep, such as would have sufficed for an army; the blood

sputing in rivulets, the gore dribbling in tanks; the air being filled with the fetor of the slaughter-house, the stench of burning fat, the fumes of viands with the effluvia of wine, beer, or sour milk. It is not to be denied that such feasts were also celebrated in the chthonic religions with the purpose of increasing the fertility of the soil, by making the earth pregnant with blood. It would be impossible to discriminate between the feasts which had for their object either the feeding of the ghosts or the fertilization of the soil. Both institutions merge completely into each other; in fact, the souls were invigorated in order that they might enter the seeds and make them teem with energy and productiveness.

Of these festivals we have some remnants in the sad times of All Saints' and All Hallows, in the routs of Shrovetide and of Christmas, in which so many geese and turkeys are dispatched. Even in Christian times December was called the "Month of Gore." In the Slav countries the memory has been preserved of copious repasts which were given to the dead. After much revelry the master of the house summoned the souls: "Most reverend uncles and fathers, the banqueting is over. You have been entertained to the best of our ability, you have had plenty to eat, plenty to drink. Now be gone, if you please, and do not come back till asked for."

With the increasing amount of disposable food, with a greater foresight as to the adjustment of their wants, and also with the progress of instruction, the ghosts are now by far less dangerous than they were formerly. Their numbers and their importance decrease rapidly; even the witches will soon be totally extinct in Europe. The "little folks" do scarcely any harm now to the wheat, to the mares, and to the milking cows; they are still malicious, but not malignant any more. As they leave the people in peace, they are not themselves cursed and molested any more. About the "imps, fairies, brownies, bogies, and such devilry," less concern is now felt than about the ladybirds, the caterpillars, and the butterflies.

The theory set forth above as to the nature and the doings of the demons and spirits, either good or bad, is the simplest, but, of course, it is not the only one. From this most ancient doctrine have been developed some which are complex and difficult to understand; it has been mixed up with mystic, philosophical, and astrological tenets, which may be expressed somewhat as follows: Mother Earth takes up the dead, but only to revive them in her fruitful bosom: the sepulchre of all that has lived, is also the womb of all that is to live. The present generations serve as material for the future ones. Thus the

forests shoot up, stand erect for a while, then fall down, their detritus being turned to food by others—the fir to the beech, and the beech to the oak. After sojourning in Hades for a period—stated by some to be very long, and by others to be relatively short—the souls return to lovely earth, are brought again under the azure expanse of heaven, are again looked at by glorious Helios. Either entering or leaving Hades they drink the water of Lethe, a few drops of which obliterate the memory of all that has passed. But oblivion does not alter the soul's essence, which is of fiery nature, having been lit once by Prometheus at a flame snatched from the sun's wheel. This fire, however, is not always or everywhere identical with itself. Although they derive probably from the same source, there are celestial, terrestrial, and infernal fires. The purest are those which have most of radiant ether in them; the grosser are fed with animal or vegetable substances, or such thick, mephitic gases as poison the mines underground. Hence, according to the Talmudic legend, the angel Gabriel had to wash the fire which he brought over from hell to the earth, by rinsing it thrice in deepest ocean. That process not being an easy one, many souls come back to us which are but imperfectly cleansed, and have not been purified to the quick. Theirs is the "evil eye," mentioned already in the Athar-Veda, and in Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Theocritus, and many others—an eye where, under brows which meet, flares with a red glow a drop of the hellish fire that consumes and devours, while the heavenly fire illumines and brightens. That impure light is never so potent as when it shines from, or upon, an unwashed face. Eyes of witches and demons are red, says the folk-lore; the more fiendish the spirit, the more inflamed are the eyelids. This evil eye casts a peculiar look, they say—a darting glance, which stings unawares—a hungry leer, which leaves a feeling of uneasiness. Nervous people, thus looked at, complain, or are said to complain, of weariness and drowsiness, of headache, and general lack of energy. They are reported to have been "vampirized." "The spark of hell" acts on men as a hot, scorching wind acts on leaves, which it scarcely moves, while it dries their substance and destroys their vitality.

De Faire narrates that at Mascate there are such sorcerers that they eat the inside of anybody only by fixing their eyes upon him. In the country of Sennaar and Fassokl they have rivals not less powerful, who, by a mere look of their evil eye (*Ain el hassid*), stop the blood in the heart and the arteries of their enemy, desiccate his entrails, unsettle his intellect. We learn from Grohmann that it is necessary to shut the eyes of those who are expiring, for, if it were not done,

the dead man would use his eyes to look at the living, especially at his friends and kindred, and would draw them after him. Wuttke reports that anybody who has not the power of the evil eye can acquire it by searching in a cemetery until he finds some plank of a coffin which has a branch hole in it. That hole, through which the deceased was on the lookout, may be used as an eyeglass, and whoever is thus stared at sickens or comes to misfortune; and disease may be brought on the people simply by glancing at them through a chink, or with eyes askew.

Not all who have the evil eye—the "ill ee," say the Scotch—are sorcerers, but all wizards and accursed ghosts have the evil eye. And as witches are not all ugly and old hags, so likewise all evil eyes are not sore or bloodshot; some are beautiful, and may even belong to good and holy people, who exert their untoward power unconsciously. In Albania even fathers were not allowed to see their sons before the seventh day, for fear that, much against their will as it would be, they might throw an evil influence upon them. When people are eating, especially when delicate morsels are served, they may swallow poison unawares—poison conveyed by the hungry and greedy looks which are glaring at the viands. Hence the custom, still extant in so many countries, for well-to-do folks, and most of all for kings, to eat alone. It is advisable not to eat in the presence of a woman, say the Zinçalis, for the evil eye, if cast by a woman, is far more dangerous than if cast by a man. The poor ignorant Sardinians have a saying among themselves, "*Dio vi guardi d'occhio di letterato!*"—(May the Lord preserve you from being looked at by a man of letters!)—for the ailments which they inflict are much worse than those inflicted by other people. Sardinians are not alone to look upon science as a downright devilry, as a black art, replete with potent but forbidden secrets, into which but the craftiest and wickedest can penetrate, with the help and under the guidance of the evil one. Another explanation of the Sardinian diction, more commonplace but less true, is that most *litterati* have a more searching and more piercing look than is the wont. This helps us to understand why so many poets, painters, and musicians, more than others, are reported to be possessed with such mischievous influence. In Paris and in Vienna it is a standing joke that the composer M. Offenbach, of "*La Belle Hélène*" notoriety, is a *jettatore*. And the Romans attributed the evil eye to the late Pius IX. It has been considered supremely ridiculous that the very people who prayed the head of Catholic Christendom to bless them, at the same time forked out two fingers to break the maleficent power of his glance. But future

historians will find, perhaps, in that popular credence a fit symbol of that long pontificate—second in importance to none, not even to those of Hildebrand and of Innocent III.—which lost the temporal power, and promulgated the "*Syllabus*" in the face of liberal Europe.

Whole populations have been said to be endowed with the power of the evil eye: among the ancients, the Telchines, the Triballi, the Thebans, the Illyrians, and all the Thracian women. Among the moderns it is attributed by the Christians to the Turks; to the Christians, whether Catholics, Greeks, or Armenians, by the Turks; to the Sunnites by the Schiites; to the Schiites by the Sunnites. In the mouth of the orthodox, "evil eye" is a term of abuse against infidels, possessed as such by unclean spirits. Christians and Moslem agree to endow with it the gypsies and the Jews, and sometimes the Hindoos. The traveler Halévy said he took advantage of that reputed power which causes his kinsfolk to be hated in all the East, but dreaded too—people fearing as much to meet as to offend them; holding it equally dangerous either to allow them any familiarity or to refuse them hospitality—even to accept a reward for that hospitality.

"Forespeaking," an exact equivalent to "evil eye," is followed by exactly the same results, is prevented by the same means. To forespeak is to praise anybody, or anything, more than is strictly warranted by truth. Directly that the exact measure is transgressed, forespeaking begins. This curious belief is founded upon a delicate psychology. High appreciation of others is not a feeling to which men are generally prone. As long as it is sincere, intelligent praise is modified by criticism, curtailed by restrictions. If we meet, therefore, with an admiration loudly expressed, overstepping the mark, this admiration has every chance to be not an error but a deliberate falsehood. The ancients accordingly held forespeaking to be a bad omen, fraught with more dangers than an undeserved curse. The gods, not a whit less jealous than men, were made angry by hearing fulsome praise, and took away what had been lauded unduly. Therefore it has often proved dangerous, when traveling in the East, or in southern Europe, to gaze intently upon children, or to praise them loudly. In such cases, the strangers were accused of throwing evil *sortes*, willingly or unwillingly. On seeing such a foreigner look eagerly at her child, the mother spits in its face, to counteract the spell. And if the look be directed unmistakably on the woman herself, more than one may be seen to spit in her own bosom, often with a curse that startles the too admiring stranger; often with a

deprecatory gesture which is not meant to be rude. They answer the compliments of even their friends and parents on the health and good appearance of their nursling by such exclamations as, "He is a piggy for all that, an ugly little villain!" They give him on purpose, as a standing name, meant to disguise the real one, a word of opprobrium or reproach. And the Turks hang often old rags or such like ugly things upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination.

Of the *prævia*, or means of defense, intended to avert or to counteract forespeaking and the evil eye, we will cite but a few taken at random. Books on folk-lore overflow with admonitions, with receipts, with marvelous secrets for the safe guarding of the possessions which are liable to be harmed by malevolence. The most *naïve* of these proceedings is undoubtedly the one recorded by Mr. Moseley, lately a member of the Challenger Expedition, who tells how, at the Admiralty Islands, the chiefs and others were abjectly frightened at a squeaking doll, and signed for it to be taken out of their sight; and expressed a similar fear of goats, which were offered them, saying, "The women would be afraid of them." Indeed, these women were far from being brave; for, when a group was being photographed, the old ones put two long poles transversely between it and themselves, in order to be protected from evil influence.

In China the bride's face is hidden by a long white veil, not unlike that which is still worn by Egyptian women when they venture abroad. The Anglo-Saxons used the "care-cloth" on similar occasions. In Germany the bride was likely to be forespoken if eight days before the nuptial ceremony she were to show herself out of her house, or clad in the wedding clothes. The child was liable to death or sickness if, before its christening, it were decked with gold and jewels. Incessant are the cares which the pregnant woman has to take for preserving herself and her precious burden from the malignant influences everywhere busy around her. When the child is just born, as long as it has not been besprinkled with holy water, there is no end to the dangers which beset it, among which the most dreaded is that of the *elfins* secretly changing it for one of their abominable brood—hideous creatures with wrinkled faces and insatiable stomachs, screaming and gorging but never thriving. Recourse is had to lion's claws, to tiger's teeth, to corals, and other implements with points and edges, as knives, scissors, axes, and nails, for cutting and for breaking the dart of the evil eye. Red clothes, vermilion cloaks, absorb and neutralize its poisonous influences. Blue ribbons, blue gems, are advo-

cated by a few. Aspersions with holy water, with sea-water, with the water in which the smiths have cooled their red-hot irons; baths taken by rolling the naked body in the dewy grass when the sun rises over the horizon, are said to operate wonders. The laborer can not be too wary when the delicate seed shoots into leaves, when in stalk, when in bloom, when in ear, when it ripens, when it is threshed, when it is winnowed; for, night and day, the evil eye is sleeplessly on the watch. Neither stable, nor barn, nor dairy, are safe from the sinister intentions of envy. The more precious the treasures are, the more liable are they to be lost. Exquisite happiness is frail. Against the smiling bride, against the blithe child, a thousand bows are bent to throw their deadly missiles. Nay, the victorious general who returns in triumph is beset with more dangers when standing in his golden car than he was when he fought on the battle-field.

"Bad luck" is indissolubly connected with the evil eye; people who have bad luck either look with or are looked at by malignant eyes. The train of thought may have been the following: More than once it has happened that two girls, one as good as the other—sisters we may suppose—have married two men, two brothers, equally desirable. Both couples seem to be at par. But, after a while, one seems to have prospered more than the other. By degrees the difference increases; and after ten, twenty, thirty years, the one household will be in easy and the other in straitened circumstances, nobody knowing exactly why. Now, mathematics teach that a multiplicity of causes, each imperceptible in itself, will become apparent when they collect in one group, or operate through a lengthened period; but simple-minded folks, not entering into these delicate considerations, condense in one single agent, which they name "luck," the total of all these causes, themselves infinitely small, which are discernible only by their effects and in the long run. And the idea arose that the universe is going up and down by a seesaw motion, that a grand dualism reigns supreme; that men are lucky or unlucky according to the hour of their birth, according as the moon is growing or waning, as the sun ascends or descends the sky, stands at the zenith or the nadir, as the planets are occultated or as they conjugate with certain constellations. Life is supposed to stream from the east and flow toward the west, the seat of death. Sick people in Ceylon are still turned with their heads to the east as long as there is any hope of recovery; but when the fatal termination approaches, the head is turned to the west. Now, of the two sisters above, she who had the good *luck* was supposed, is still supposed in many

countries, to have had the good *look* of a star. Each star is believed to be the seat of a godhead or of a peculiar genius. Even now they are said by Russian peasants to be the eyes, and by the Australians and Polynesians to be the souls, of dead men. It was natural to suppose that the souls which are brought back to earth for being born again, while a certain star occupies a dominant place in the firmament, take from that very star the fire of life which is rekindled in them; and that, by the virtue of their common origin, these specks of a same fire are possessed with similar virtues. Thus, the same principle is supposed to pervade the stars and the souls; the same law to preside over all destinies, celestial and terrestrial. That law is that of *Circulus*; death equipoises life, and increase matches decrease. The legends tell us of two gates of Hades by which the souls enter this world: one is the gate of good-chance, the other of bad-chance; and of two tanks in which they are dipped, one is filled with the water of strength, the other with the water of debility. All men, all animals, and even the material things are acted upon by auspicious or by inauspicious circumstances; their lot falls in the sunshine or in the shade. There is not an object, organic or inorganic, which is not marked with either algebraic sign + or -; everybody, everything, is reckoned as being in the universe a positive or a negative quantity. Such being the general scheme of the world, primitive classifications could not help to make many arbitrary and contradictory distributions, which in the course of time their successors entangled strangely. Hence an embroilment which to the uninitiated appears inextricable; and the moral sense developing itself by and by, the great question as to the difference between good and bad made the confusion worse confounded. Indeed, it has not been an easy thing for mankind to discriminate between prosperity and morality, between success and virtue, comfort and goodness, riches and probity, might and right, physiologic virility and moral virtue. All these incertitudes have left their traces in magic, the oldest record of human thought.

Magic is, and will remain, a farrago of prodigious nonsense, a *hocuspocus* of all possible absurdities, until philosophers discover the true history of mankind, by the actual sequence of its beliefs, as the geologists have found the history of the globe by ascertaining the series and the composition of the rocky strata in the earth's crust. Nevertheless, to the trained eye of specialists the general outlines of magic disentangle themselves already with a sufficient certainty from a mass of obscure and intricate details. The key to the unknown or rather to the nearly

forgotten language has been found; the work of deciphering has begun. Animism unravels the mystery of uncouth fascination which lies at the root of every species of magic. Its most important chapter turns out to be a congeries of devices planned by agriculturists to insure the fertility of their fields and the productiveness of the cattle and flocks. Sterility, as it has been stated above, was ascribed to hungry spirits, an impure brood which fed upon the substance of living organisms. Earth was regarded as the battlefield of two armies, one tending upward, the other tending downward; the one making the sum of things to be more, the other making it to be less. Man's duty—as it was logically and even beautifully impressed by the old Zoroastrian creed, to the intrinsic grandeur and to the importance of which in the development of mankind we are, perhaps, not sufficiently alive—man's duty was to intervene and not to spare his exertions in the good cause. He held sterility in check, he routed and put it to flight by calling to the rescue the spirits of abundance and fertility. Everything which possessed vigor and health, or which recalled only the ideas of blooming fecundity, was supposed to contain or to attract such spirits. In consequence, all symbols which substantiated these ideas were multiplied everywhere. Representations of bulls, rams, lions, and other powerful animals were of frequent occurrence in public and in private abodes. The sun being worshiped as the highest embodiment of the divine fire, and as the source of the masculine generative energy, the moon being adored in later times as the representative of the female principle, their emblems stocked all possible places. Such symbols are circles, disks, wheels, rings, triangles, simple or double, pentagons, hexagons, crescents, ovals, quadrants, crosses, lozenges, obelisks, pillars, erected stones, staves, peeled sticks, lotus, apples, figs, pomegranates, pearls, boats, arks, pyxes, weavers' shuttles, distaffs surrounded with flax, and what-not. By their diversity and the very frequency of their occurrence they have lost all significancy in the eyes of the multitude, and disguise now what they were formerly intended to set forth. But in pristine times the self-speaking emblems were supposed to be the most effective, the crudest were the most favorite. Rude Hermeia were erected at the crossways and Priapi in the orchards, to look on the fields, on the trees. Among the blooming corn processions went, waving palms and citron-branches, headed by the most respected matrons, who wore in their bosoms or in wreaths around their heads "fascini," and the *cortège* was closed by that image, carried on wheels, on account of its monstrous size. Hence the ceremony was called *fascinatio*,

a word which expressed the most potent of all charms, the most prized of all talismans. For a long time the rite was celebrated with a religious awe, and with a piety not less fervent than that which is shown at the present day in Catholic countries at the "Rogations," which present the antique ceremony, altered only in few details. But the ancient worshipers knew what they did, and why they did it, and that can be scarcely surmised of our peasants who nail horseshoes on

their barns and cow-sheds—of the Russian tradespeople who fasten it at the entrance of their shops, of the Chinese who hang it up in their houses. The emblems have been kept carefully, but their signification has been wholly lost.

We take leave from our readers with the parting words of an Abyssinian: "Beware, O my child! beware of the venomous eyes which delight to wound the fair, to strike at the fairest!"

Cornhill Magazine.

DR. SMILES'S WORKS ON SELF-HELP.*

IT is about twenty years since, in connection with the "Life of George Stephenson," that the work which Dr. Smiles had then begun, and which he is still carrying on with so much vigor, was touched upon in these pages. During these twenty years Dr. Smiles has made almost his own a part of the literary arena, which touches most closely upon our social conditions and the lessons that are needed for our every-day life. In the volumes which from time to time he has given to the world he has succeeded, as no other literary man of the day has succeeded, in laying down and illustrating those broad practical aims which may with most advantage be laid before each generation as it enters on the duties of life. The manner and the matter of his books are alike admirable; but great as their literary merit is, the services they have rendered to sound morality are still more important. While they do not professedly inculcate any religious precepts or moral systems, their whole teaching is conducive to the formation of sound principles and an upright character. They are especially adapted for the middle and lower classes, being written in a lively and attractive style, free from all preaching and prosiness, and impressive by the examples they exhibit of hard-working men raised by their own abilities, perseverance, and thrift, from obscurity to eminence. We should like to see them printed in a still cheaper form, and circulated broadcast by masters of factories, clergymen, and schoolmasters, as the best antidote we know to the socialistic productions issued by the infidel press. We look upon Dr. Smiles as a public benefactor, who deserves not only from us, but even from his country, an ample recogni-

tion of the important benefits he has conferred upon the present generation.

It would be impossible even to describe or to illustrate Dr. Smiles's teaching without direct reference to his own books, and without touching on each of the various forms in which he has sought to bring home a practical lesson to young men. Those to whom it is a mental necessity to label each man's teachings by a single name have sought to fix upon Dr. Smiles the worship of success, as that to which he mainly points. The last two books which he has given us are themselves a sufficient refutation of the charge; but even were it not so, the charge would be an absurd one. One main point of his teaching is, that it is not failure, or being baffled, that lowers a man, but despair and ceasing to strive. Success is an accident—a prize that may nerve others for effort, that may spur on jaded hopes, that may open new opportunities. But the law that finds happiness only in effort is one that sooner or later is taught by life—too often taught only for remorse. To give that lesson a practical shape, to bring it home to those who may apply it to their own course in life, rather than learn it slowly from that course—this is the work that Dr. Smiles has endeavored to do.

But such teaching has many sides. The power of persevering effort without which men lose all firmness and independence, the power of concentration without which they almost lose their own individuality, also gives to human nature its highest honor. It levels ranks, it brings together callings of the most diverse, it creates a common bond of sympathy between race and race. It depends as little on success or failure as on any accident of birth. Fully to recognize it, is not to reduce men to a dull and routine-like yoke of toil; it is to put in their hands the one instrument by which they can feel themselves to be free, and not slaves.

All this might well seem to be trite enough.

* 1. Self-Help. By Samuel Smiles, LL. D. New edition. London, 1878. 2. Character. By the same. New edition. London, 1878. 3. Thrift. By the same. New edition. London, 1877. 4. Industrial Biography. By the same. New edition. London, 1887.

But it has happened to our own generation, as to many others, to be forced to shake ourselves and rouse ourselves out of a sort of dream-land. Older standards of duty as consisting of work seem to have vanished from us. Plain axioms, as we might well hold them, inculcating work, and perseverance, and patience of routine, have become apparently so trite as to be forgotten. What is the aim of our young men who, thirty years ago, would have been beginning life with some more or less definite aim, and resolved that work at least would not be lacking to attain it? There have been idlers in all generations; but is it not something more that we now see? Our young men appear to form some ideal for themselves which does little but satisfy their own conceit. They must wait for impressions: they must above all things be receptive—a convenient word for idling. They must learn, unlike their benighted countrymen of the past, to be able to do nothing with pleasure. We greatly question whether the fault of our young men is viciousness: it is rather the weakness of enervation. We hear much of a disregard for ordinary old-fashioned rules of morals, but comparatively little of what we might call the stamina of vice. But our young men seem to pride themselves on their contempt for the ordinary practical considerations of life. In that selfishness of indifference that knows no bounds, they sneer at what they hold to be the groveling aims of ordinary routine effort. They are nervous lest they overwork themselves: hold industry to be an unbecoming fussiness: rather pride themselves on disorder in mind and in business: and have cut-and-dried aphorisms with which this or that opinion, or creed, or interest, may be docketed without the trouble of inquiry. We must leave it to those who have frequent opportunities of observing the young men fresh from our universities to say whether this picture is overcharged.

A recall to the plain duties and aims of practical life is therefore not without its advantage at this moment. If it were but to strike off from some portion of our young men the affectation and want of reality that strive to avoid effort as something to be ashamed of, this recall would do much. But Dr. Smiles speaks to wider audiences than merely our young men. Let us see what are the bases of his teaching before we review two striking pictures which he has recently given us of effort after knowledge for its own sake, which ennobled its possessors without any adventitious gilding of success.

Probably Dr. Smiles would be the last to claim, or to wish that others should claim for his works, the development of any new theory either of ethics or of practice. We have no wish to

treat his books as links in any chain by which such theory may be bound together. We desire only to show how a consistent aim runs through them all: how from different points of view we are insensibly brought back to stand face to face with the same notions of life and its duties: and how throughout the whole there is the same practical object, as of a man of the world speaking to men who have to do the world's work.

The first and perhaps the most widely-known of Dr. Smiles's works is "Self-Help." The name, as he himself confesses, is in some respects unfortunate, because it has been used to bring home to the author the charge of glorifying selfish and self-seeking success. But the defense is perfectly easy. In the first place, it is not success in itself, but the honest perseverance and the courage that have won success, which Dr. Smiles inculcates. Without the practical aim, the human interest of the whole would be lost: for, as human nature is and always must be, men, and especially young men, will not look to mere labor as something good in itself. Without its ever-recurring illustrations drawn from real life, Dr. Smiles's book would be just as nerveless to give any really efficacious impulse to the beginners in life as dry theories usually are. Nay, more than this, the fear that agitates the objectors shows some ignorance of young men. Nothing could well be more unpractical and absurd than to set before our youth either a picture of work as a sublime duty, colored by no definite hopes of achievement, or else a study of failure as equally respectable with success. Young men, perhaps by the very buoyancy of inexperience, are not indisposed to respect failure. There is something almost humorous in the eagerness of a young man to look with a certain pathetic—not to say mawkish—interest on a prospect of failure that is distant, unreal, and therefore, perhaps, picturesque. Such a tendency needs no encouragement. It is a sound and wholesome lesson, that failure is not worthy of respect unless it is bravely borne, that it calls for no especial sympathy unless it has been preceded by honest work. Such a lesson brings with it no necessary stimulus to arrogance or self-sufficiency, no provocation to browbeat the weak or to be disdainful to those who have reaped poorly in the harvest of life. It simply gives a healthy tonic against the sentimentalism and the dilettanteism which are the bane of our young men, and which cover a far deeper selfishness than that which is charged against the practical teacher. The snarl at the success of a companion often dresses itself in an affected sympathy with failure: it is ten times easier to weep with those that weep, than to rejoice with those that rejoice; and, in the sense in which it is translated in every-day life, the

sympathy for failure is one which few can indulge without a sense of inward complacency.

The object of "Self-Help," then, in the author's own words, "is to reindulge these old-fashioned but wholesome lessons—which perhaps can not be too often used—that youth must work in order to enjoy: that nothing creditable can be accomplished without application and diligence: that the student must not be daunted by difficulties, but conquer them by patience and perseverance—and that, above all, he must seek elevation of character, without which capacity is worthless, and worldly success is naught." We must be excused for the lowness of our moral standard, if we can find nothing in this that it is not both good and of first-rate importance to teach. How, then, does Dr. Smiles teach it?

First by asserting the individual independence, the essential and primary qualities, of the men composing it, as that upon which, in the last resort, the well-being of every society rests. The truth is as old as society itself, and has been repeated in every variety of shape. It has nothing to do with what political science is fond of calling the relations between the state and the individual. The state may subordinate, or at least may appear to subordinate, the aims and life of the individual to those of the general body. The Greek philosopher may differ from the philosophical radical of our own day in the extent to which he would sacrifice the one to the many. All alike are compelled to rest upon that ultimate basis of all public weal, the individual character of the citizens. But it is an imminent danger in the vast organizations of modern states, that systems, however well designed in themselves, may lose sight of one essential, the individual character on which they are built. "We put too much faith in systems, and too little in men," said Lord Beaconsfield years ago: and the danger has not lessened since then. We may come to have a paternal government, with stereotyped mechanism, for the paternal despot. It is absolutely certain that energy in the citizen dies away when not called forth; and every domain, therefore, on which state action encroaches, except at the dictates of imperative necessity, involves a distinct national loss. And we can only too easily see illustrations of this tendency in the readiness with which the catch-words of party are repeated from mouth to mouth, with which this or that nostrum becomes commonly received, with which men are willing—as it would seem—to abrogate their own independence of opinion, as soon as a certain current dogma has been labeled for acceptance by those who pull the strings of party. We can see such an illustration in the new method which has foisted it-

self into our political life, by which the caucus is to dictate to our constituencies.

From the assertion of this mental and moral independence for the individual Dr. Smiles starts; and the truth he here preaches, however old or trite it may be, is not one which we can afford to relegate to the limbo of a truism. But how, in the next place, is this independence to be used, at once for the good of the society and of the individual himself? The answer is summed up in one word—work. Without this, you can have none of the rewards of life; with it, even though you have not these rewards, you still have happiness in the satisfaction of work done, of attention concentrated that might have been dissipated, of energies strained and healthy instead of listless and flabby. You have, in short, that condition of moral and mental existence which, framed as men are, contributes a thousand times more toward happiness than mere outward circumstances. In short, the preacher of work does but turn the stoic's maxim into adaptability with the needs of our age: "Live according to nature"—and nature for you is work.

This single maxim, then, of the necessity of labor for a society such as ours, we take to be the starting-point of Dr. Smiles's philosophy. Some may deem it groveling in its utilitarianism; others may fancy it restricted, as imposing an undue and irksome routine. Practical experience alone can apply the test; and we have little hesitation in accepting Dr. Smiles's axiom. But next comes the question, Wherein is this work to be employed—what rules, what qualities, what aims are to guide it? To the first question, the answer of Dr. Smiles is catholic enough. Let the work be that which hand or brain finds to do; so long as it is honest work, it matters not where. It is for each man, or his teacher, to find out where his talent lies, and to apply it in that direction; but this is a question to be solved by each individual, and affects but little the general rule that by labor and in labor man must live. And we fancy the importance of this question is in nine cases out of ten much exaggerated. For many men habit, training, rigorous self-education determine the bent of their activity; for others, accident is the main guide; a few only have that innate talent which is a success in one direction, worse than a failure in another. But in his answer to the next question, what qualities are to guide and color and lie at the root of work, Dr. Smiles is definite and explicit; and he touches and illustrates each of these qualities with singular happiness, when we consider the practical aim of his books. First comes that commonplace and yet most rare of qualities—one which every man believes to be his at any moment it may please him to practice it, and yet

which in its perfection is perhaps the chief constituent of genius—the quality of patience. The power of waiting and working without losing heart is that which perhaps more than any other marks off the leader among men from those whose possibly brilliant qualities are useless and unadaptable. There is the patience of the statesman who can, as the Scotch say, “bide his time,” and who keeps steadily to a clear and definite aim, in the assured confidence that angry and excited clamor will have its day and pass. “*Dixere: quid dicebant? dicant*”—“They have said: what said they? let them say”—is the motto of a northern university, and it contains a far-reaching lesson in moral and mental independence for the students within the walls—that in public as in private concerns, in maintaining a consistent aim as well as in persevering in an appointed task, victory comes to the man who can wait and restrain rash impulses in the midst of excited declamation.

But more is needed. With all our energy after schemes of education, it may be doubted whether knowledge is really greatly valued at the present day for its own sake. It must come by the most easy methods: the great aim is to diminish that labor which is one of the most useful parts of education. No knowledge is prized whose immediate and direct utility is not evident. All this is the very worst means for training a generation for the real work of life. Knowledge of some kind, thoroughly mastered, and mastered by one's own labor, is a first requisite for self-help; and Dr. Smiles rightly counts the lack of any such personal effort as one of the chief dangers of our age.

There is (he says) usually no want of desire on the part of most persons to arrive at the results of self-culture, but there is a great aversion to pay the inevitable price for it, of hard work. Dr. Johnson held that “impatience of study was the mental disease of the present generation”; and the remark is still applicable. We may not believe that there is a royal road to learning, but we seem to believe very firmly in a “popular” one. In education we invent labor-saving processes, seek short cuts to science, learn French and Latin “in twelve lessons,” or “without a master.” We resemble the lady of fashion who engaged a master to teach her on condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles. We get our smattering of science in the same way; we learn chemistry by listening to a short course of lectures enlivened by experiments, and when we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to red, and phosphorus burned in oxygen, we have got our smattering, of which the most that can be said is that, though it may be better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. Thus we often imagine we are being educated while we are only being amused.

The facility with which young people are thus

induced to acquire knowledge, without study and labor, is not education. It occupies but does not enrich the mind. It imparts a stimulus for the time, and produces a sort of intellectual keenness and cleverness; but, without an implanted purpose, and a higher object than mere pleasure, it will bring with it no solid advantage. In such cases knowledge produces but a passing impression; a sensation, but no more; it is, in fact, the merest epicurism of intelligence—sensuous, but certainly not intellectual. Thus the best qualities of many minds, those which are evoked by vigorous effort and independent action, sleep a deep sleep, and are often never called to life except by the rough awakening of sudden calamity or suffering, which, in such cases, comes as a blessing, if it serves to rouse up a courageous spirit that, but for it, would have slept on.

Accustomed to acquire information under the guise of amusement, young people will soon reject that which is presented to them under the aspect of study and labor. Learning their knowledge and science in sport, they will be too apt to make sport of both; while the habit of intellectual dissipation, thus engendered, can not fail, in the course of time, to produce a thoroughly emasculating effect both on the mind and character.

Beyond those first essentials—not merely for the attainment of a selfish aim after individual success, but for the solid and enduring foundation of any greatness in a nation—beyond that patience and perseverance on which Dr. Smiles has insisted, there are other qualities quite capable of being encouraged or drawn out, but yet hardly so much at the command of the individual will. Energy and courage may not come when bidden, but we may still do what we can to gain them: and it is by example more than anything else that our young men may be caught by the right spirit, and the fogs of a nervous and morbid timidity, only too common in our day, may be dispelled. Those who have observed most closely will confirm our statement, when we say that the repression of individual opinion, in deference to some fancied fashion, is often joined in our young men with a forward assumption or affectation, offensive in itself, but in reality due mainly to that want of manly confidence that seeks the defense of bumptiousness. Against the lack of such manliness, against that shrinking from responsibility, against the avoidance of all ready and energetic effort, Dr. Smiles wages war; and the campaign is one which, we are certain, old-fashioned as the precepts may seem, is not without its use, nay, its urgent necessity.

But how—and this is the next question that arises—how are these qualities best to be gained? How may the turn be given that changes the buoyancy of youth into the energy that may sustain labor, instead of the restlessness that wastes itself? How may the seeds of courage and en-

ergy be developed, and, once developed, be nurtured and trained to take a worthy part in the work of the world? The answer to this question completes the view of life which Dr. Smiles lays before us in "Self-Help"; and without claiming for him the place of a pioneer in society, or a profound analyst of character, we may yet assert that his answer is sound, practical, and to the point. It is not by well-ordered social arrangements; not by the recipes of social reformers; not by elaborate organizations; but by the influences that have been present since society existed, the school of the hearth and the teachings of example. It is to the family, that most precious of the institutions of modern society, that Dr. Smiles looks for the first and most decisive bent of character; and his divergence from those who would lower or weaken the family tie, from those social philosophers who would see in it something that restricts or narrows the range of the individual, is wide indeed. Such ideas have been the stock-in-trade of a select coterie, ever since the outbreak of 1789; and they have not failed to be repeated when popular excitement got the better of reason and common sense, or when the indifference of prosperity suffered men to lend a languid interest to any paradox in politics, in society, or in religion. When any pressure comes, in which men are called seriously to face the hard facts of natural existence, when they have gravely to look to the foundations on which society is based, such whims of theory are hardly likely to have much toleration. But for this very reason it is well to have the attention, not of our theorists, but of the practical workers who are the thews and sinews of the nation, called to the importance of conserving with the utmost care this unit of society—the family. "To love the little platoon we belong to in society," says Burke, "is the germ of all public affections." It is but an enlargement of the same idea, when he says elsewhere, "A nation that cares nothing for its ancestors, is likely to care little for its posterity." We can not rid ourselves of our associations, be they domestic or national; we can not create ourselves anew; we can not make ourselves mere social units, any more than we can make cosmopolitanism a root of national action. "Whatever may be the efficiency of schools," says Dr. Smiles, "the examples set in our homes must always be of vastly greater influence in forming the characters of our future men and women. The home is the crystal of society—the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles, and maxims which govern public as well as private life." And this influence affecting the individual with an absolute certainty that nothing can withstand,

this influence based on the first associations of each one of us, is just as little to be set aside when we have to deal with the motives that govern the action of the masses of individuals that we call nations. As Dr. Smiles says in a recent volume:

Nations, like individuals, derive support and strength from the feeling that they belong to an illustrious race, that they are the heirs of their greatness, and ought to be the perpetuators of their glory. It is of momentous importance that a nation should have a great past to look back upon. It steadies the life of the present, elevates and upholds it, and lightens and lifts it up, by the memory of the great deeds, the noble sufferings, and the valorous achievements of the men of old. The life of nations, as of men, is a great treasury of experience, which, wisely used, issues in social progress and improvement; or, misused, issues in dreams, delusions, and failures. Like men, nations are purified and strengthened by trials. Some of the most glorious chapters in their history are those containing the record of the sufferings by means of which their character has been developed. Love of liberty and patriotic feeling may have done much, but trial and suffering, nobly borne, more than all.

Parental influence, then, and the example of those who have gone before us, who have done "a man's work" in the world, these are the means which Dr. Smiles holds to be most efficacious for producing that combination of qualities that results in "self-help." Hence the importance he attaches, and as we think rightly attaches, to biography, a sphere of literary labor in which he himself has done good service. There is no branch of our national literary work which is more potent for good or evil, and none, at the same time, which is more apt to be affected by the current tone of the day. We can not help noticing a tendency, of which not a few biographies of recent date are illustrations, toward glosing over faults, willfully suppressing grave defects of character, stooping to a certain worship of intellectual superiority, or to an emotional admiration of passionate and selfish excitement, which is not merely false as literature, but is deadly in its results. We do not suspect the authors of these biographies of any intentional laudation of simple misdoing; but they have only too truly gauged the taste of an audience, which longs for an object of unlimited admiration or indiscriminating applause as a sort of relief from indifference. But nothing can excuse the gloss thrown over plain truth; and we would infinitely prefer the biography, as simple, as unpretentious, as patently true as those of Dr. Smiles are, to the most subtle analysis, the most self-renouncing hero-worship, which sets before us a picture aping art by falsehood.

The two volumes which are sequels to "Self-Help" treat the same subject, and in much the same practical way. But they divide the subject, as it were, and approach it from different sides. In "Thrift," duty is viewed not so much from its starting-point in a man's own determination and will, not so much as the affair of the individual, alike binding on him in the desert and in society, but as it bears on his social and economical relations. We are brought in this volume face to face with the evils that degrade and lower the different classes of society. The errors against which it bears most heavily are those caused by prevalent vices, by false or fraudulent commercial transactions, by wide-stretching obstinacy on the part of one or another class. The evils that it seeks to remedy are those caused by improvidence, by drink, by a false social standard of consideration. The good at which it aims is the creation of a feeling of independence in each class, an honesty in work, a scrupulousness in commercial morality. Published when our commercial prosperity was seemingly at its highest, it preached a sermon on thrift which the working classes would have done well to lay to heart. Dr. Smiles does not hesitate to speak his mind very plainly when there is need, and spares no current vices. He fixes the blame exactly where it lies, allowing no room for self-flattery by a complaint of institutions:

Complaining that the laws are bad, and that the taxes are heavy, will not mend matters. Aristocratic government, and the tyranny of masters, are nothing like so injurious as the tyranny of vicious appetites. Men are easily led away by the parade of their miseries, which are for the most part voluntary and self-imposed—the result of idleness, thriftlessness, intemperance, and misconduct. To blame others for what we suffer is always more agreeable to our self-pride than to blame ourselves. But it is perfectly clear that people who live from day to day without plan, without rule, without forethought—who spend all their earnings, without saving anything for the future—are preparing beforehand for inevitable distress.

So he quotes from Mr. Norris, speaking of the highly paid miners and iron-workers of Staffordshire at the time of their prosperity:

Improvidence is too tame a word for it—it is recklessness; here young and old, married and unmarried, are uniformly and almost avowedly self-indulgent spendthrifts. One sees this reckless character marring and vitiating the nobler traits of their nature. Their gallantry in the face of danger is akin to foolhardiness; their power of intense labor is seldom exerted except to compensate for time lost in idleness and revelry; their readiness to make "gatherings" for their sick and married comrades seems only to obviate the necessity of previous sav-

ing; their very creed—and, after their sort, they are a curiously devotional people, holding frequent prayer-meetings in the pits—often degenerates into fanatical fatalism. But it is seen far more painfully and unmistakably in the alternate plethora and destitution between which, from year's end to year's end, the whole population seems to oscillate. The prodigal revelry of the *reckoning night*, the drunkenness of Sunday, the refusal to work on Monday and perhaps Tuesday, and then the untidiness of their homes toward the latter part of the two or three weeks which intervene before the next pay-day; their children kept from school, their wives and daughters on the pit-bank, their furniture in the pawn-shop; the crowded and miry lanes in which they live, their houses often cracked from top to bottom by the "crowning in" of the ground, without drainage, or ventilation, or due supply of water—such a state of things as this, coexisting with earnings which might insure comfort and even prosperity, seems to prove that no legislation can cure the evil.

So, too, he quotes with equal emphasis the words of the late Mr. Denison:

What a monstrous thing it is that, in the richest country in the world, large masses of the population should be condemned annually, by a natural operation of nature, to starve to death! It is all very well to say, How can it be helped? Why, it was not so in our grandfathers' time. Behind us they were in many ways, but they were not met every winter with the spectacle of starving thousands. The fact is, we have accepted the marvelous prosperity which has in the last twenty years been granted us, without reflecting on the conditions attached to it, and without nerving ourselves to the exertion and the sacrifices which their fulfillment demands. . . . The people *create* their destitution and their disease. Probably there are hardly any of the most needy who, if they had been only moderately frugal and provident, could not have placed themselves in a position to tide over the occasional months of want of work, or of sickness, which there always must be. . . . I do not underrate the difficulty of laying by out of weekly earnings, but I say it *can* be done. A dock-laborer, while a young, strong, unmarried man, could lay by half his weekly wages, and such men are almost sure of constant employment. . . . Saving is within the reach of nearly every man, even if quite at the bottom of the tree; but if it were of anything like *common* occurrence, the destitution and disease of this city would be kept within quite manageable limits. And this will take place. I may not live to see it, but it will be within two generations. For, unfortunately, this amount of change may be effected without the least improvement in the spiritual condition of the people. Good laws, energetically enforced, with compulsory education, supplemented by gratuitous individual exertion (which will then have a much reduced field and much fairer prospects), will certainly succeed in giving the mass of the people so much light as will generally guide them into so much

industry and morality as is clearly conducive to their bodily ease and advancement in life.

So much for the aims and warnings of "Thrift." In the companion volume on "Character," Dr. Smiles looks rather to the individual than to society. The two aspects imperceptibly glide into one another; but there is nevertheless a certain value in the full illustration of that individual force and native energy which triumph over outside conditions, and which radiate from themselves outward. In treating of this it is more than ever clear that the worship of success and its accidents is no part of Dr. Smiles's teaching. Truth, integrity, courage, perseverance—these are the qualities which are to win that highest of all prizes, self-respect; and whose possessors are not to be known by their success, but by the way they bear either failure or prosperity. Far from being self-centered, they are to have their very spring and animation in unstinted admiration for the high qualities of others. True, we can not expect such maxims to be taught, without any reference to personal or worldly weal. If he attempted so to teach them, Dr. Smiles would only show that he was as ignorant of human nature and of human motives as those generally are who attempt to theorize on conduct without practical experience. But the lines of his teaching in its higher side are only to be seen by taking such typical passages as the following, in the one of which he asserts individual independence, and in the other points to the objects for which that independence has been given:

As for the institutions, however good in themselves, they will avail but little in maintaining the standard of national character. It is the individual men, and the spirit which actuates them, that determine the moral standing and stability of nations. Government, in the long run, is usually no better than the people governed. Where the mass is sound in conscience, morals, and habit, the nation will be ruled honestly and nobly. But where they are corrupt, self-seeking, and dishonest in heart, bound neither by truth nor by law, the rule of rogues and wire-pullers becomes inevitable.

The only true barrier against the despotism of public opinion, whether it be of the many or of the few, is enlightened individual freedom, and purity of personal character. Without these there can be no vigorous manhood, no true liberty in a nation. Political rights, however broadly framed, will not elevate a people individually depraved. Indeed, the more complete a system of popular suffrage, and the more perfect its protection, the more completely will the real character of a people be reflected, as by a mirror, in their laws and government. Political morality can never have any solid existence on a basis of individual immorality. Even freedom, exercised by a debased people, would come to be regarded

as a nuisance, and liberty of the press but a vent for licentiousness and moral abomination.

And again:

We have each to do our duty in that sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty only is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfillment. Of all others, it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying, and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

We have thus endeavored, though in the merest outline, to point out what appear to us to be the main lines of Dr. Smiles's teaching. We conceive its leading maxims to be, that the individual is and ought to be independent, and that reforms of society must begin at the center, or in the moral character of each individual, and can not be wrought by any system or organization, however cunningly conceived; and we believe further, that it teaches that this individual independence is associated with a boundless responsibility; that it lays upon each man not only that first of all duties, self-preservation in its widest sense, but also makes him, by force of example, one of the many architects of the society in which he lives. And further, we conceive Dr. Smiles to teach that this self-preservation is to be attained, this example made operative, by holding steadily before us the comprehensive watchwords of Work and Duty. As we take it, his teaching is valuable, not for the subtlety of its analysis, not for the compactness of its system, but because it casts to the winds all sophisms; because it fights against affectation or sentimentalism; and because it speaks with the voice of a practical man to practical men. We think there can be few at this day who will hesitate to acknowledge the importance, nay, the need for England, of teaching such as this. We have no wish to aggravate a time of hardship by recriminations, or to be unduly hopeless as to the future of our country. We have no admiration for one who croaks over the degeneracy of the age, and sees in it nothing but a decay of men and manners. But there are times—and this is one of them—in which it would be folly to shut our eyes to a possible crisis, in which the nation must appeal to the virtues and the energies of each class and of each individual, and must shake off those imbecilities, those sentimentalisms, those unreasonable contentions, which have threatened her weal. We must rouse ourselves to a higher sense of duty, a greater simplicity of aim, and a more rigid husbanding of our resources. As we look round society, is there any class which might not, with

advantage, learn something from, or at least practice more of, such teaching as that of Dr. Smiles? Have our statesmen done what they could to husband the nation's energies, to keep its calmer judgment paramount, to foster that sense of union and association which makes a society strong? For our men of learning and of letters, have they given us an example of high, self-sacrificing, disinterested work, or have we not too often heard of late of that endowment of research, which is to be a safe provision for the possible worker in the future, not a guerdon for work done under the stimulus of native energy and hope? For our merchants, have recent revelations proved that the commerce of England has been sound, or that the simplest considerations of honor, of duty, or of common honesty, have found even general acceptance? Is it not true that our banking system, which for nearly two hundred years had rested upon the confidence reposed in the honor, the prudence, and the integrity of its management, has received a shock from which it will take a generation at least to recover? Has not our religion served as a cloak for dishonesty, in such a way as to give point to the simplest of those maxims which Dr. Smiles has endeavored to inculcate in our youth? And for our workmen, have they not yielded to the voice of flatterers, each with his pretentious nostrum for all evils? Has not their pursuit of political reforms been too often tinctured by the degrading delusion that the changes they asked for would— not give them more independence and freedom of action—but secure for them, with less work, a greater opportunity for self-indulgence? How have they used the leisure they have gained? Have they, in prosperity, shown that thrift which is the source of all independence, and which

might have helped to meet the evils of a harder time? For their combinations, have these reaped otherwise than they have sown? From those who have often been the most loud-tongued champions of the workmen, who have seen in their actions the best illustrations of the inductions of political economy, it is from them that we now hear the most lugubrious prophecies as to the future. And for our manufacturers, has not the luxury of the day, the false security of large profits, diverted much of that personal attention which might have developed our manufactures, and lost much of that hereditary inventiveness which, a generation ago, was our chief strength? With more of the overseeing brain, and more expenditure of personal energy, should we now have been suffering as we are from the accidental conditions of production?

There are few, we fancy, to whom this picture will seem overdrawn. And if each class has something to reproach itself with, is there not also wanting, as between class and class, a very simple but very important one of the virtues which Dr. Smiles, and thousands before him, have preached? Have we not lost much of that mutual helpfulness which is the counterpart of self-help, which is the foundation of manners, and which itself forms a large chapter of morality? Have we learned to make allowances, to sympathize with the standpoint of another class, to feel that there are grave cases in which personal or party or class differences must grow pale and insignificant before the urgency of a common danger? Have those who claim to be the spokesmen of political liberality nothing to answer for in the fact that class differences were never so bitter as at this day they are?

Quarterly Review.

TOWN-BRED POETS.

THE landscape school of poetry—that which delights in celebrating the charms, the glories, and the sublimities of rural scenery, of the sea, of the mountain, of the forest, of the meadow, and of the garden, of the beauty and freshness of the flowers, and of the music of the groves—is almost peculiar to the British Isles. The ancient Greeks and Romans did not excel in, and scarcely cultivated, this branch of the poetic art. Their poets delighted in describing the actions of men and women, and in the portrayal of the emotions and passions, the loves, the hatreds, the joys and sorrows of the human heart; being of the opinion expressed by Alex-

ander Pope in a later day that “the proper study of mankind is man,” or, as a cynic might say, “the hardest study.” The Italian, French, Spanish, and German poets display more of the antique than the modern spirit in this respect, and draw but few of their illustrations from what is erroneously called “inanimate nature.” The French poet Béranger, for instance, never saw or cared to see a mountain or the ocean, and was quite content to draw such little rural knowledge as he possessed from the trees and the gardens of the Tuileries, or St. Cloud, or the Champs Elysées of his beloved Paris. The poets who write in the English language have different

ideas, and without neglecting the dramatic and historic sources of inspiration, indulge more frequently than those of any other nation in the descriptive, the picturesque, and the reflective, or what may be called the landscape department of their art. They are, for the most part, lyrical rather than heroic; and were it not for the roses and the lilies, and the ever-varying beauties or grandeurs of Nature in her gentlest or wildest moods, would run the risk of starving the Muse for want of her accustomed sustenance.

But our landscape poets bred in towns do not always imitate the conscientious example of the landscape painters, who are the glory of the English school. They too often make mistakes as egregious as would be those of a painter who should introduce into the same picture the bare oak-branches of January with the roses of June and the ripe grapes of October. This mistake is constantly made by versifiers, who take nature at second hand, and do not use their own eyes for the purpose of seeing, but repeat, in parrot-fashion, what has been said before, however incorrect it may be. Sir Walter Scott set a praiseworthy example. He took observations of nature on the spot; and if he wished to describe a landscape, noted what he saw, and nothing more. He never introduced the snowdrop at midsummer, nor the ripe peach in April.

Shakespeare himself may be now and then caught tripping in this respect. "See," says Leigh Hunt in his "Indicator," "what a noble brief portrait of April Shakespeare gives us:

Proud pied April, dressed in all his trim.

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but patterns of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

"Shakespeare," adds his critic, "was fond of alluding to April. He did not allow May to have all his regard because she was richer." But if the rose in the "deep vermillion" of her beauty flourished in April in the days of Shakespeare, there has either been a change in the rose or in the seasons, or Shakespeare drew upon his imagination for a supposed fact, which would not bear the ordeal of cross-examination. Again, he speaks in the song, elegantly set to music by Dr. Arne, commencing, "When daisies pied and violets blue," of a white flower which he calls the lady's-smock, which he describes as in full bloom at the time of the cuckoo. What is now called the lady's-smock is the beautiful wild white convolvulus, which clambers over our English hedges in September, months after the cuckoo has taken her final departure from our shores. But perhaps Shakespeare had some other flower

in his mind, which was known in his time by the name of the lady's-smock. In Mr. Thomas Wright's "Archaic and Provincial Dictionary of the English Language," the lady's-smock is described as the great bindweed or convolvulus, while Mr. Halliwell calls it Canterbury bells. But Canterbury bells are usually blue, and do not belong to the class of meadow flowers which Shakespeare desired to celebrate. Possibly, Shakespeare's remembrances of country life in the neighborhood of Stratford-upon-Avon or the old Forest of Arden may, when he wrote, have been somewhat dimmed and blurred by his town life in the purlieus of the Globe Theatre and Southwark.

Drayton, another poet of the Shakespearean era, has also made allusion to the lady's-smock. He says:

This maiden, in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime
To get sweet setywall,
The honeysuckle, the harlock,
The lily and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall.

In this passage setywall is the common wild valerian of the fields. The lily of May is the little flower known as the lily of the valley, which flourishes in this month. But if the lady's-smock be the great white convolvulus, he brings it into his poem, as Shakespeare did, about three months before its proper time.

William Strode—who wrote a beautiful poem, "In Praise of Melancholy," which seems to have given Milton the first idea of his "Il Penseroso"—was so little acquainted with country life as to have considered that the bat was a bird. He talks of

Places which pale Passion loves,
Moonlight walks when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls.

But of all the town-bred poets—if poet he can be truly called—the greatest offender against the truths of natural history is Isaac Watts, the celebrated author of "Divine and Moral Songs," who has for several generations been known to the young mothers, as well as to the nurses and young children, of England. In one of his celebrated ditties, called "The Ant or Emmet," wherein he inculcates lessons of thrift and foresight, he says of these remarkable little creatures—so well studied in our day by Sir John Lubbock—that "they wear not their time out in sleeping or play." Watts did not know that, in common with bees, flies, and countless other insects, the ants hibernate or sleep all the winter; neither did he know, when he affirmed that "they gathered up corn on a sunshiny day, and

laid up a store for the winter," that what he considered to be grains of corn were no other than their pupæ, or young, which, with maternal and paternal solicitude, they carried to places of safety whenever their nests were disturbed by the rude hands of too inquisitive man. He adds:

They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

A little observation of the nature he attempted to describe would have saved Dr. Watts from these errors, and prevented him from going so ingeniously wrong. Nor is the good Doctor (a thorough Cockney) more correct when he speaks of the gentle, faithful animals, dogs, "as foul and fierce in their nature"; and when he asserts that "birds in their little nests agree," he evidently thought, not only that birds lived habitually in their nests—which they don't, the nest being chiefly used for the purpose of incubation, and deserted as soon as that grand maternal process is completed—but also that birds, in their nest and out of it, never quarreled. The fact is, that birds are about as quarrelsome as men—as every one who has studied their habits can testify; whether the birds be the domestic fowl, or the turkey, or the swan, or even the cantankerous and most pugnacious little black-guard, the sparrow, the very pariah of the feathered creation.

Robert Burns, in whose poetry no traces of such inaccuracies are to be found, and who attentively observed and faithfully described all the natural appearances amid which his life was passed, says in a letter to George Thomson: "The 'Banks of the Dee,' you know, is literally Langolee to slow time. The song is well enough, but has some false imagery in it, for instance:

And sweetly the nightingale sang from the tree.

In the first place, the nightingale sings from a low bush, never from a tree; and, in the second place, there never was a nightingale seen or heard on the banks of the Dee, or any other river in Scotland."

Yet Scottish poets of inferior note constantly speak of the nightingale—as do some of the modern American versifiers, who reëcho the blemishes as well as the beauties of English song, though neither nightingale nor lark was ever heard on the American Continent. Even Mr. Longfellow, who is wiser in this respect than many of his countrymen, speaks of "swallows singing down each wind that blows." Swallows may twitter or chirp, but they can not sing any more than a sparrow.

Coleridge, who lived long enough in town to

forget the country, says in his beautiful poem of "Christabel":

'Tis a month before the month of May,
The night is chill, the forest bare,
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

"A month before the month of May" is clearly the month of April, at which time the forest is no longer "bare," as the poet describes, but has put forth either the tender green leaflets of the spring, or the early buds, which have pushed away all the verdure of the previous year, and left no red leaf of the long-past autumn to tremble in the breeze.

Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, one of the early friends of Burns, and who was conspicuously instrumental in bringing the genius of that great and unfortunate poet to the notice of the literary and aristocratic society of the Scottish capital—a man who could judge of poetry much better than he could write it, a by no means uncommon case—was the author of a once much-admired song entitled "Absence." In this composition he says:

Ye harvests that wave in the breeze
As far as the view can extend,
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend.
Yon landscape what joy to survey,
Were Marg'ret with me to admire,
Then the harvest would glitter, how gay
How majestic the mountains aspire!

This poor gentleman was blind, or possibly he would have thought twice before he celebrated the "umbrageous trees" of the aspiring mountains of Scotland. His blindness must be pleaded in excuse for his incorrectness as a word-painter; but a very town-bred poet, the late Thomas Haynes Bailey, the author of many hundreds of mediocre songs—very popular in their day—had, at all events, his eyesight, and could not, like Dr. Blacklock, urge in extenuation of his inaccuracies that he could not see. One of his songs, that took the unripe fancy of our grandfathers and grandmothers in the days when they were young and foolish, expressed his desire to be a butterfly:

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.

But butterflies are not born in bowers, whether roses and lilies meet there or not; for truth compels the admission that they are born in cabbages, and that in their youthful state as caterpillars—before they have attained to the dignity of wings

—they commit very serious depredations on those useful vegetables, as every gardener knows to his sorrow. Nor is the poet, if a poet he be, which is doubtful, more correct when he says that the butterfly,

Sportive and airy,
Sleeps in a rose when the nightingale sings.

Butterflies do not sleep in roses, in the petals of any other flower, or in other unsheltered places, but take refuge in nooks and crannies, instinctively afraid of the nightingale, who would be very likely to make a meal of them if they came within his sphere of vision.

There was a time in the history of poetry when unreality was its distinguishing characteristic, and when French and English writers vied with each other in producing lyrics that had no touch of nature about them, and when all lovers were made to masquerade as shepherds and shepherdesses, of a kind that have never been seen except on the stage and in the pictures of Watteau. Chloe, Phyllis, or Amanda was always represented with short petticoats, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, with ribbons on them, with a brocade tunic of green, sky-blue, crimson, or innocent white, holding a crook garlanded with flowers; while Corydon, Lubin, or Aminto kept her company in a similar costume, though with nether garments of satin or velvet, casting glances now and then at the sheep, which had ribbons round their necks like ladies' lap-dogs, but devoting the greater part of their attention to themselves, as was proper to people in love. Out of a thousand or even ten thousand specimens of this kind of literature with which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were inundated, the following brick may serve to show of what the temple was constructed. It is the composition of Gilbert Elliott, first Earl of Minto, and dates from the year 1740:

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Augusta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Augusta? why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Augusta no more.

A quarter of a century before this rubbish made its appearance, Alexander Pope shot a bolt of much-needed satire against the too-prevalent inanities which a silly age persisted in recognizing as poetry. The whole composition is too

long to quote; but a couple of stanzas will suffice to show its spirit and its sting:

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus, when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the birds of Juno stooping,
Melody resigns to Fate!

The shaft was well aimed; but stupidity has a long life, and it was not until the publication of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and the rise of the school of natural poetry, of which Wordsworth was the chief apostle and bard, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, that the vast army of the versifiers began to be even dimly aware of the fact that nonsense does not cease to be nonsense merely because it is written in rhythm and rhyme, or because it masquerades under the guise of poetry. This particular delusion is not yet wholly dispelled, or the "Poet's Corner" of provincial newspapers would not continue to be so constantly filled, and such countless volumes of rhymed trash would not be annually published at the expense of their authors. The truest poets are always the most correct. Nothing is too great, and nothing is too small, for their observation. Their genius, as has been said of the elephant's trunk, can pick up the pin as well as rend the oak. "They ransack the broad heavens for new illustrations, or turn over the minutest pebble in the sand for new facts. Nothing escapes them. Everything becomes tributary to their genius." But in all their airy flights between the real and the ideal, their imagination is always true to the laws of imagination—laws that are subservient to those of nature, and which do not permit the poet to outrage truth by the creation of unreal monstrosities, or denials of palpable and universally recognized facts. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, in poetry as in everything else; and, before the town poet attempts to describe rural nature, he ought to study it in all its details. And, in like manner, the poet who has lived all his life among forests, or in the valleys of the mountain slopes, should know something of the life of cities, and the fermentation of human life in multitudes, before he begins to trace the lines of heroic or dramatic composition. Nature herself is an artist, and if the poet be not one he has mistaken his vocation.

All the Year Round.

TWO LADIES.

THE present generation is much disposed to think that a great many ideas are of its invention, which are in reality as old as the hills, and as firmly rooted in human nature as are these ancient summits in the green earth. One of these, and a very prominent one, is that of the employment of women—a supposed novelty which has given to many busy persons in our age the delightful conviction of being themselves inventors, apostles, and missionaries of an altogether novel undertaking—one for which it was not unlikely they might be sent to the stake, if not of actual burning, at least of popular indignation and opposition. The critics of women—who are more or less the whole “male sect,” just as the female part of the community are the unsparing though less demonstrative critics of men—are fond of saying that heat and excitement are unfailing accompaniments of all female advocacy, whatsoever its objects may be; and perhaps there is something of this in the polemical, warlike, and indignant assertion of the right of women to toil, which has been of late days so strenuously put forth. We are not inclined to combat that assertion. For our own part, we are much disposed to believe that the greatest and most fundamental wrong done to women in this world is the small appreciation ever shown—at least in words—of the natural and inevitable share of the world’s work which they can not avoid, and which no one can say they do not fulfill uncomplainingly. So long as the occupations of mother and housekeeper are taken for granted as of no particular importance, and the woman who discharges them is treated simply as one of her husband’s dependents, her work bearing no comparison with that of the “bread-winner,” so long will all hot-headed and high-spirited women resent the situation. But this is not the question that we have here to discuss. We began by saying that the present generation considers itself to have invented the idea that women have a right to the toils and rewards of labor, notwithstanding the long array of facts staring them in the face from the beginning of history, by which it is apparent that, whenever it has been necessary, women *have* toiled, have earned money, have got their living and the living of those dependent upon them, in total indifference to all theory. The “widow-woman” with her “small family”—and there is scarcely any one who is not acquainted with two or three specimens of this class—has not waited for any popular impulse, poor soul, to put her shoulder to the wheel, nor has stopped to consider whether the work she

could get to do was feminine, so long as she could get it, and could get paid for it, and get bread for her children. In all classes of society the existence of need has been a key which has opened spheres of labor to women, and developed capabilities of work which have had nothing to do with any theory. And even on a much higher level than that which we have already indicated, those persons are few who do not number among their acquaintance some lady whom the necessities of existence have forced into active competition with other strugglers for bread. These workers, perhaps, may not have found their career so dignified as that, for example, of the young female conveyancer whom we lately heard of, whose chambers in Lincoln’s Inn are thronged by clients; but at all events they managed to keep their heads above water, and did their work, though with little blowing of trumpets. The two ladies* whose memorials lie before us—one the record of a life which is over, the other the recollections of a still vivacious and active intelligence, which we hope may yet derive a great deal of tranquil pleasure from the evening time of life—give admirable proof of what we have said. They were friends, and belonged to the same society more or less: they were in full tide of their lives, if not beginning to wane, when the agitations of recent times were but beginning; which did not hinder them, however, from stepping into the busy current of active life when necessity made it desirable so to do—finding work that suited them, and doing it, as well as if all England got up in church on Sunday and said, “I believe that women ought to be allowed to work” at all the trades in the world. Anna Jameson and Fanny Kemble were not, it may be said, ordinary women; they had each a special gift—but it was not the highest manifestation of that gift that either possessed. Fanny Kemble was not worthy, she would herself be the first to admit, to loose the latchet of her aunt, the great Mrs. Siddons, who preceded her in her trade; nor can Mrs. Jameson be considered a person of that overmastering genius which holds its place by divine right. And neither the one nor the other had, so far as these books indicate, that strongest stimulus of a woman’s exertion, a family of children to be brought up. Yet neither of them found any obstacles

* *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson.* By her Niece, Gerardine Macpherson. London: Longmans & Co. *Records of a Girlhood.* By Fanny Kemble. London: Richard Bentley & Son. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

worth speaking of between them and the professions which they respectively chose.

Much more interesting, however, than any argument which they can illustrate, are the chapters of life which they supply. The fact that they came across each other at various points of their life, and that each has something to say about the other, gives a double interest to the twin threads of story. Both were admirable and devoted daughters; both were unhappy wives; both had to fight their own way, through storms and troubles, from a beginning full of that bright happiness, hope, and visionary daring which somehow seem, nowadays, almost more conspicuous in young women of talent than in young men, to a life of achievement more moderate than their ideal, and of sorrow far beyond any prognostication. In other respects those two women were very different. Mrs. Jameson was sentimental and Miss Kemble gay; but, indeed, any attempt to compare them would be out of place, since the recollections of the latter are confined to the earlier part of her life, and can not be judged as we can estimate the entire and perfect chrysolite of the other's completed career.

Mrs. Jameson's memoir comes to us under sad circumstances. It had not been intended to publish any biography of her; and when at last her favorite niece, after an interval of many years, took it in hand, she was herself already overshadowed by the glooms of the valley of death, and died before the book was through the press. It is a modest and in many respects graceful memoir, giving a very unaffected and agreeable picture of a woman whose character and its defects, whose style and studies, were all womanly; and of the society in which she lived, with some glimmering side-lights of foreign society, in which she shone, a faint yet luminous star—a representative of English culture and literary grace. Her travels are much less remarkable now than when she made them; her attainments were never, perhaps, very great, or her insight very profound; but her work in the world was very distinct and perfect in its way—true to all it professed, well considered, and full of the poise and balance which only leisure and reflection can give.

We do not find in her books any of the hurry and precipitation to which we are getting used in most literary productions. She says indeed, again and again, that nothing would induce her to bind herself to a certain time of publication, which she calls "putting herself in bondage to the booksellers." Alas! the bondage thus undertaken means, in many cases, a preliminary bondage to life, in comparison with which the hardest of taskmasters is liberal. Mrs. Jameson had learned a lesson which her successors in lit-

erature find it more and more difficult to master. She had acquired the art of content with earnings that were never great, and of life within the strict limits of her capability. The man or woman who does this need never fear to be hurried into ignoble or imperfect work; but of all the arts within human reach it is perhaps, in this age, the most hard. The contrast between the modest existence and limited production of such a writer, and the perpetual overstrain of exertion and greater social independence of her successors in literature, is very marked. It indicates, perhaps, a change in national manners, as well as in those of individuals. The author in earlier days was very well content to be the attendant star of some noble or wealthy house, getting society and its privileges upon a footing which was not exactly that of inferiority, often, indeed, that of flattered elevation and nominal sovereignty—but never upon an equal footing; and even in the more recent past up to the borders of to-day, though individual patrons are less notable, society itself has assumed this protecting attitude. More or less, let us allow it, the artist's position has always been the same. He has been supposed to lend luster, in the days of more magnificent patronage, to the court or the great man who entertained him. He has been the ornament and pride of the society which never in its soul has considered him as more than its dependent; although, after all the little details of every-day intercourse were over, and the patron and the patronized both dead and turned to clay, his position has appeared, in the light of subsequent records, a very delightful and admirable one, and he himself the central light in the picture, of which he was in reality, could we but know, the merest little twinkling taper. Time sets all this to rights in the most astonishing way—changing every social arrangement, "putting down the mighty from their seats" in true Biblical fashion, though perhaps those who are "exalted" can scarcely be termed the "humble and meek." Sir Walter Scott, perhaps, was the first writer who set his face against this order of things. He wanted to establish a family, everybody says; to be a country magnate, and leave to his sons and grandsons after him (alas!) the inheritance of that magnificent position. Perhaps; we say nothing against the universal verdict which has marked out this foolishness (if foolishness it was) in the mind of the most sensible of all men of genius. But, we humbly opine, there was something more in it. Sir Walter was not a man to be patronized, though in the most flattering way. He was the first great writer who was determined to be socially independent—to be the host and not the guest, to give and not to receive. Alas! we know what came of it. We who have been bred

upon Sir Walter are loath to allow that anything of his (short of "Count Robert" or "Castle Dangerous") is too much; and of all noble struggles on record, *his* struggle against debt and dishonor—with hasty taskwork of not always admirable but always honest work, for which it pleased the public (God bless it for the memory of that wise and gracious folly!) to pay absurd prices—is one of the most noble. Still it was a grievous and a painful price to pay for the position not only of a Scotch laird (we are disposed to think a secondary aspiration), but of host and entertainer of the whole world at Abbotsford—genial prince of letters, not the "ornament" of anybody else's society, were it a king, but head of his own. The fashion thus set has had results which Sir Walter did not contemplate. Society, finding that way decidedly cheaper, has recognized the revolt against patronage by giving it up to a great degree; and, alas! in a great many cases the artist, not giving up society, but in the heyday of success feeling himself rich enough in his pen or pencil to cock his beaver with any man, has set up for equality, as Sir Walter did, and in something of the same way—hence how many floods of hurrying books one on the heels of another! how many brilliant splashes of raw pictures, hard transcripts of nature that mean nothing but so many hundreds or thousands of pounds! This is the drawback of that social independence which means a more expensive life than we can afford. Would it be better to go back (if we could) to the position of "ornaments of society," acknowledging ourselves the legitimate amusers of our betters, and nothing more? There is something that would perhaps be still more expedient than this—which is, to do without our betters, to give up all hankerings after them, and try "the little oatmeal" which has proved such excellent fare—the "high thinking and poor living" which is so good for art. If we always could when we would!

This is once more a digression; but it indicates, we think, a marked difference in the life of our own days, when literature is becoming, or has become, a profession like any other; and those who follow it, and who are known to be able to earn a very good, substantial income by it, are no longer supposed to require the petting and admiring pity of the world as persons whose very gifts imply a certain folly and want of practical qualities. This tradition still lingered when Mrs. Jameson rose into popularity as the author of a pretty, languishing little book of travel, in which, besides a good deal of sentimental self-dramatizing, there were some charming descriptions of places little enough known to excite the eager reader whose imagination was then apt to take fire at the very name of Italy, and some

indications of a budding comprehension of art. The pretty young woman who gained this entirely lady-like triumph had just been married, and was now no melancholy *ennuyée* at all, though she had known troubles even at that early stage. She was not a girlish bride, being about thirty at the time of her marriage; but there is nothing in that age to prevent her from being a pretty young woman, golden-haired and fair, with beautiful hands and arms, and a lovely complexion, as one of her contemporaries—the lady whose name we have linked with hers, Fanny Kemble—describes her. Before she came to this stage, however, there had been a good deal of change and variety, and some touch of hardship, in her life. Her father, whose name was Murphy, an Irish miniature-painter of very considerable ability, as some of his miniatures still existing amply testify, had probably some difficulty, as is unfortunately common enough in artists' households, in making both ends meet; and his eldest child, the eldest of a little party of five sisters—just the kind of family which is the most delightful in babyhood, and most alarming when the question of providing for them comes to be considered—very soon seems to have been seized by the prophetic conviction that she was to take this burden upon her with as little delay as possible. Nothing can be prettier than the picture of the five little maidens, four of them in awe and unquestioning subjection to their sister, who followed their parents in their wanderings about the north of England, and final settlement in London. The others were, it is likely, as little impressed by any struggles of poverty in the house as children generally are; but little Anna understood and foresaw that it was her business to remedy that domestic trouble. When she was about twelve, she conceived for this purpose a notable plan. She gathered her little sisters together, probably after some unrecorded family incident which had made the situation clear to her, and harangued them. Here were four of them from twelve downward (the fifth being still in the cradle), eating the bread of idleness, she said, while their father and mother were struggling. Her plan was—that they should immediately "set out for Brussels, learn the art of lace-making, work at it at once successfully, and achieve in the shortest possible time a fortune with which to set their parents at ease for the future. The proceeding was *tout simple*. . . . The plan would be to take their course straight along by the banks of the Paddington Canal as far as it went, then inquire which was the nearest road to the coast, and then take ship for Belgium." This heroic scheme did not come to anything, through the weakness of one of the little conspirators. But it is as pretty a story of childish heroism and foolishness, delightfully true

and touching in both, as we ever remember to have heard. The high-spirited child is an ideal little heroine.

This and a few other charming anecdotes are derived from the recollections of the one surviving sister, a lady who has, we believe, attained the venerable age of eighty, with intelligence as bright and heart as warm as ever. "Camilla remembers still how Anna, with her head erect and her blue eyes gleaming, would declaim the well-known verses—

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I'll follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky—

till the other feeble voices of the nursery party had learned to lisp them after her, a little awed, and wondering at their own heroism." And when time had somewhat matured the young savior of the family—but not much, for she was only sixteen—Anna went out into the world as a governess, which perhaps was harder than the lace-making. The chief thing that interests us in her "Diary of the Ennuyée" is just the side glimpse afforded, quite unwittingly, of this governess life—the unconscious revelation of her own partial solitude in the midst of a gay party, which she puts down to the score of the mysterious sorrow in which it is her pleasure to shroud herself, the mild feminine Byronism of a heart-broken wanderer. No doubt it was, as her biographer suggests, a fashion of the time.

The little book which first brought her into notice was not written to be printed at all. It was made up of the contents of a journal which it was her practice to keep, and which she kept all her life, though the later volumes were destroyed. A governess of some genius on the grand tour with her pupils and their family, who were of no genius at all—a young woman who had quarreled with her lover and broken off her engagement, and had a turn for writing—what more easy than to understand what sort of a book it was? Few people nowadays know much of the "Diary of an Ennuyée"; but the elders among us, and especially ladies who were young about that time, or indeed twenty years after that time, will certainly have fallen in with the elegant little volume, so pretty and spirited, so melancholy and languishing—the very ideal book which the heroine in white satin or the confidante in white muslin might have—granted the gift of composition—been expected to write. We advise the reader, if he finds it on some dusty bookshelf, to make acquaintance with that melancholy young lady. He will not cry, probably, as his contemporaries did, but he will often smile, and he will like her, notwithstanding her sincere af-

fection. She has the courage to venture some very rash judgments upon pictures which made her own hair stand on end in after and more enlightened days; and she affords us glimpses, unintentional, of her own position, which are touching without any intention of being so. The journal was brought out by a sort of quack publisher and Jack-of-all-trades after she had recovered from her dejection, and had, unhappily for her, made it up with her lover; and she got a guitar with the price, which, no doubt, it was by no means disagreeable to her to play with her beautiful hands. Miss Martineau gives an ill-natured line, in her general abuse of all her acquaintance, to a lady thinly protected by an initial, Mrs. J—, who lets her hand hang over the back of a chair by way of showing its beauty. And why not? A pretty hand is not a possession to be hid.

Mrs. Jameson's marriage was entirely unsuccessful and unhappy. The story of it, as given here, is perhaps inadequate, and scarcely accounts for the superficial and brief union, the ever-widening breach, between these two unsuitable people. Evidently not half is told, or would bear telling, though the writer is anxious to assure the public that no wrong of a serious kind, no greater blame on one side or the other than that of absolute incompatibility, existed between the unfortunate pair. There is an account of an incident which happened in the first week of their marriage, however, which throws some light upon the character of the husband, who is not the subject of the memoir, and for whom there is not even a devil's advocate to plead, though Mrs. Macpherson has been scrupulous in throwing no unnecessary mud upon him:

The pair had been married in the middle of the week—Wednesday, my informant believes—and settled at once in their lodgings. On the Sunday Mr. Jameson announced his intention of going out to the house of some friends, with whom he had been in the habit of spending Sunday before his marriage. The young wife was struck dumb by this proposal. "But," she said, "they do not know me; they may not want to know me. Would it not be better to wait until they have time at least to show whether they care for my acquaintance?" "That is as you please," said the husband; "but in any case, whether you come or not, I shall go." The bride of three or four days had to make up her mind. How could she intrude herself upon strangers? But supposing, on the other hand, any friend of her own should come, any member of her family, to congratulate her on her happiness, how could her pride bear to be found alone and forsaken on the first Sunday of her married life? Accordingly, with an effort she prepared herself, and set out with him in her white gown— forlorn enough, who can doubt? They had not gone far when it began to rain; and taking advan-

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tage of this same white gown as a pretext for escaping from so embarrassing a visit, she declared it impossible to go farther. "Very well," once more said the bridegroom. "You have an umbrella. Go back, by all means; but I shall go on." And so he did; and though received, as his astonished host afterward related, with exclamations of bewilderment and consternation, carelessly ate his dinner with them, and spent the rest of the evening until his usual hour with perfect equanimity and unconcern.

This curious story is as much as we need give of the record of Mrs. Jameson's matrimonial troubles. Fortunately, circumstances as well as inclination kept the pair much apart; and when, after a cheerless visit paid by the wife to the husband in Canada, and dreary attempt to renew their relations on a better footing which it is to be supposed both made conscientiously, yet which failed completely, they parted, he declaring that in leaving him she carried with her his "most perfect respect and esteem. . . . My affection you will never cease to retain," he adds. The wife, on her side, makes no response to these pretty sayings, and never seems to have assured him of respect and esteem on her part. His letters are very neat, and nicely expressed; while in hers there is always a suppressed tone of aggrieved indignation. Oddly enough, her friends say that as much love as there was between this strange couple was on the woman's side. However, they parted with these fine expressions of confidence twelve years after their marriage, and saw each other no more.

Mrs. Jameson returned after this painful expedition to her own family, of which, henceforward, she became the chief stay. Her husband gave her an allowance of three hundred pounds a year; but very soon her father's life was threatened by paralysis, and, though he lived for many years longer, he was never able for work again. The sisters, once making so pretty a group in their adoring submission to their elder sister, were now, like herself, growing into middle age. Two of them married, not in such a way as to be of much use to their relations; and the two unmarried, along with the father and mother, fell upon Anna's hands. She was, as we have said, a writer more elegant than vigorous, a workwoman fastidious about her work, and entirely incapable of the precipitation of modern toil; but nevertheless she took up this burden without a murmur, and patiently eked out her income with a great deal of industry, much grace and limpid purity of style, and a subdued sense of the hardship of her position, which never for one moment made her falter in the doing of this affectionate duty. She produced another pretty

book, in which there lingers much of the melancholy and more or less sentimental charm of the "Ennuyée"—a book about the Women of Shakespeare, in which there is not indeed much profound criticism, but a great deal of charming writing. The "elegant female" is never quite absent from our mind when we glance over those graceful discussions; yet we can not help wondering whether the girls who read them were not far more likely to become refined and cultivated women, than those who are brought up upon George Sand and De Musset, or those who, like some intelligent specimens we have lately met with, pursue the "higher education of women" through all manner of lecturings, without knowing who Portia is, or that Beatrice who could have eaten the heart in the market-place of the man who had scorned her friend. Elegant and a little artificial as they may be, these gentle disquisitions upon the highest and noblest of poetical creations, always pure, generous, and lofty in their tone, are better things by far than much that has supplanted them. It was still "chiefly for my own sex" that Mrs. Jameson proposed to write; and we think, for our own part—notwithstanding that "the female figure seated dejectedly beneath a tall lily-bush" watching "the tiny bark vanishing into a stormy distance," which forms its frontispiece, is, in its conventional elegance and feeble drawing, not uncharacteristic of the literary matter it prefaces—that there is a healthier soul in its enthusiasm, and a far higher aim, than we are apt to meet with nowadays. This pretty book is, we believe, out of print: it deserves reinvestiture in that apparel better than many productions of much greater importance. "The female figure under the lily" was a pretty compliment to the young friend, Fanny Kemble, to whom the book was dedicated, and who was then disappearing into a very stormy distance indeed—over the misty Atlantic, seeking fortune for her family and herself, as Anna Jameson, with less *déclat* and much less profit, was seeking a living for her dependents at home.

The story of the struggling and laborious life in which she did this is often very pathetic: it had its times of depression, its gleams of better hope. Sometimes, in her letters, she complains of the want of companionship to which her life is doomed; sometimes, with tender bravery, declares herself to have "love and work enough" to keep her spirit strong. Her family, more or less, were always dependent on her; and as if she had not enough to do with the father and mother and sisters, who were none of them overprosperous, the childless woman took upon her the training and charge of one of the two children who were the sole representatives of the family in the second generation—the little Gerardine,

about whom all her correspondents speak as of the dearest interest in her life. Very pretty is the picture she herself gives of this vicarious motherhood :

"I wish you could see the riot they make on my bed in the morning," she writes, "when Gerardine talks of Richard the First—the hero of her infantine fancy—whose very name makes her blush with emotion ; and little Dolly Dumpling (by baptism and the grace of God *Camilla Ottilie*) insists upon reciting 'Little Jack Horner,' who is *her* hero. They are my comfort and delight."

Yet there were many times when she felt bitterly enough those privations of the heart which all must feel who have no one in the world absolutely and by right their own.

"In the whole wide world I have no companion," she says, in a very interesting and touching letter. "All that I do, think, feel, plan, or endure, it is alone. . . . You think I am not religious enough. I fear you are right ; for if I were, God would be to me all I want, replace all I regret thus selfishly and weakly, and more, if to believe and trust implicitly in the goodness of God were enough : but apparently it is not ; and my resignation is that which I suppose a culprit feels when irrevocable sentence of death is pronounced—a submission to bitter necessity, which he tries to render dignified in appearance, that those who love him may not be pained or shamed."

Such were the different moods of her refined and sensitive nature. "Do not think that I voluntarily throw up the game of life," she adds. And it is very clear that she never was permitted to do so, though now and then a fit of impatience and weariness would seize her, and she would rush away from the little coterie at home to the freer air at a distance, where her cares might be forgotten for a moment, and the daily evidences of them be lost sight of. The heart-sickness of that perpetual up-hill struggle against difficulty, and the strain of keeping, not her own head only, but so many other heads above water, can be read between the lines rather than in full revelation—her very biographer being, as she herself says, "too near" the subject of her sketch to get her in just perspective, and too much imbued with the natural family feeling of property in the bread-winner to feel the full meaning of the very phrases she quotes.

Mrs. Jameson, however, was far from being lonely, according to the superficial meaning of the word. She exclaims in playful impatience that it would be almost as good to have a friend in heaven as in America ! yet she had many very warm friends in different parts of the globe, and had at all times of her life a genius for friendship. For the long space of about twenty years her connection with Lady Byron was so close as to

be half resented by many other friends, who found her separated from them by the "absorbing" and "engrossing" effect of this master-friendship. And there is a curious glimpse afforded us of this strange woman—a glimpse which certainly does not throw any light more warm or kindly upon the self-contained being, who seems to have had the faculty of drawing her friends into her orbit without ever for a moment deflecting from its rigid course by any movement of sympathy or self-abandonment on her own part. Mrs. Jameson was one of those who were swallowed up in the absorbing and stifling atmosphere of personal influence which surrounded her : until the moment came when the humbler friend disturbed in some mysterious way the self-satisfaction of the greater, when she was suddenly cast forth into outer darkness—tossed to the outside earth like a fallen meteor, and excluded from all the doubtful advantages of the connection which had stifled her intercourse with less exacting associates. Mrs. Macpherson is disposed to be mysterious about this breach, and speaks of it with bated breath—with a sense of the tremendous importance of it to her aunt, which the reader will be disposed to smile at ; but it is evident that even the rebellious youthful member of the society overshadowed by Lady Byron's presence could not calmly contemplate the penalty of being torn from her side, or look upon that severance in the light of ordinary good sense. "Mrs. Jameson had become, partially by accident, acquainted with some private particulars affecting a member of Lady Byron's family which had not been revealed to Lady Byron herself," the biographer says, with studied reticence. "When these facts were finally made known at the death of the person chiefly concerned, Lady Byron became aware at the same time of Mrs. Jameson's previous acquaintance with them" ; and the result was a breach which, she believes, shortened her aunt's life, and, according to her own complaint, "broke her heart." Fatal woman, whom even to be friends with was dangerous ! will the world, we wonder, ever get a real glimpse under the veil so studiously draped round this mysterious personage ? If they do—which is certainly not desirable—it seems more than likely that the unveiling would reveal, as in so many other cases, but a sorry idol underneath ; but there is a certain picturesqueness in the figure in shadow, of which we can not discover anything more than an outline. This, however, seems to have been the only quarrel which disturbed Mrs. Jameson's many friendships, and it was a cruel blow to her.

In 1849 she went to Italy, taking with her the child to whom there have been so many references ; and there is nothing more interesting

in this very touching volume than the half-remorseful, modest, and tender description of the (one is tempted to think) far more real disappointment and heart-break innocently occasioned by herself to the adopted mother whose warmest tie to life she was—which is given by Mrs. Jameson's affectionate biographer after life and experience had opened her eyes, and showed to her the breaking up of hopes and plans which her own girlish romance had caused. Upon this particular expedition Mrs. Jameson set out with more pleasure than usual, and with a much more extended plan—the companionship of the bright, sweet, intelligent, seventeen-year-old girl making everything brighter and sweeter to the woman who had hungered for something that should be her very own. "My first thought and care must be my child for the next year, or perhaps two years," she writes, with all the happy importance of a mother, proud to make the most of the anxiety which is her happiness; "the means of instruction and improvement for her are what I seek first everywhere"; and that "the masters are good" becomes another attraction to Florence, in itself always so attractive to a traveler of her special tastes and studies. Her letters from Rome, when she gets there, are full of the same pleasant reference. "Gerardine officiates very prettily" at the tea-table when her aunt's friends drop in of an evening; but must not go out too often, "for the little head can not stand it." Even her own chosen friends take a new aspect to her as seen in their relations to this cherished child. "Dear Mrs. Reid" takes Gerardine out occasionally: Madame von Goethe gives her "a beautiful scarf." A new and sweet completeness is thus given to the elder woman's life, and old Rome brightens to her in the light of the young eyes seeing them for the first time, and enjoying everything they see with all the enthusiasm of youth. But "in the very moment when Providence seemed to have given to Mrs. Jameson a child who might cherish and comfort her for years, and make up to her a little for the adversities of fate—at the time when she began to get a little real pleasure and aid from the girl to whom she had been a second mother all her life—another great disappointment was already preparing for her."

I can not but feel with a remorseful pang (Mrs. Macpherson continues) how bitter it must have been to her to see the child she had so cherished desert her so summarily. It is the course of nature, as people say; and it is only by the teaching of years that we perceive how hardly the loves and joys of our youth often fall upon those from whom the tide of our own personal life and story carries us away. Mrs. Jameson, of course, no more than any other in her position, would willingly have kept her niece unmarried, in order to make of her a perma-

nent companion; but the speedy conclusion of this companionship startled her, and I fear must be reckoned among the disappointments of her life.

Mrs. Jameson was able to continue her noble service to her family to the very end of her life, and her merits secured for her sisters a pension when she died. The volumes of "Sacred and Legendary Art" have not lost their value or their popularity, notwithstanding the much more pretentious exponents of the subject who have risen since her time. If her taste does not conform to the latest canons of art-criticism, or if the fashion of the *cognoscenti* has changed since then, and Raphael given place to Botticelli among the highest authorities, that does not affect the beauty of her narratives, or the value of the delightful knowledge of which she has been one of the most popular and attractive of teachers. We know few more charming books than the "Legends of the Madonna" and the "Saints," with the delicate illustrations, which, though perhaps they too show now and then a little feebleness of line, yet are full of grace and sweetness. In some corners of the etchings may be seen a tiny G. here and there, which stands for the young helper, the child, the shadow, the biographer, whose name is now joined to hers in this last and doubly close union for ever—for as long a "for ever" as their modest merits may win them from a forgetful world.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble comes before us in her own person, with the kindly salutation of an old friend, and that pleasant confidence in the interest of her readers which, when there is anything to justify it, is always so ingratiating. In this case there is a great deal to justify it. Not only the position of an old favorite of the public, always received with pleasure, and the representative of a family dear to the arts, and accustomed to be much in the eye of the world; but her own talent, bright intelligence, and vivacious power, have made the familiar title of Fanny Kemble—a name somewhat too familiar when the possessor stands upon the boundaries of old age—pleasant to thousands: and it is delightful to read an autobiography which, though containing plenty of difficulty and trouble, is yet concerned with the brighter part of life, and has no doleful postscript to wind up its pleasant revelations. The book is well named. It is in reality what it professes to be—the "Records of a Girlhood"—and embraces the training, antecedents, and brilliant beginning of professional life, which made its writer so well known in England—but little more. There is therefore but little dramatic interest in it. It is a fragmentary bit of life—the story of youth with its romance discreetly deleted, and no place left in the chronicle for those episodes which at twenty

tell for so much in existence. But the reader need not fear that with this sparkling and lively companion he is likely to tire of the unromantic pathway by which she leads him. Youth can never be without romance; there is variety, hope, and infinite suggestiveness in every curve of the pleasant way, at the turn of which no one can ever tell what wonderful new landscape, what delightful prospect, may not open upon the traveler. And a more charming young woman it has rarely been our lot to meet than the young lady who tells all about her schools and her comrades, her pleasant home, her tender upbringing, and all the early chances of her life, with so much sincerity and openness. The same society in which we found ourselves with Mrs. Jameson is to be met again in these pleasant pages, but with differences. Instead of the stern benevolence of Lady Byron, we have the bright young household of Lord Francis Egerton, who was also a dabbler in ink and a lover of the artistic classes; and fine society in general is treated from a lighter point of view, and with less perhaps of the proper awe which we all owe to that elevated portion of the world. Miss Fanny was saucy, as her high popularity warranted, and could deal with her patrons on more equal ground than was possible to the woman of letters. And it is curious to see how these two ladies appear in each other's recollections under a somewhat different light from that in which they are presented to us in their own. Mrs. Jameson's opinion of Fanny Kemble was very exalted. She consulted her about her Shakespeare book, dedicated it to her, and comments on her genius in terms which seem somewhat exaggerated at this distance—speaking of her "almost unequaled gifts," and the trials that must await such a spirit; and describing one of her plays, as regretting greatly to have heard only a part of it, which "was beautiful, and affected me very powerfully." Mrs. Kemble does not give the same superlative picture of her elder friend. She has a somewhat care-worn air as she appears and disappears in the young actress's lively records. "What a burden she has to carry! I am so sorry for her," the girl says, who is still free of personal care notwithstanding the family troubles, in which she takes a sympathetic part. "Mrs. Jameson came and sat with me some time," she says. "We talked of marriage, and a woman's chance of happiness in giving her life into another's keeping. I said I thought if one did not expect too much one might secure a reasonably fair amount of happiness, though of course the risk one ran was immense. I never shall forget the expression of her face; it was momentary, and passed away almost immediately, but it has haunted me ever

since." Thus the one shadow flits across the other, in that past which is now no more than a tale that is told.

Fanny Kemble was the niece of the great Mrs. Siddons and of John Kemble, and the daughter of Charles Kemble, who was also an accomplished actor in his day. Her mother was of French origin, and according to the accounts of her given in this book, was a woman of singularly beautiful character and great acquirements, especially distinguished by admirable theatrical taste and judgment. She had herself been on the stage in her youth, but had left it shortly after her marriage, and distinguished herself by as great a gift for household management, and the most exquisite cookery. Fanny was her eldest daughter and second surviving child, and in her youth a little pickle of the most unmanageable description, out of whom no satisfaction, not even that of making her suffer by the punishments that were inflicted upon her, could be had, the monkey being too proud or too light-hearted to care. Her account of her schools and her experiences is both pretty and amusing, and still more charming is the picture she presents of the player-folk among whom she was born and bred. So far as is to be seen from this memoir, no house in England could have possessed a more refined atmosphere, or habits more entirely worthy, pure, and honest. The fictitious excitement in which actors are supposed to live, seems to have had no existence among them; the only jar is the frequent and alarmed reference to the greatest personage of the kindred, the stately Mrs. Siddons, whose old age Fanny speaks of with a certain horror. "What a price she has paid for her great celebrity!" she cries; "weariness, vacuity, and utter deadness of spirit. The cup has been so highly flavored, that life is absolutely without savor or sweetness to her now—nothing but tasteless insipidity. She has stood on a pinnacle till all things have come to look flat and dreary, mere shapeless, colorless monotony, to her." This note of alarm is the only one that breaks into the delightful and respectable home-life amid which the girl grew up, shivering a little at sight of the Tragic Muse, so changed and fallen, but with nothing around herself but the protection and security of a refined and careful English home. Her father had Covent Garden on his shoulders, the costly undertaking which had broken the heart and spirit of other members of his family, and which brought to him something very like ruin; but kept his head high against difficulty and discouragement, though daily fearing the crash which, staved off by one expedient after another, and most of all by his daughter's appearance on the stage and great success there.

had to come at last. But there seems to have been nothing hugger-mugger or disorderly in the actor's house, though this shadow was for ever hanging over it, the income small and the needs many. Mrs. Kemble says that her father's income was but eight hundred pounds a year, of which her eldest brother's expenses at the university took away about three hundred—a proof of his anxiety to equip his son in the best way for the struggle of life, which is very impressive and noble. Almost of course, this expensively trained son carried out none of the hopes set upon his head, but followed a *spécialité* of his own choosing, and *en tout bien et tout honneur*, gave his family more anxiety than aid. But the sacrifice thus made shows how little the conventional idea of the harum-scarum existence of the stage, with all its excitements and supposed irregularity, is to be credited. No family could be more actors than the Kembles, and the mother of the household had been on the stage from her childhood, brought up amid all its unwholesome commotions; but from the other side of the picture we see nothing but the most highly toned family life, and that heroic struggle to raise their children a step above their own precarious level of existence, and give them the means of advancement, which always enlists the spectator's best feelings and sympathies.

The most interesting portion of these recollections is that which describes the way in which Fanny stepped into the breach, and did her best to prop up the big theatre and the family fortune on her own delicate girlish shoulders—an heroic act, though one that did little more than postpone the evil day. She was nineteen when the crisis which had been long approaching seemed at last to have become inevitable. "My mother, coming in from walking one day," she tells us, "threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. . . . 'Oh, it has come at last!' she answered; 'our property is to be sold. I have seen that fine building all covered with placards and bills of sale. The theatre must be closed, and I know not how many poor people will be turned adrift without employment.'" This bad news filled the anxious and sympathetic girl with distress. She begged to be allowed to write to her father, to ask his permission to "seek employment as a governess, so as to relieve him, at once, at least of the burden of my maintenance." To this forlorn plan—the natural first idea of a generous girl longing to help somehow, and snatching at the first melancholy helpless way of doing so that presented itself to her mind—the mother gave an ambiguous answer; but next day suddenly spoke of the stage, and suggested that Fanny should study a part out of Shakespeare, and recite it to her. The girl chose

Portia—a character of which she speaks with unflinching enthusiasm; but on her recitation of this her mother made little comment. She said: "There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. I wish you would study Juliet for me." When Mr. Kemble, who had been absent, returned, the little performance was repeated, "with indescribable trepidation" on the part of the novice.

They neither of them said anything beyond "Very well, very nice, my dear," with many kisses and caresses, from which I escaped to sit down on the stairs half-way between the drawing-room and my bedroom, and get rid of the repressed nervous fear I had struggled with while reciting, in floods of tears. A few days after this my father told me he wished to take me to the theatre with him, to try whether my voice was of sufficient strength to fill the building; so thither I went. That strange-looking place the stage, with its rocks of pasteboard and canvas, streets, forests, banquetting-halls, and dungeons, drawn apart on either side, was empty and silent; not a soul was stirring in the indistinct recesses of its mysterious depths, which seemed to stretch indefinitely behind me. In front the gray amphitheatre, equally empty and silent, wrapped in its gray Holland covers, would have been absolutely dark but for a long, sharp, thin shaft of light that darted here and there from some height and distance far above me, and alighted in a sudden vivid spot of brightness on the stage. Set down in the midst of twilight space, as it were, with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood, hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion, I was seized by the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and, completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted Juliet as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible Romeo, and no audience to thwart my imagination—at least I had no consciousness of one, though in truth I had one. In the back of one of the private boxes, commanding the stage, but perfectly invisible to me, sat an old and warmly-attached friend of my father's, Major D—, . . . the best judge, in many respects, that my father could have selected of my capacity for my profession, and my chance of succeeding in it. Not till after the event had justified my kind old friend's prophecy did I know that he had witnessed that morning's performance, and joining my father at the end of it had said: "Bring her out at once; it will be a great success." And so three weeks from that time I was brought out, and it was a great success.

The moment the decision was made, every arrangement was hurried on to "bring her out at once," as necessity and policy both seemed to require. She had everything to learn, and, according to her own account, learned not very much.

"I do not wonder," Mrs. Kemble says, "when I remember this brief apprenticeship to my profession, that Mr. Macready once said that I did not know the elements of it." But though she does not wonder at this severe verdict, it is evident that she felt it painfully, since she returns again and again to the sentence thus passed upon her. Her own description of her system of acting shows exactly how Mr. Macready, who was nothing if not professional, and whose art was learned and elaborate, should have given forth such an opinion. She tells us that her acting varied, so that probably no two renderings were exactly the same. "My performances," she writes, "were always uneven in themselves, and perfectly unequal with each other; never complete as a whole, however striking in occasional parts, and never at the same level two nights together—depending for their effect upon the state of my health and spirits, instead of being the result of deliberate thought and consideration—study, in short, carefully and conscientiously applied to my work." The result was, that all her higher successes were gained, not by calculation, but by the sudden access of excitement or feeling which made her one with the character she represented, filling her with the divine intoxication of poetry—an influence not to be secured at will. This impulsive kind of acting would be likely, we should imagine, to have, in its moments of power, a greater effect than any other; but though magnificent, it is not art. In the mean time, however, she has not yet made her *début*, the story of which is very pretty too:

My mother, who had left the stage for upward of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, and that I might have the comfort and support of her presence in my trial. We drove to the theatre very early indeed, while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky. It shone into the carriage upon me; and as I screened my eyes from it my mother said, "Heaven smiles on you, my child!" My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me, for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear aunt Dall and my maid and the theatre dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair with my satin train laid carefully over the back of it; and there I sat ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavored to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over down my rouged cheeks; upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color as often as those heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious "How is she?"—to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, "Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am," accompanied

by a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side-scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear old Mr. Keeley, her Peter, and half the *dramatis persone* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay all but insensible in my aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! Poor thing, poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble," urged Keeley, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical associations. "Never mind 'em! don't think of 'em any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages." "Nurse!" called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and turning back, called in her turn "Juliet!" My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me; my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet: but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible; in the next—the ballroom—I began to forget myself; in the following one—the balcony scene—I had done so, and for aught I knew, was Juliet, the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded to me like music while I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this I did not return into myself till all was over; and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home.

She was still not twenty when she thus entered the stormy ways of life, and the simplicity of the girlish heroine could scarcely be better shown than by the incident that followed. "I sat down to supper that night with my poor rejoicing parents, well content, God knows, with the issue of my trial, and still better pleased with a lovely little Geneva watch, the first I had ever possessed, all incrustated with goldwork and jewels, which my father laid by my plate, and I immediately christened Romeo, and went, a blissful girl, to sleep with it under my pillow." This pretty piece of childishness touches the reader's heart for the impassioned Juliet who was so easily made happy. Her life became a fairy life after this for a time, and she got everything that girl could desire, with a pleasant natural girlish unconsciousness that it was her own earnings which procured these advantages, and total absence of all self-assertion and independence. "Oh, H—," she cries, "I am exceedingly happy! *et pour peu*

de chose, you will perhaps think: my father has given me leave to have riding-lessons." Besides this wonderful delight (and it was a genuine delight to her, as she became an admirable horse-woman) the happy difference between poverty and comparative wealth made itself instantly felt. She who had enjoyed the revenue of "twenty pounds a year, which my poor father squeezed out of his hard-earned income for my allowance," had now gloves and shoes in abundance; fashionably-made dresses, instead of "faded, threadbare, and dyed frocks"; and all the adulation of success and the flattery of society, to boot. And it is easy to imagine her happiness when, knowing so well, as she did, what the needs of the household were, she presented herself, on the first Saturday after her beginning, "for the first and last time, at the treasury of the theatre," to receive her salary, "and carried it clinking to my mother; the first money I ever earned."

The young performer remained the chief attraction of Covent Garden for a considerable time; and her theatrical life is perhaps more piquant, as being much less common, than her society life, which was brilliant and pleasant, without containing much that is different from other people's experience. There is, however, always an interest in knowing something of that dingy world behind the scenes where ordinary human creatures are changed into dazzling heroes and heroines; and where the feet, especially of the young, are surrounded by so many snares. But Fanny Kemble's life behind the scenes seems to have been much like her life at home. She was taken to the theatre by one of her family, "and there in my dressing-room sat through the entire play, when I was not on the stage, with some piece of tapestry or needle-work, with which, during the intervals of my tragic sorrows, I busied my fingers." The green-room, with all its intrigues and commotions, was as much a mystery to her as to the girls who stay at home. "When I was called for the stage, my aunt came with me, carrying my train. . . . She remained at the side-scene till I came off again, and, folding a shawl round me, escorted me back to my dressing-room and my tapestry." This seclusion of the brilliant heroine, the cynosure of all eyes, between the intervals of public applause—her Berlin-wool and her careful aunt, the mixture of the cloister or the domestic parlor (perhaps a still completer image of sobriety and dullness) with the overwhelming excitement and illusion of the theatre—is wonderfully amusing and original. And the criticism to which

the young actress was subjected is equally interesting. She does not tell us, like Macready, of any tremblings of anxiety about the newspaper criticism of the morning. A pair of anxious eyes, more alarming than those of any critic, watched her every movement; and this was the tribunal before which she trembled.

There are many other very interesting sketches in the book—as, for instance, that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the sentimental painter, who nearly turned young Fanny's head, and who had brought confusion before her time into the house of her aunt Siddons, two of whose daughters he had loved in bewildering succession, though without (since death was beforehand with him) marrying either. His gallantry and his enthusiasm and his woes made up a curious little sketch which will be new to many readers. While her mother watched her performance with such jealous eyes, and delivered such uncompromising judgments at night, Lawrence sent her long letters in the morning, going over every point with minute criticism. Surely never was girl of genius so carefully watched over. Meanwhile the lively girl acted of nights, and lived an easy girlish life at home during the day, going to every dance she could get a chance of, becoming a bold and fine rider, reading good books—Blunt's "Scripture Characters," and such-like—and writing long letters about everything to one beloved and constant friend. We are bound to add that young Miss Fanny Kemble at twenty does not write with half so much spirit and vivacity as does Mrs. Fanny Kemble nearly fifty years after. The letters are not only less interesting, but much less youthful and bright at the earlier date—which is a curious effect enough, though perhaps, when one comes to think of it, not an unnatural one; for there is nothing so solemn, so conscientious, so oppressed by a sense of its own importance and responsibilities (when it happens to take that turn) as youth.

We have made no reference to the literary efforts in which the clever girl, up to the moment of her *début*, considered her chances of fame to lie—the tragedies, one of which Mrs. Jameson thought beautiful, and which affected that graceful critic so powerfully. Mr. Murray gave her four hundred pounds for the copyright of one of these dramas—"Francis I.," which, we are obliged to confess, we never heard of, but which enabled her to buy, she tells us, a commission for her brother, which was an admirably good *raison d'être* for any drama.

Blackwood's Magazine.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PAGANISM IN FICTION.

THE utter exclusion of every form of religious belief or sentiment from many novels is a surprising if not a significant circumstance. It is not that these novels are in any way irreligious; they are simply *non-religious*. They are not hostile to religion in any of its forms, they do not deny the validity of faith, nor oppose, either directly or by implication, any of the creeds or any current dogma; they simply are as silent in regard to religion as if there were no such thing in the world. They are not more completely insensible to conditions of mind and thought that may be supposed to exist in the planetary worlds around us, than they are dumb to certain phases of feeling which all the while are in reality the profoundest and the most prevailing of any that exist.

We confess to no great liking for the specially religious novel, in which there is often a parade of devotion and intrusion of pious sentiment that are so forced and artificial as to be distinctly offensive; but that any one should undertake to portray conflicts of passion and emotion, to give what are designed to be faithful delineations of life, and yet eliminate currents of thought and motives of action which enter into and color all phases of human existence and human experience, seems to us very extraordinary. If we can imagine any one wholly ignorant of our civilization, we may suppose him endeavoring to learn something of our habits and manners, of our morals, of our phases of feeling, of our tendencies of thought, by perusing such popular books as are declared to give the "age and body of the time its form and pressure." Let us follow a student of this kind through the pages of Mr. Black's "*Macleod of Dare*," this being the most widely read novel of the day. For the first time in his life, we may believe, he finds himself in contact with people who are utterly without the religious instinct—who, being oppressed by sorrows, suffering under misfortunes, thwarted in their hopes, plunged into grief and despair, exhibit not the slightest perception of a grand Christian scheme which is designed to bring solace to the heavy-hearted and offer compensation in the future for sufferings endured here. Neither the grief-stricken mother and her attendants in Castle Dare on the bleak and remote Scottish coast, nor the gay pleasure-seekers in the heart of fashionable London, seem ever to have heard of such a thing as an overruling

Providence, of such a trust as faith, of such a duty as submission, of such a promise as immortality, of such a possession as Christianity. We have designated this utter exclusion of religious thought as *paganism*—but even the pagans called upon their gods, and had vague surmises as to worlds beyond this, while the men and women who move and have their being in the story we have mentioned are as insensible to every religious aspiration as so many statues. The inquisitive stranger who peruses this book and others of its kind would be puzzled indeed if he knew in advance that the surface of the country is dotted with churches, and a most elaborate institution organized the teachings of which begin in a man's infancy and follow him through life to his dying hour.

Are we to assume that this elimination of Christianity was conscious or unconscious—a deliberate purpose to cast out God, or simply an evasion of an idea that would have uncomfortably complicated the artistic design of the author? We suspect the latter suggestion to be the true solution, yet how is it that religious convictions should thus complicate the purpose of a writer? And how, if this were true, is he privileged to disregard an important factor in his problem simply because it adds to his difficulties? The author of "*Macleod of Dare*" is skillful and tireless in his analysis of motive and feeling; he penetrates the workings of the heart, and attempts to reveal all its mysteries, yet he deliberately eliminates a whole range of emotions, casts out a definite and powerful body of influences. Whether Mr. Black is a believer or not can make no difference in this matter. Whatever his own religious convictions may be, he was bound, in depicting his imaginary people, to show them governed by the ideas and living under the conditions that pertain to men and women in real life. Our readers understand, of course, that we are not citing Mr. Black for special criticism, but simply as a representative of the modern secular novelist. In numerous novels a similar *paganism* is evinced. In Mr. Hardy's "*The Return of the Native*" religious thought is not so completely ignored as in "*Macleod of Dare*," but the heroine, Eustacia Vye, is as thorough a pagan as ever lived—self-indulgent, sensuous, thirsting for pleasure, full of the life and the passion of the world, almost without an idea of responsibilities or Christian duties, giving scarcely an intimation that she had always lived under the influences of the civilization of to-day.

It is right enough, artistically, for novelists to depict their heroes and heroines as rejecting Christianity; they may imagine at pleasure communities of infidels and pagans, and they may trace the growth of a man's heart and mind who has been educated, as John Stuart Mill was, in entire neglect of religion; but how can they be justified in portraying characters who, being reared in the midst of Christian influences, yet act as if there were no such thing as Christianity? We ask this question more in the interest of art than of morals. It is not at all certain that the novel would be chastened or its influence rendered better by the incorporation of religious sentiment—which may so readily be caricatured or distorted—but it is clear that pictures of life can not be considered true or adequate that fail to measure the sum of things that make up our civilization and go to form the average man and woman.

FITNESS IN ART.

In the article entitled "Musical Romanticism," which we publish elsewhere in this number of the "Journal," there occurs one passage which seems to us to challenge comment. For the convenience of the reader we will repeat it here:

A composer who sets a cheerful piece to dismal words, or a dismal piece to cheerful words, may be reprehensible for not reflecting that the mind thus receives together two contrary impressions, and he may be condemned for want of logic and good sense; but not a word can be said against his artistic merit any more than we could say a word against the artistic merit of the great iron-worker of the Renaissance, who closed the holy place where lies the Virgin's sacred girdle with a screen of passion-flowers, in whose petals hide goats and ducks, on whose tendrils are balanced pecking cranes, and in the curling leaves of which little naked winged Cupids are drawing their bows and sharpening their arrows even as in the bas-reliefs of a pagan sarcophagus. In the free and spontaneous activity of musical conception the composer may forget the words he is setting, as the painter may forget the subject he is painting in the fervor of plastic imagination; for the musician conceives not emotions, but modulations; and the painter conceives not actions, but gestures and attitudes. Thence it comes that Mozart has made regicide Romans storm and weep as he would have made Zerlina and Cherubino laugh, just as Titian made Magdalen smite her breast in the wilderness with the smile of Flora on her feast-day; hence that confusion in all save form, that indifference to all save beauty, which characterizes all the great epochs of art, that sublime jumble of times and peoples, of tragic and comic, that motley crowding together of satyrs and anchorites, of Saracens and ancient Romans, of antique warriors and mediæval burghers,

of Gothic tracery and Grecian arabesque, of Theseus and Titania, of Puck and Bottom, that great masquerade of art which we, poor critics, would fain reduce to law and rule, to chronological and ethnological propriety!

It is doubtful whether artists and the lay public will ever come to understand each other. It is true there are common grounds on which they do and can meet, but there are certain canons which the art-world proclaims with abundant confidence that the rest of mankind can never in their hearts accept or comprehend, however placidly they may listen to them. It would seem, for instance, to an observer of ordinary intelligence that *fitness* must be a necessary quality in every high work of art, in order that the imagination even, not to say the intelligence, should be satisfied, and rest contented with the performance. The writer from whom we have quoted speaks of that "indifference to all save beauty which characterizes all the great epochs of art." But is not fitness an element of beauty? Is it possible for a discerning intelligence to find pleasure in misplaced ideals, in things which are not consonant to the purpose for which they are created, and the thought they are attempting to express? "That great masquerade of art," that "sublime jumble of times and peoples, of tragic and comic," which the writer describes, gives evidence of intense activity, but indicates low intellectualism, the absence of discipline, of pure method and perfect knowledge, and, so far from being characteristic of all great epochs of art, is peculiar to the mediæval spirit solely—to the tumultuous and unformed instincts of a semi-barbaric age. We have only to name Greek art to dispose of these sweeping assertions—an art in which law and fitness were predominant, where impulse and boundless activity were chastened by taste and made amenable to law. It is affirmed by our writer that, while a certain performance may be "condemned for want of logic and good sense, not a word can be said against its artistic merit," apparently because, having purity of form and grace in grouping, it answers to all the artistic demands that may be made upon it. According to this doctrine, all art has simply to be beautiful in itself without regard to place or purpose. Copies of the Venus de' Medici may stand in the vestibules of our churches, and paintings of pagan gods and goddesses adorn their chancels; laughing cherubs may be carved upon our tombstones, and copies of Raphael's "Madonna" or Murillo's "Assumption" may be chosen to grace our billiard-rooms and dancing-halls. We see to what absurdities this theory would lead us. So far from artistic merit being independent of "logic and good sense," we doubt whether

even beauty can disregard these principles—for association is an irrepressible factor in all these things, and, just as dirt is merely misplaced matter, so is beauty conditioned upon its environments, and upon the impressions which it awakens by its relation to its purpose. The well-known step from the sublime to the ridiculous is taken whenever fitness is disregarded. The sense of beauty is not a distinct sense. All our faculties—imagination, sensibility, memory, perception of form and color—are all bound up together; they act and reflect upon each other, so that we are truly stirred only as they move us in unison; just as in our animal senses the perception of flavors depends for the most part upon our sense of smell. The mediæval artists who reveled in fantastic caprices, who thrust the grotesque cheek by jowl with the sublime, who made "a jumble of the tragic and the comic," were men in whom the imaginative faculties overbalanced the perceptive organs; who were deficient in habits of analysis, and wholly uncritical in temperament. Art was with them neither a philosophy nor a science, and hence we are far safer in the guidance of ancient Greek law than in the barbaric energy and passion of the middle ages. We must realize that, in order for art to attain its full mastery over the heart of man, it must be something more than capricious beauty or emotional madness; it must have purpose, order, and fitness, and strike the chords of human feeling in harmony and completeness.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

We hear a great deal about The House Beautiful, of how art should enter our domiciles and give them grace and charm. While a desire for tasteful habitations is in every way commendable, we earnestly wish this æsthetic passion would enlarge its sphere so as to give the world The City Beautiful.

No people excel Americans in a love for well-equipped and well-furnished homes, but no civilized nation is so indifferent to the general seemliness of its cities. Every man doubtless likes to have his house situated in a clean and well-kept neighborhood, but as a rule our people limit their concern to the space which their parlor windows command, and tolerate everywhere else the grossest exhibitions of neglect and disorder. New York is a conspicuous example of how indifference and bad management may disfigure and spoil a great city—a city in which many worthy and even noble things have been done, but one where public comfort is disregarded and public decency outraged more flagrantly than in almost any other city that can be named. It has,

when all its appointments and adornments are considered, the handsomest pleasure-ground in the world; it has the most extensive and best adjusted water-supply; its school system is unexcelled, and its public charities are unequaled. In these important things its citizens have exhibited a large and liberal spirit; but in the innumerable minor matters that touch them in their daily comings and goings, upon which their comfort largely depends, and which make a city either orderly or disorderly, they seem to have little heed. If, now, the taste and enterprise that gave us the Central Park, that have built so many handsome churches and such long stretches of costly residences, would only awaken and resolve to make the city worthy and seemly in all particulars, to make it a model metropolis, and win for it the proud title of The City Beautiful!

This could be done if a few leading citizens would organize with such a purpose distinctly in view. There is a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," which has done some good service; and a "Society for the Suppression of Crime," and a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children"; and in Philadelphia there is a society which adorns the public places with drinking-fountains: why, therefore, may there not be organized an association with a mission to make war on nuisances—to enforce cleanliness in the streets, to compel the removal of obstructions, to beautify by artistic structures the squares and open places? New York is an eminently interesting city despite its many disorders; it has several picturesque and unique features; it has some splendid streets and a very varied architecture, good and bad; it has numerous public amusements, and abundant art and literary resources; it is stirring, vivacious, and full of endless contrasts; and hence it only remains for us to secure a better administration of municipal details, and a freer adornment of the streets, to render it approximately The City Beautiful. But, in the first place, a good many disfiguring features must be removed. The gaunt, unsightly telegraph-poles should come down, and be replaced by symmetrical and shapely ones; the slattern and unhandsome banners that hang across the streets should be removed; the unstabled vehicles that obstruct the streets, and the objects that encumber the sidewalks, should not be permitted; the pavements should be put in good repair and kept thoroughly clean; people should be prohibited from throwing litter and refuse into the highways—in short, neatness and order must be made the rule, and untidy persons be compelled to recognize it. This is but the beginning, yet a very important beginning; for, if we can not attain The City Beautiful, let us at

least have *The City Seemly*. It is useless to believe that we can secure this end without organizing to obtain it, for our city officials have not apparently the slightest notion that a city can be kept really clean, knowing nothing of European examples, nor any idea of how the work they attempt to do should be performed. A society bent upon having the metropolis not only neat and orderly but beautiful could do a great deal toward bringing these results about. They would be sure to rouse public attention, excite public zeal, and open people's eyes to the real condition of things—many citizens accepting certain chronic forms of slovenliness and untidiness as inevitable, having never seen the city otherwise—and they would even eventually succeed in forcing a few right ideas into the heads of the officials. The work would go slowly at first, no doubt, but by and by the seed thus sown would begin to germinate, and then brilliant results would rapidly follow.

What would be the picture that New York would in such a case present? No decaying wharves, nor disfiguring telegraph-poles, nor hideous banners, nor obtruding signs, nor littered streets, nor ugly awning-posts, nor encumbered sidewalks, nor obstructed streets, nor curbstone ash-boxes—no dirt nor any dust, no unsightly objects nor nuisances; trees would be multiplied before domiciles, and flowering plants in summer would ornament every courtyard, and in winter decorate every window; fountains and monuments would make beautiful every park and square; taste would inspire our architects and instruct our people; each home, under the general advance of culture and right feeling, would more nearly reach the altitude of *The House Beautiful*, and the metropolis, in the estimation of its patriotic citizens at least, would become *The City Beautiful*.

WATER-COLORS.

THE annual exhibition of the Water-Color Society, which opened in New York in February, indicates a very marked advance on the part of many of our artists—a wider range of expression, a greater subtlety of execution, more independence of thought and method. There is evidence at every turn that our painters are becoming more and more possessed with the true spirit of art—that they are entering into Nature in her moods of feeling, in her phases of beauty, and in her evanescences of expression, in a way that shows genuine power and susceptibility. Our painters in recent years have suffered from a great deal of harsh criticism, and this may have had a wholesome effect; they have been confronted by

liberal importations of excellent pictures from abroad, and these have enlarged their knowledge; and in addition to these stimulating circumstances the art feeling and art sympathies of the public are broader and deeper, so that altogether our artists have been exalted and strengthened by their environment. We notice not a few works in the present exhibition that indicate a notable change of heart—an escape from hard methods and conventional thinking to an unexpected compassing of breadth and character.

While conceding this general expansion, we must enter a protest against the outbursts of caprice which are everywhere apparent in the exhibition. No doubt the great charm of water-color painting is in its freshness, crispness, and buoyancy, in the freedom and ease with which the pencil is handled, in the admission of broad touches rather than detailed finish. But it is impossible to accept every fantastic play of the brush as painting, or without a word of dissent to permit artists to exhibit memoranda from their notebooks as pictures. There are a number of so-called "impressionist" pictures in this exhibition that are utterly inexplicable by any known principle—pictures which give neither impression of form nor sane suggestion of color, that reveal nothing and indicate nothing, that might be called chaotic if we can imagine even chaos without rational meaning or hint of potential form. The colors spread on an artist's palette may be pleasing by virtue of harmonious contrasts, but the strange performances that hang conspicuously here and there on the Academy walls have not even this accidental quality. They are amenable to nothing—reason can not explain them, the color-sense can not enjoy them, no train of fancy can comprehend them—they are simply empty and presumptuous.

These performances would not be worth mentioning were they not in a measure representative of certain current notions, to the effect that suggestion is the main purpose of a painting. There is always a great deal of charm in an artist's sketches—the free, off-hand touch being so often full of meaning and grace—but under any circumstances the attempt to substitute the conception of a painting for the painting itself is assuredly a mistake. The discordant blots which we have mentioned have little about them of the charm of an honest sketch, which is never without some hint or translatable thought; but there are many pieces on the walls that are intelligible, and which yet seem to us nothing more than beginnings, that are admirable if remanded to the portfolio as sketches, but which are logically wrong if hung upon the walls as pictures. If Mr. Winslow Homer's charming studies, so full

of breeze, spirit, and artistic character, are legitimate forms of water-color painting, then Mr. Colman's and Mr. Wyant's completed pictures transcend the limits of their material. We do not mean to say that men can not have different ideas and different forms of expression, but the question is whether water-color painting is susceptible of development and matured expression, or only capable of indications: if the former is true, then we have a right to expect an artist to bring his work to the point it can legitimately reach; if the latter, we have to deplore misplaced labor. We are not denying that a sketch may confer great pleasure, but asking whether it is the sketch or the completed picture that is the most satisfying, whether the new idea that indication rather than fulfillment of purpose meets the requirements of the mind is sound or not. To our appre-

hension it is not sound; and it is easy, we think, to see how such a notion finds acceptance. Artists and connoisseurs feel very much less concern in what a painting tells in its completeness than in what is accomplished and revealed by stages of process; to them there is a world of significance in mere lines and touches as hints of method or expression, and this state of mind soon leads them to set greater value on the bold and brilliant suggestion than on the perfected plan. This within limits is well enough, but artists should understand how impossible it is for others to place themselves in this position; and see that just as *disjecta membra*, however brilliant, can not be history, nor indications of form in a marble block sculpture, nor fragmentary rhymes and lines poetry, neither can memoranda of form and play with color permanently pass as painting.

Books of the Day.

JUDGING from the number of unsuccessful attempts that have been made at it, one would infer that the writing of a satisfactory life of Shelley is among the most difficult tasks in literature. And the inference, it must be admitted, would be a correct one. Shelley's character and career were so far removed from the commonplace, his conduct seemed so often to present a flat contradiction to his theories, and his theories themselves were based on data and modes of reasoning so opposed to those commonly adopted and acted upon by mankind, that the key to his character and therefore to his life is by no means easy to find, and without it any attempt to interpret either him or his poetry must of necessity be a failure. Several keys have been tried unsuccessfully—the favorite and accepted one for a long time being the one which solved the problem by setting Shelley down as an unprincipled and atheistical sophist who constructed *ex post facto* theories to give a sort of philosophic dignity to his own selfishness and heartlessness. This key was observed to grate in the lock from the first, and it was thrown aside as soon as an intelligent attempt was made not merely to characterize Shelley, but to understand him. The interpretation which is most popular now with his admirers is sharply contrasted with the old, harsh misjudgment, and shows a decided tendency not only to exalt the poet above the heads of even the greatest of his contemporaries, but to regard the man as a prophet and martyr—as a martyr *because* a prophet, and not because of any defect in the personality through which the oracles were delivered. The truth seems to be, however, that there is still room and justification for the widest differences of opinion. No unprejudiced student of Shelley's works, and of his career so far

as it has been disclosed to us, can be brought to feel that he deserved the opprobrium which was heaped upon him while he lived, and which tainted his memory after his death; but it is equally certain that every one who has not become a devotee of the Shelley-cult will admit that there are incidents in Shelley's life, springing from qualities in his character, which may be charitably judged, but which can hardly be excused or justified. Part of this difficulty of reconciling apparent contradictions is due no doubt to the deficiencies of the evidence on which we must base our verdict; for, much as has been written about Shelley, there is a singular paucity of authentic material for constructing a portrait of him, either physical, mental, or moral. The testimony we have is curiously irreconcilable, and for the most part mutually destructive, and some of the most important documents and data (so it is announced) still remain unpublished in the hands of the Shelley family.

Using such materials as are easily available, and making no pretense of offering anything fresh in the way of evidence, Mr. John Addington Symonds has contributed to Mr. Morley's series of "English Men of Letters" a monograph* which, if very meager on the biographical side, will prove profoundly helpful to all students of Shelley—more helpful, we are inclined to say, than anything that has yet been written about him. It is a monograph only, and the biographical feature of the work is almost unduly subordinated; but the essential events and incidents of Shelley's life are brought out with all the more

* Shelley. By John Addington Symonds. (English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 189.

clearness for being freed from details which often have the disadvantage of dissipating the attention and thus obscuring the main points. Moreover, the peculiarly intimate relation between his life and his poetry is in this way rendered more apparent, and this is what, in Mr. Symonds's eyes, gives the biographical data their chief significance. For his work is critical and interpretative rather than narrative, and he is much more anxious to penetrate the meaning and method of a given poem than to record the daily and hourly routine of the poet's life. As a general introduction to the poems, and as a help toward understanding and measuring them, nothing nearly so good as Mr. Symonds's monograph has yet been written, and it is difficult to see how anything better could be written within the same limitations as to space.

Excellent as it is, however, it must be pronounced utterly out of place in the series in which it appears—a series which is avowedly addressed to the general public, and especially to that portion of it "who have to run as they read." It is in a peculiar degree one of those books which can not be read as we run, and the "general public" would find it a far easier and more grateful task to read Mr. Hogg's bulky volumes than Mr. Symonds's comparatively brief essay. Analytical criticism is probably of all forms of writing the one which makes least appeal to popular taste, and Mr. Symonds carries his analysis to the last degree of refinement and subtilty, often indeed wandering off into the mazes of mysticism. What, for example, will the "general public" make of the following passage from the description of Shelley's unfinished poem, "The Triumph of Life"?—

The sonorous march and sultry splendor of the *terza rima* stanzas, bearing on their tide of song those multitudes of forms, processionally grand, yet misty with the dust of their own trappings, and half shrouded in a lurid robe of light, affect the imagination so powerfully that we are fain to abandon criticism and acknowledge only the daemonic fascinations of this solemn mystery. Some have compared "The Triumph of Life" to a Panathenaic pomp: others have found in it a reflex of the burning summer heat, and blazing sea, and onward undulations of interminable waves, which were the cradle of its maker as he wrote, etc., etc.

This is finely expressed, no doubt, and is by no means without meaning to those who will take the trouble to search it out, but a book of whose contents such a passage is a tolerably fair specimen is certainly caviare to the general. It may be worth while to add, too, that it illustrates a difficulty which nearly always arises when specialists are invited to address the general public. The inference is so obvious as to appear almost a truism, that the man most deeply versed in a given subject is the one best capable of expounding it to the multitude; but no fact is better established by experience than the fact that the capacity for painstaking research and original thought is very rarely conjoined in the same person with the faculty of popular exposition. Mr. Symonds has written his book for critics and students—or perhaps it would be better to say critical stu-

dents—of Shelley; and he quite obviously attributes to the "general public" a state of mind, a degree of knowledge, an acuteness of perception, and a freedom from prejudice, which not one reader in a thousand really possesses.

In the introduction to his "Handbook of American Authors," Mr. Underwood remarks somewhat cynically that, "were Tennyson to claim his own laurels, many of our bards would find their brows as bare as Cæsar's." Tennyson, however is not the only one among the later English poets who has found an echo and a chorus on this side the water, and his influence, so far as this is indicated by his poetic following, has rather markedly declined since Mr. Underwood wrote. Swinburne and Rossetti may fairly be said at present to lead the choir of our younger singers; and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, one of the most promising of these younger singers, would probably admit with cheerfulness that, if not a disciple of Rossetti's, he is at least a willing pupil in that school of which Rossetti is the acknowledged master. Mr. Gilder's first collection of poems, "The New Day," was obviously and almost avowedly imitative; and this, as we pointed out at the time, detracted very greatly from the merit of verse which exhibited strong poetic feeling and was almost perfect on the artistic side. "The Poet and his Master"* is also imitative, but we find in it indications that the author is acquiring a voice of his own and is beginning to look within himself for theme and inspiration. It certainly exhibits a very marked improvement of tone and subject. That strained and affected fervor of passion which we felt obliged to condemn in the earlier work, because if not sensual it was too deliberately and self-consciously sensuous, is entirely absent from these later poems, which are also free from the tearful sentimentalisms which gave us the impression that in "the new day" sighing and sobbing were to usurp the functions of articulate speech. The whole tone, in short, is more robust and manly, and the author has rallied so completely from his lugubrious mood as to write a farm-ballad—and a very good one, too—quite in the Will Carleton style.

The poems included in the present collection are few in number and mostly short, and for this very reason are apt to appear unduly slight when gathered into a book—though the book in this case is so dainty and artistic as to contribute an item of its own to the general charm of its contents. The poem which gives its title to the volume is ingenious and pleasing, even touching, and contains at least one exquisitely musical passage; but "The Poet's Fame" strikes us as a much happier composition—as, on the whole, the best that Mr. Gilder has produced. It is finely conceived, and, while finished and graceful as usual, is marked by a vigor and ele-

* The Poet and his Master and Other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 67.

vation of language to which Mr. Gilder does not always attain, even when he deliberately aims at them. It is also strongly imaginative, and Mr. Gilder's verse is in general rather fanciful than imaginative. This poem, unfortunately, is too long to be reproduced entire, and its thoughts and imagery are too closely interlinked to allow illustrative passages to be detached. We will quote instead a shorter piece, which was the outcome of a somewhat similar mood, and which indicates Mr. Gilder's view of the poet's attitude toward life :

THE POET'S PROTEST.

O man with your rule and measure,
Your tests and analyses !
You may take your empty pleasure,
May kill the pine, if you please ;
You may count the rings and the seasons,
May hold the sap to the sun,
You may guess at the ways and the reasons,
Till your little day is done.

But for me the golden crest
That shakes in the wind and launches
Its spear toward the reddening west !
For me the bough and the breeze,
The sap unseen, and the glint
Of light on the dew-wet branches—
The hiding shadows, the hint
Of the soul of mysteries.

You may sound the sources of life,
And prate of its aim and scope ;
You may search with your chilly knife
Through the broken heart of hope.
But for me the love-sweet breath,
And the warm, white bosom heaving,
And never a thought of death,
And only the bliss of living.

This is eminently characteristic of the school to which Mr. Gilder belongs—the school which subordinates thought and knowledge to feeling, and impulse, and "insights" ; but a still better formula of its creed is to be found in the following, which has no title, but which might very well have been called "Opportunity" :

On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower !

Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes—
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower !

That strikes us as remarkably terse and neat, with the terseness and neatness which distinguish nearly all that Mr. Gilder writes. He is as chary of words as a caged nightingale of song, and he evidently labors his verse to the last degree of effectiveness and precision. Whatever praise is to be bestowed upon the most painstaking minuteness of finish certainly belongs to him, and his poems, as we have said before, are almost perfect on the artistic

side. It would be difficult to name one among our younger singers who possesses a finer ear, a nicer taste, or a more delicate sense of harmony and proportion, and, should his verse ever become as excellent in substance as it is admirable in form, he will be sure of a high place among the poets of his time. All these qualities of terseness, neatness, and precision, together with another characteristic feature of Mr. Gilder's work—his habit of linking an external picture with each thought or mood of mind—are exemplified in

A THOUGHT.

Once, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun :
A land of broad, green meadows, through which poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea—
Thus, as I looked, I know not how or whence,
Was borne into my unexpectant soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

A still better illustration of this last-mentioned habit is afforded by the piece entitled "Beyond the Branches of the Pine," but a greater variety will be given to our quotations if we select instead one of the sonnets. Several of these are excellent, but the one which has pleased us best, chiefly because of the vivid touch of poetry which it gives to commonplace incidents, is the following :

LONGFELLOW'S "BOOK OF SONNETS."

Last Sunday evening as I wandered down
The central highway of this swarming place,
I felt a pleasant stillness—not a trace
Of Saturday's wild turmoil in the town :
Then, as a gentle breeze just stirs a gown,
Yet almost motionless, or as the face
Of silence smiles, I heard the chimes of "Grace"
Sound murmuring through the autumn evening's
brown.

To-day, again, I passed along Broadway
In the fierce tumult and mid-noise of noon,
While under my feet the solid pavement shook ;
When lo ! it seemed that bells began to play
Upon a Sabbath eve a silver tune—
For as I walked I read the poet's book.

At a time when detailed and voluminous records of obscure lives compete in numbers with fiction in the literary market, it is pleasant to meet with so charming and satisfactory a biography as the "Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson," by her niece, Gerardine Macpherson.* In the first place, Mrs. Jameson deserved a biography. Without possessing genius, or even that exalted talent which verges very closely upon genius, she wrote books which obtained a peculiar degree of acceptance and esteem among her contemporaries, and which a new generation is by no means disposed as yet to relegate to the

* *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson, Author of "Sacred and Legendary Art," etc.* By her Niece, Gerardine Macpherson. With a Portrait. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 8vo, pp. 362.

shelves containing what Charles Lamb calls "books that are not books." Many readers who would care nothing for formal or technical art-criticism find instruction, entertainment, and solace in her "Sacred and Legendary Art"; and, though the researches of the last twenty years have discredited most of the older works on Shakespeare, her "Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women" still retains a place in every list of books recommended to Shakespearean students. Where a mind has achieved such results, it is only natural that we should desire to know something of the personality behind it; and the record of her life shows that Mrs. Jameson's was one of those rare and noble natures in which the woman is much greater and more deserving of remembrance than the author. We do not gather from Mrs. Macpherson's affectionate but evidently truthful and lifelike portrait that Mrs. Jameson was what is commonly called an amiable or lovable or particularly winning woman. On the contrary, she appears to have been high-spirited, both proud and sensitive, with a marked and somewhat self-assertive individuality, firm in principles and convictions which had been matured by thought and study, and too indifferent to the opinions of most people to take much pains to conciliate them. But, on the other hand, she was ardent, impulsive, and generous in feeling, devotedly faithful in her affections, with a high nobility of aim, a steadfastness under discouragements, and a fidelity to a somewhat exacting ideal of duty, which lend a touch of the heroic to what was to outward appearance an exceptionally commonplace life-history. In her most unfortunate relations with her husband we find the only apparent lapse from that absolute unselfishness which was perhaps the finest trait of her character (and even in this case the appearance would quite possibly vanish if all the details of the story could be known); but as daughter, as sister, and as friend, she exemplifies and illustrates the rarest and highest and finest type of womanhood, and affords a conclusive refutation of the old superstition that intellectual pursuits tend to weaken in women the hold of the domestic and social ties.

While thus inspiring as an example, however, it can not be denied that there is something both pathetic and repellent in such a record of long continued, bravely endured, and scantily rewarded toil. Endowed with the sensuous, pleasure-loving, and impulsive temperament of an Irishwoman and an artist, Mrs. Jameson spent nearly the whole of her life in the work which of all others is most exhausting to body and mind, most joyless and depressing—that, namely, of a literary drudge. It is related of Dr. Johnson that when reading aloud at dinner-table in the days of his prosperity "The Vanity of Human Wishes" he "burst into a passion of tears" when he came to his lines describing "what ills the scholar's life assail"; and, though of the ills there enumerated Mrs. Jameson escaped at least "the jail," and "want" in its most abject forms, yet there must always be something austere and melancholy in the life of one who for so long a period and so con-

sistently chose to "scorn delights and live laborious days." Adding to this the fact that Mrs. Jameson was deprived of all the stronger solaces of existence—unfortunate in her marriage, unblessed by children, and disappointed in the prop which she had prepared for her old age—we can realize that it is no joyous and brilliant career which we are invited to contemplate; but the reader will be mistaken who takes too literally the somewhat gloomy prognostics of the preface. Mrs. Jameson's experiences were varied, her social opportunities were exceptionally good, her work was congenial if exacting, and, above all, a woman who could inspire and enjoy the warm friendship of persons so diverse in character as Lady Byron and Mrs. Browning could not have been really unhappy. Moreover, from the beginning to the end of her life, she must have enjoyed the consciousness of duty well performed—the keenest pleasure that noble natures can know.

For the manner in which the biography has been prepared we have only heartiest praise. Mrs. Macpherson possesses—or rather possessed, for she died before passing her work through the press—much of the womanly grace, sprightliness, and good taste which characterize her aunt's writings; and she exhibits in addition the prime qualities of a biographer—loyalty to truth and insight into character. Mrs. Jameson's repugnance to the idea of having her private life paraded before the world in the usual indelicate manner, and her consequent destruction of her private letters and papers, have rendered it somewhat difficult to bring together adequate and trustworthy materials; but if the memoir had been more detailed it would probably have lost much of its charm and animation, and there are few points of character or incidents of experience about which the reader will feel that the information is so inadequate as to impair his satisfaction with the work as a whole. Mrs. Macpherson aimed, as she says, to make "some modest record" of her aunt's life and work; and it is not the least pathetic circumstance connected with a somewhat pathetic book that its author only lived long enough to complete it, but not long enough to know how entirely acceptable to the admirers of Mrs. Jameson was the manner in which she had performed her task.

We find it somewhat difficult to understand the treatment which Mr. Hardy's "The Return of the Native" * has received from the English critical journals. Each finds its own special and predominant fault in it, but nearly all agree in pronouncing it, on the whole, inferior to most of the author's previous works. To our mind, on the contrary, it is not only the best thing that Mr. Hardy has written—with the possible exception of that dainty and delicious idyl, "Under the Greenwood Tree"—but it is the most powerful and impressive story that has broken the

* *The Return of the Native*. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 465.

"wide silence" which followed upon the completion of "Daniel Deronda." It only loses the right to be classed among the really great novels by reason of being devoted too assiduously to the portrayal and dissection of a type of character which is repulsive just in proportion to the vividness and fidelity with which it is painted. Eustacia Vye will remain a living reality in the mind of the reader long after the conventional men and women of the other current novels have receded into the shadow-land of memory, and her tragic fate lends a certain mournful and pathetic dignity to her figure; yet in contemplating her character as it is slowly and relentlessly unfolded before us one can hardly repress a shudder at the thought that there may actually be many women in the world like this. Eustacia is not a wicked woman, in the ordinary sense, and her instinct of refinement would have prevented her ever becoming a really depraved one. Neither is she what is usually called unprincipled. She is simply as utterly devoid of the moral faculty, as consistently oblivious to the usual restraints upon words and conduct, as we all are in dreams. Her selfishness is not the selfishness which after striking a balance of conflicting claims deliberately chooses its own gratification; it is that serene, imperturbable, inexorable selfishness which is utterly unconscious of any other claims than its own, which can not even so far recognize the rights of others as consciously to reject them. Along with this, as a natural concomitant to it perhaps, there goes a certain shamelessness and immodesty which would be intolerably offensive but for its *naïveté* and obvious lack of evil thought or intent. A certain instinctive modesty of the person is said to be the last of the purer sentiments lost by a woman as she sinks below the horizon of respectability; but Eustacia Vye never had such a sentiment to lose. She quite evidently and consciously looks upon her beauty, and her capacity for passionate ardor of feeling, as so many instruments for the procurement of those pleasures and excitements which she craved; and her quarrel with life was that the narrow conditions of her own did not allow these advantages to be availed of to the full. One feels a certain apprehensiveness in following the successive steps of such a character; and, profoundly sorrowful as is that final catastrophe, to most readers it will bring a sense of relief, and a conviction that the impulse which carried Eustacia to Shadwater Weir was the happiest of her wayward and unpromising life.

With such calm and dispassionate minuteness of touch does Mr. Hardy paint this portrait that readers are sometimes puzzled to know what is his precise attitude toward it—whether, in short, he is aware what an extremely repulsive creature (a "monster" some one has called her) he is conjuring up from the vasty deep. And it is this, no doubt, that has caused most of the carping criticism upon the work—and especially the charge of "immorality" which has been brought against it. An artist should be credited with having consciously designed the effect which is actually produced; the more willingly when, as in the case of Eustacia Vye, it would have

been an easy matter, without improving her moral quality in the least, to make her seductive and enticing instead of repellent. But most readers are not satisfied to have an author reveal himself through the general results of his work; they want him to declare his sentiments *ex cathedra* as he goes along, and, if these *ex cathedra* pronouncements are sufficiently orthodox, the tendency of his work may be as "immoral" as he chooses to make it.

There are others of the *dramatis persona* who would require specific mention were we proposing to deal with the book in detail; but, after all, it is not the people who figure in the story—not even Eustacia herself—that will cause it to retain its hold upon the minds of readers. The feature of the story that will remain longest in remembrance is Egdon Heath, a most impressive description of which is given in the opening chapter, and which forms a sort of atmosphere, or background, or inarticulate chorus throughout. In no other book that we can recall, unless it be Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," has inanimate nature been so closely interwoven with the web of human life and endowed with a kind of interest which only persons can usually inspire. With the very first page Egdon Heath takes a powerful hold upon the imagination; each succeeding picture or description intensifies the impression; and at last it takes complete possession of us, as it has evidently taken possession of the author. Few spots of earth will seem so familiar to the reader or so sympathetic as Egdon Heath when he has reached the last page of "The Return of the Native."

THE late John Lothrop Motley was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and at a commemorative meeting of the Society held shortly after his death Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was appointed to write a memoir of him for the Society's "Proceedings." This memoir grew under the author's hands until it has attained the dimensions of a book and the dignity of a formal biography of its subject.* It is still, as the author says, "but an outline"; but it is a remarkably graphic and vivid outline, and it answers lucidly and with reasonable fullness all the questions which those who are familiar with the works of Motley the historian would naturally like to ask about Motley the man. Until the time shall have come, a generation or two hence, when the Motley correspondence can be published without wounding the susceptibilities of persons too intimately concerned, this is likely to remain the authoritative if not the only biography of the historian of the Dutch Republic; and it is matter of congratulation that the task of preparing it was assigned to one so competent in every respect to do the subject justice. Dr. Holmes knew Motley well from his early days at Harvard until his death; and

* John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 278.

upon the diminutive canvas to which his memoir seemed to restrict him he has painted a most vivid, brilliant, and expressive portrait, and one which will remain as a living reality in the mind of the reader long after the book itself is laid aside.

The memoir is for the most part a simple, direct, and luminous narrative, but at one or two points it assumes a decidedly controversial, not to say aggressive tone. These are the chapters devoted to a discussion of the circumstances under which Mr. Motley was removed from his diplomatic post at Vienna and subsequently at London. The general feeling with regard to these removals has been that Motley was used as the innocent instrument with which to strike more obnoxious persons nearer home; and Dr. Holmes may be fairly said to have raised this suspicion to a certainty. Even those who are unconvinced by his argument can not deny that his analysis of the circumstances under which these humiliations were inflicted, and of the excuses subsequently offered for them, constitutes a very damaging indictment of the Administrations under which they occurred. Dr. Holmes, at least, makes no pretense of concealing his opinion of them; but the heat which he exhibits is not the mere friction of controversy, but the generous warmth of a righteous man's indignation against unmerited wrong.

As in the case of his poetry, Dr. Holmes's prose abounds in brilliant and striking passages. Quite a collection of epigrams might be gleaned from this slender volume, and some of them are much more than mere epigrams, as where he says that "Americans have two social ideals, the man on horseback and the man in his shirt-sleeves."

It is part of the proverbial philosophy of editorial sanctums and such-like haunts of wisdom, that the writing of really good short stories is, if not the most difficult, certainly one of the rarest achievements of literary art. Nor is the reason far to seek. A short story to be good must have just as carefully constructed a plot, must exhibit just as harmonious a proportion and skillful adjustment of parts, must have as much realism in the incidents and lifelikeness in the character-drawing, as a novel of equal merit; and it is not surprising that an author usually prefers to husband his resources and make the most of his materials by putting them in the more remunerative and generally attractive form. It has been acutely remarked that a writer can not afford to be a conversationalist; and for the same reason an author, who really possesses the qualities requisite for the writing of good short stories, can seldom afford to expend himself in a way which is apt to make rather meager returns to both his reputation and his pocket.

Now and then, however, there appears a writer of real and unmistakable genius who finds in the short story or tale the natural and most effective medium of literary expression. Edgar Poe and Bret Harte are conspicuous instances in this country, and

Paul Heyse is a similarly conspicuous example in Germany, though Heyse rather resembles Hawthorne in being equally skillful in the writing of the briefer tale and the more elaborate novel. In the case of Hawthorne, however, it was his growing fame as a novelist which first secured recognition for his tales, while in the case of Heyse it was his *Novellen*, or short stories, that first revealed his genius and secured him both an audience and a following. These *Novellen* have a quite universal reputation in Germany, and are esteemed for qualities which are comparatively rare in the later German literature—for an exquisite neatness and perfection of form, for an artistic deftness of workmanship, and for a singularly simple but graceful and animated style. In spite of the wide popularity of his longer novels, it is probable that Heyse's most intelligent admirers would still cite his *Novellen* as his best title to fame.

The remarkably cordial reception extended to the translation of the elaborate "In Paradise" has induced the publishers to try the experiment of a small but representative selection from the *Novellen*, and they have accordingly brought together four stories which will serve to indicate the character and quality of the rest.* Two of these stories, "Judith Stern" and "L'Arrabiata," were published in the "Journal," and, we trust, attracted the attention of our readers; a story so strong, so artistic, and so impressive as "Judith Stern" does not appear in a periodical so frequently that the reader can afford to overlook even one of them. Of the remaining stories, one, "Count Ernest's Home," attains to the dimensions of a novelette, and the other, "The Dead Lake," has all the materials of a powerful novel compressed into threescore pages. Where each is so good it would be invidious to institute comparisons, and we will content ourselves with remarking upon one quality possessed in common by all these stories—intensity. Unlike ourselves and the English from whom we partly inherit and partly borrow our prejudices, the Germans are not afraid of emotion—of what is called sentiment—and their painters of human life are not compelled to obscure or "tone down" their most striking and picturesque effects. Such a story as "The Dead Lake," written by an Englishman or American, would be apt to be and certain to be called "melodramatic" and "sensational"; but with Heyse the feeling is too genuine, too spontaneous, too *real*, to be discredited by any such epithets. Much in these matters depends upon the self-consciousness of the author, and this in turn upon the general attitude of his readers. There is no humor in Heyse's stories, and his moods are generally quite the opposite of gay, but he bears his readers along entranced and submissive upon an irresistible tide of feeling.

THE literature of the Eastern Question receives a valuable if somewhat late contribution from an

* Tales from the German of Paul Heyse. Collection of Foreign Authors. No. XV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 281.

American in Mr. Edson L. Clark's "Races of European Turkey."* The work is partly historical and partly descriptive, containing a brief but graphic and animated history of the Byzantine Empire and its conquest by the Ottoman Turks, and accounts, partly ethnographic and partly descriptive, of the Greeks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Wallachians, and other existing races of European Turkey, including the Gypsies. It appears to be the result of the careful study of other authorities rather than of original research or personal observation, but the materials thus gleaned are used with great adroitness, and there is no other work on its subject which the reader will find more instructive and trustworthy, and at the same time so picturesque and interesting.

— As a specimen of tasteful simplicity and quiet elegance in book-making, we have seen nothing lately that pleases us better than Messrs. Harper & Brothers' new library edition of Macaulay's "History of England."† It is in five beautifully proportioned octavo volumes, uniform in print and nearly uniform in outward appearance with the "Life of Macaulay," printed from new electrotype plates made from new type, upon excellent paper, with wide margins, uncut edges, and gilt top. The mere external attractiveness of the volumes constitutes a most seductive invitation to read, even to those who are already familiar with their contents; and the brilliant narrative of Macaulay will derive a new fascination from the tasteful appropriateness of its apparel. It has been somewhat the fashion of late among critics to sneer at Macaulay as a simple rhetorician and nothing more; but there is already a distinct reaction from this verdict, which has never been shared by the public; and Dr. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, has added the weight of his authority to the opinion that there is no English history more likely to live, or which on the whole better deserves to live. The present beautiful edition of the work ought to gratify old admirers and attract many new.

— "An accomplished Literary and Musical Critic," who has examined the Rev. Charles S. Robinson's "Selection of Spiritual Songs,"‡ reports to the publishers, as they kindly inform us, that "it is a most desirable manual of hymns and music for the

churches, convenient in size, pleasant to the eye, elevating to the taste, and healthful to the soul." The last two items of praise we shall have to accept in deference to the testimony offered in their behalf, but the other two we can cordially endorse. The book is certainly convenient in size and remarkably pleasant to the eye, the edition sent us being clearly printed on fine linen paper, with gilt edges, and bound in gros-grain silk, which, if not such a novelty as the publishers seem to suppose, is extremely rich and tasteful. The compilation of hymns and tunes appears to comprise all those which are commonly accepted as best, and is free from sectarian bias in any direction.

— To their three series of Science Primers, Literature Primers, and History Primers, which have already won such general acceptance, the Messrs. Appleton have now added a series of "Health Primers,"* written and edited by the most eminent authorities in sanitary science, and intended to present the principles of that science in such elementary and practical shape that they can be easily understood and applied by whoever will take the slight trouble involved in mastering them. The series will deal with all the hygienic subjects that are of vital importance to the individual and the family, and will form a cheap and compendious popular library of health-manuals, which should find a place in every household. Four volumes of the series have already been issued: "Exercise and Training," by C. H. Ralfe, M. D.; "Alcohol: Its Use and Abuse," by W. S. Greenfield, M. D.; "Premature Death: Its Promotion or Prevention"; and "The House and its Surroundings." Each of these little books is a masterpiece of concise and lucid exposition, and contains just that sort of information—practical in character, simple in principle, and specific in detail—which is so generally needed and which it is usually so difficult to obtain.

— Most of the poems which appear in Mrs. Gustafson's collection† have already appeared in one or other of the magazines, and are rather above than below the average of magazine poetry, without possessing any qualities which seem to us likely to secure them a wider reputation in book form. The longest poem, which gives its title to the volume, is by no means the best, though it contains some pretty lines. The author's strength lies, not in pastoral or narrative verse, but in a certain fanciful ingenuity which is well exemplified in "The Children's Night" and in the elegy on William Cullen Bryant. The latter very happily avoids the usual hackneyed commonplaceness of memorial poetry.

* The Races of European Turkey. Their History, Condition, and Prospects. By Edson L. Clark, Member of the American Oriental Society, and Author of "The Arabs and the Turks." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 8vo, pp. 478.

† The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Library Edition, printed from the last English edition, with all of Lord Macaulay's Corrections carefully examined and revised. New York: Harper & Brothers. 5 vols. 8vo, pp. 610, 610, 565, 600, 565.

‡ A Selection of Spiritual Songs, with Music for the Church and the Choir. Selected and arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. New York: Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 441.

* Health Primers. Edited by J. Langdon Down, M. D., F. R. C. P., Henry Power, M. B., F. R. C. S., J. Mortimer-Granville, M. D., and John Tweedy, F. R. C. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Square 16mo.

† Meg: A Pastoral, and Other Poems. By Zadel Barnes Gustafson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 280.